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The Life of JOSEPH WRIGHT

By ELIZABETH MARY WRIGHT

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PREFACE

'Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.'—*Philippians* iv. 8.

JOSEPH WRIGHT'S life was made up of 'these things', and it is only meet and right that those who never knew him and those who will come after him should be given opportunity to read in the record of his days on earth how consistently he lived and worked from childhood to old age on these guiding principles.

His was a life of dedication of conscious power to great tasks undertaken for the sake of others.

The romance of his boyhood and self-education has been the theme of countless newspaper paragraphs with sensational headings, such as, 'From Donkey-boy to Professor!'; 'Mill-boy's Rise to Fame!'; 'Professor who could not read or write at 15!' &c., which appeared whenever any notable step in his career brought him before the public eye. These accounts were in general outline fairly accurate, but this Biography will be found to contain many vivid details hitherto unknown. We began it together in 1928, and the story of the hardships undergone by his mother and himself in their struggle to rise out of the dire poverty to which circumstances had reduced them is told mainly in his own words. Indeed, all the early part covering the years previous to 1882, when he went as a student to Germany, is autobiographical; I acted so far as his secretary. For some of the rest of the book he dictated notes to help me in collecting material, but the time soon came when he was too weary to be troubled to reawaken old memories, and I laid the book completely aside for a year or more. When I took it up again, the whole world was for me a changed place, and with it had changed the future continuation of the Biography. It must now be my memorial to the great man whose closest friend and companion I had been for thirty-four years. The

one object of my existence would be to devote the time and strength yet allotted me to making that memorial as worthy as lay within my powers of attainment.

Joseph Wright himself when we discussed writing this record of his life and work always said: 'The one thing I wish to be remembered by is the Dialect Dictionary.' That is, of course, his biggest achievement, and the history of the making of the Dialect Dictionary is a tale of heroic adventure crowned with lasting success. Dr. John Johnson—the Printer to the University—said of it: 'Certainly there was no other man in the world who could have done what Professor Joseph Wright did. Elsewhere it has needed Universities to do what he did single-handed.'

The motto Joseph Wright used to put on the title-page of his Grammars might serve as a motto for this Biography:

Nur das Beispiel führt zum Licht;
Vieles Reden thut es nicht.

It is the example of his life even more than the recital of tasks he achieved which should prove useful to future generations, and therefore I have tried to set forth the greatness of his personality as it was manifested in his everyday life. I have tried to show him as a man with intellectual gifts capable of gigantic feats of learning; with a strength of will which triumphed over difficulties; with a soul that soared to spiritual heights where dwell the great poets; and withal a man with a heart full of kindly human sympathy, natural and simple as a child, without one spark of vanity. Always the lowly and the unlearned looked up to him as disciples to a beloved master, never as envious or abased inferiors to an overbearing lord. The companions he had left behind in his native village gloried in his rise, and when the world sang his praises their hearts swelled with pride: he was still their own Yorkshire 'lad' unspoiled by fame.

Young men who never came into personal contact with him have been spurred on to brave adverse fortune and have

pressed forward with renewed courage drawn from the example of Joseph Wright's boyhood.

Still more remarkable was the deep and lasting impression he made on the succeeding generations of Oxford students who gathered round him on Sunday afternoons, and were gladdened and inspired by his genial humour and his fund of interesting talk. Many a whilom undergraduate remembers him not as a famous scholar so much as a welcoming host, whom to know was to love. Hence I have given space in my picture for some account of our 'Sunday teas'.

My task in completing the unfinished Biography has been a difficult one, because the best of what I had to say—what I now felt I *ought* to reveal to others—belongs to the very depths of my being; and also because the real greatness of Joseph Wright was so perfectly natural, so elemental in its purity and simplicity, that I found it almost impossible to convey it in writing without laying myself open to the charge of exaggeration or insincerity. His whole character and everything he did was 'big', and had its source in goodness and beauty and truth, and when one thinks of these unseen realities words seem small and artificial.

I do not pretend that my Biography has been compiled on any recognized or conventional lines—rather the very opposite. I have followed the dictates of my own mind and heart. In so doing I have taken for my support one of Joseph Wright's favourite maxims. To give it in his own words, from the report of a speech he made at the opening of the Windhill Library:

The great thing in life is to try to please everybody, but that is impossible. Personally I always feel that the real thing is to be quite sure one is pleasing one's self. If a person pleases himself he always has the satisfaction of knowing that at any rate one person in the world is pleased. If a person thoroughly and conscientiously pleases himself the probability is that he pleases the majority also.¹

In conclusion I must express my most grateful thanks to

¹ Vide *Shipley Times and Express*, Jan. 12, 1906.

many kind friends to whom I owe much help and very valuable material. My special thanks are due to Professor Holthausen who sent me letters he had preserved written to him by Joseph Wright between 1886 and 1926, and who procured for me the photograph of the 'Junggrammatiker' taken at Heidelberg in 1886; to Professor Curtis and Professor Harting for further letters; to Professor Sütterlin for his reminiscences of Joseph Wright as a German University student; to Mr. William Fleming, editor of the *Bradford Telegraph and Argus*, for permission to incorporate the excellent photograph chosen for the frontispiece of the book, and others taken by his staff photographer, and to him and Mr. Charles Wade for much information connected with the Thackley district and the Wright family; to Sir Charles Firth for his constant interest and good advice, and especially for his expert help in the chapter dealing with Oxford University; to Mrs. Brook and Miss Joyce Bishop for reading my manuscript stage by stage, and for supporting me in my work by their enthusiasm and ever-ready encouragement; to the lady assistants on the editorial staff of the *Dialect Dictionary*—in particular Miss Partridge—who supplied me with interesting details of the organization and general routine of work in 'the Workshop'; and finally to Dr. John Johnson, who, with unlimited kindness, has selected all the illustrations, and has in fact done for me everything needful for the conversion of my crude manuscript into a shapely book.

ELIZABETH MARY WRIGHT.

Oxford, 1932.

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INTRODUCTION

JOSEPH WRIGHT was born on October 31, 1855, in the village of Thackley, in the township of Idle, about three miles north of Bradford, in the county of Yorkshire.

Thackley, though until comparatively recent times in the parish of Calverley, belonged to the township of Idle, as did also Windhill and the upper part of it called Woodend. Hence, Joseph Wright, worker by name and nature, born in Thackley, and bred in Windhill, could make the seemingly paradoxical statement in perfect good faith: 'I have been an idle man all my life, and shall remain an idle man till I die.' Newspapers, too, have found in this name a joke too good to be passed over in silence. To any one born 'down South', to hear a place like Thackley, or still more so, Windhill, spoken of as a 'village', sounds a singular misnomer. The word conjures up a picture of thatched roofs and whitewashed or ancient red-brick walls, surrounded by hollyhocks, interspersed with beehives, and in the rear, rows of fat and comfortable cabbages. We think of the approach to these dwellings, along leafy lanes, bordered by hedgerows smelling of honeysuckle and wild roses, with a background of green meadows and white sheep. At least, we did picture all this before the rising tide of motor traffic covered the hedges in dust, or swept them away altogether, and even condemned the time-honoured chestnut-tree to spread its arms over a lurid row of petrol pumps. Very different are these places where the workers dwell on the outskirts of a big industrial Yorkshire town such as Bradford or Leeds. The houses are built of grey stone, and roofed with Yorkshire stone slates, plain and practical domiciles, even almost picturesque, in so far as they are in harmony with the whole landscape. They stand generally in rows, built to resist winter and rough weather, as they have done, and will do, for generations. Behind these there may be meadows, but they are fenced round by the characteristic 'dry walls' of the North that shelter

the sheep from wild winds. Many of these so-called villages are like miniature towns grouped round an important mill, where live the workers employed by the mill, the smoke from the chimneys of which blackens and dims everything within its reach. Mrs. Gaskell,¹ describing Keighley, writes: 'Greystone abounds, and the rows of houses built of it have a kind of solid grandeur connected with their uniform and enduring lines. The framework of the doors, and the lintels of the windows, even in the smallest dwellings, are made of blocks of stone.' She goes on to speak of the 'grey neutral tint of every object, near or far off, on the way from Keighley to Haworth', and of the 'dim and lightless' air filled with smoke from 'the great worsted factories'. Stone was so generally looked upon as the normal and natural material whereof houses are made, that when the Midland Railway built a brick house for a pointsman near the entrance to Apperley Tunnel, on the outskirts of Thackley, it was known as 'T'brick 'Aase' (= house), being the only one in the district.

On the rising ground above the course of the river Aire lies Windhill. The upper section of it, called Woodend, is the end of the wood which stretched continuously round the face of the hill to the beginnings of Thackley. Part of the wood still remains below 'T'Owd Loin', where it is very steep and full of rough boulders. Cudworth² records that this wood was once the haunt of a noted highwayman, Newbrass by name. The same authority describes a sensational scene on the Aire at Apperley Bridge beyond Thackley. On the 29th of February, 1824, the prophet John Wroe, a follower of Joanna Southcott, had undertaken to substantiate his claim to pre-eminence by walking dryshod across the river. Some 30,000 people assembled on the bank to see the miracle, but the Aire refused to play Jordan to Wroe's Joshua, and the prophet only got wet for his pains.

¹ Vide *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, by Mrs. Gaskell, pub. by Smith, Elder, & Co., 1876, pp. 2, 3.

² *Round About Bradford*, by William Cudworth, Bradford, 1876.

At the extreme end of Windhill, dividing it from Shipley, runs Bradford Beck, which, according to Cudworth, was in olden times a pure and powerful stream, and a source of great fertility. Now its waters are so permeated by dyes and refuse from mills that they are best left to the imagination in the words of the old song:

May Bradford Beck roon dahn mi neck,
If ever i ceease to luv.

The staple industry of Idle, including Thackley and Windhill, was hand-loom weaving. Joseph Wright remembers it as still quite common when he was young. Jonathan Wright, the father of Joseph's cousin Thomas Wright, and Thomas Denison of Idle, uncle to Joseph Wright on the maternal side, were both hand-loom weavers all their lives. 'I used to see them weaving', says Joseph Wright, 'in the upper story of their respective homes. Probably the houses were built with a view to having a room for the hand-loom upstairs. The loom stood in the window, and the weaver sat with his back to it, facing his loom. I remember, too, Pitts the carrier, who took the pieces to Leeds market every Tuesday. The hand-trade died out entirely somewhere about the early 'seventies.' Another of the old cloth-weavers whom Joseph Wright remembers was Billy Peel: 'He always wore a checker brat [= a checked overall] to the end of his days. He lost all his money in a Leeds Bank failure.' He is still remembered at least by name, for he has left his own monument in Windhill, in a curious architectural pile known as Billy Peel's Place, an erection which he designed as a Druids' Altar. A clock in a tower adjoining was put up to the memory of Sir Robert Peel, and bore this inscription:

When this clock doth strike the hour
•Think of the price of meal and flour.

Billy Peel died in 1866, at the age of seventy-eight.

As we shall see in the case of Joseph Wright's grandfather, the occupation of weaving at home was often coupled with farming. According to Cudworth, the Idle district, as far back

as history goes, was purely agricultural, the woollen trade¹ coming in about the middle of the seventeenth century, though there is some evidence to show that it already existed in the near neighbourhood of Idle towards the end of the sixteenth century. Another local employment for which there is sixteenth-century evidence is stone-quarrying. In olden days the stone was doubtless used solely in the locality itself for houses, 'dry walls', and as roofing-slates, but in more recent times the superiority of Idle stone has been so widely recognized that many public buildings in large towns in England, and on the Continent, have been built with it, and it has been exported to China and Australia. Joseph Wright's brother Dufton was foreman in a stone-quarry for a great many years, but now the quarries, locally termed 'delfs', are practically worked out and have been abandoned.

One of the earliest and most flourishing centres of the Co-operative Society was started in Windhill in the 'sixties by a group of about twelve young men. They began by buying a few groceries and retailing them in the evenings after mill-hours. Joseph Wright remembered some of these pioneers and the people who dealt with them at their little shop. The scheme took on well in Windhill, and the Society grew by leaps and bounds. Cudworth records that the first Report published mentions 33 members and a capital of £39 5s. 6d., and some twelve years later the members numbered 2,700, with a share capital of over £13,000. Hundreds of people in Windhill now own their own houses entirely through the medium of this Society. The esteem in which it is held by Windhillites can, however, hardly be better illustrated than by quoting an observation made by Joseph Wright's mother when she was staying in Oxford. Her son was taking her round to see some of the Colleges, and, contemplating All Souls, he remarked that there were no undergraduates there. Whereupon Mrs. Wright,

¹ Historical records show that the fulling industry was carried on in Bradford as early as 1340. In 1472 the name of Bradford first appears in the list of towns in the West Riding where cloth was sold. Vide *The Story of Bradford*, by Margaret C. D. Law, 1913, p. 68.

always a practical woman, unwilling to see anything wasted, exclaimed with fervour: 'Eh! but it wod mak a grand Co-op!' With a similar patriotic reverence for home trade, her youngest son, Dufton Wright, was distressed to see Oxford Colleges built of stone which had been cut the wrong way of the grain, so that the face of it exposed to the weather peeled and crumbled. With the hand of a pained connoisseur he was feeling the surface of an ancient wall when a policeman came up, supposing him to be some rude country bumpkin about to deface an academic shrine by inscribing thereon his trumpery initials. Dufton Wright quickly explained, and the incident terminated with mutual affability.

Before leaving the subject of Idle and the district, it may be of interest to record here that Idle was one of the places not infrequently visited by that famous divine, and itinerant preacher, the Rev. Oliver Heywood,¹ one of the founders of Nonconformist Congregations in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He was born in 1630 at Little Lever near Bolton, in Lancashire. His parents were strong Puritans, though he himself became a Royalist. He was educated at Bolton Grammar School, and other schools, and went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1647. He graduated B.A. in 1650, and was ordained as a Presbyterian minister in 1652, attached to Coley, one of the twelve ancient chapelries of Halifax Parish. He suffered many troubles because of his political opinions and his religious activities, but nevertheless he persisted in holding conventicles in the houses of Presbyterians. He is known in a single year to have travelled 1,400 miles and preached 105 times, besides his Sunday duty. There are frequent entries in his Diary recording his visits to Idle, e.g. '(Saturday feb. 8 1667/8) according to a call and promise, my wife and I rode to Idle in Coverley parish,

¹ Vide *The Nonconformist Register of Baptisms, Marriages, and Deaths*, compiled by the Revs. Oliver Heywood and T. Dickenson, 1644-1702, 1702-52; generally known as the *Northowram or Coley Register*, edited by J. Horsfall Turner, 1881; and *The Rev. Oliver Heywood, B.A., 1630-1702; His Autobiography, Diaries, Anecdote and Event Books*, in three volumes, edited by J. Horsfall Turner, 1882.

where (the place being vacant) I preacht the day after, being Lords day, and had a very numerous congregation'; 'August 30 1668 I preacht all day at Idle chappell, whither god brought a mighty congregation, affections were moved and it may be some good is done blessed be god for that day, I went from home in the morning and came home at night.' In his *Event Book*, under the heading 'Experiences', he writes: 'Upon new-yeares day Jan 1 7 $\frac{2}{3}$ I had a call to preach at Idle chappell, god wonderfully helped in handling a suitable subject of making all things new Rev 21 5—people were much affected, there was a numerous assembly.' This was a case of bread cast upon the waters, for under 'Experience' No. 58 we read: 'On Lords day morning June 4 76 there came a young man to me, born at Pudsey but living with Mr. Sharp at Horton, who did acquaint me that god had awakened his conscience by a sermon I preacht at Idle a year or two agoe upon new yeares day, upon Rev 21 5 he had been then much affected but discovered it to none living.' His entries in his Diary show that his preaching and prayers must have been both eloquent and moving: 'I preacht at John Heys to a full assembly, god wonderfully helpt in prayer, such teares, groans, that sometimes my voyce was scarce heard for the noyse of peoples crys.' An entry a few days later expresses his disappointment that though his mouth was 'inlarged' 'in pat expressions', yet 'not my heart in affections'. With the passing of the Toleration Act in 1689 freedom of worship was secured, and Heywood no longer suffered persecution and excommunication in the cause of religious non-conformity. Recognized assemblies were now held at Idle, as we learn from extant documents, such as the following: 'Leeds, the 19th July, 1689. These are to certify their maiestys Justices of ye peace att ye Quarter Sessions Held att Leeds the day Above that there is a Congregation of Protestant dissenters doe Assemble to worship God publickly att ye house of Tho Ledgard in the Town of Idle and psh of Calverley. Tho Ledgard. John Stead.' Another record of the same sort states that the assembly is held 'att a Publick place built by ye Inhabitants of

Idle for yt purpose in Idle Town'. This document is signed by one Jonathan Wright.

We shall see later, from Joseph Wright's own reminiscences, that Idle remained a stronghold of Nonconformity.

Though Idle has never been an important place, yet its name is known to the historian because it formed part of the estate of the Plumpton, a family of some distinction in the Middle Ages, whose history has come down to us in their letters, and legal documents.¹ The *Plumpton Correspondence* was published by the Camden Society in 1839, the letters here printed being transcriptions made in the first quarter of the seventeenth century of the originals now no longer extant. The family took its surname from the 'vill' or township of Plumpton, in the parish of Spofforth, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, three miles from Knaresborough. Amongst the letters is one addressed to Sir William Plumpton (d. 1480) by some of his tenants on the Idle estate concerning certain of their neighbours. This letter² is so graphic that I cannot refrain from inserting the whole of it:

Complaynts of your servants of Hidell, John Rycroft and Wil. Rycroft. To our maister and lord, Sir William Plompton, knight.

Beseketh your good maistershipp all yoor tenants and servants of your lordshipp of Idell, Wil. Rycroft yelder, Wil. Rycroft yonger, John Rycroft, Henry Bycroft, and John Chalner except. And it please your good mastershipp to heare and consider the great rumor, slaunder, and full noyse of your tenants of your said lordshipp, att they shold be untrew peopell of their hands, taking goods by mean of untrewth; and for as much as the said Wil. Rycroft yelder, Wil. Rycroft yonger, John Rycroft, Henry Bycroft, and John Chalner are dwelling within your said lord-

¹ Vide *Plumpton Correspondence. A Series of Letters chiefly Domestick written in the Reigns of Edward IV, Richard III, Henry VII, and Henry VIII.* Edited by Thomas Stapleton. Camden Society, 1839, vol. iv.

² Vide *Plumpton Correspondence*, Letter No. xxix, pp. 38, 39. No date is given for this letter.

ship, they all not having any kow or kalves, or any other guds whearby they might live, nor any other occupise, and fair they are beseen, and wel they fair, and att all sports and gamies they are in our country for the most part, and silver to spend and to gameing, which they have more readie then any other within your said lordship; and to the welfare of our soveraigne lord the King and you, nothing they will pay, without your said tenants will fray [= quarrel, fight] with them, whearfore they are in regage [for *rerage* = arrears] to divers of your graves [= stewards]; and by what meanes they in this wise, with 5 persons being in houshold, are found [= provided for, maintained], God or some evill angel hase notice hereof. And as for geese, grise [= pigs], hennys, and copons, your said tenants may none kepe, but they are bribed and stolen away by night to great hurt to your tenants. And for as much as these persons afore rehersed are not laboring in due time, as all other of your tenants are, but as vagabonds live, your said tenants suppose more strangely by them. Whearfore att reverence of God and in way of charitie, your said tenants beseketh you to call all them before you, and to sett such remedy in these premisses as may be to your worshipp, and great proffitt to your tenants, and in shewing of mikle unthriftiness, which without you is likely to grow hereafter, and your said tenants shall pray to Almighty God for your welfare and estate.

That one of the Plumpton's was a chaplain at Idle we see from Letters Nos. c and ci, addressed to 'Sir Richard Plompton Chapleyn att Idell,' dated Jan. 28 and 29, 1498/9. During the Wars of the Roses, in which the family took an active part, a certain William Plumpton was killed in the battle of Towton Field near Tadcaster, in the year 1461, leaving two infant daughters. These children were adopted by their grandfather, Sir William Plumpton, and made the heirs to his estates, in the room of their deceased father. The old man had, however, by a clandestine second marriage, another son, Robert, who

considered himself the heir apparent and future owner of the Plumpton property. In consequence of all this the family was engaged for many years in expensive lawsuits, and thereby became greatly impoverished. In 'the second yeare of our soveraigne Lord King Henry the eight' Robert Plumpton was in prison for debt. A pitiful letter,¹ written by his wife shortly before this, shows to what straits she and her husband were reduced. They could not sell their land because the title was under question, and when, to raise money, they felled the forests on the estate, they could not sell the timber. The interesting point about this letter is that here we have mention of a Wright, as a tenant of the Plumptons in Idle:

To Sir Robart Plompton, kt. be thes letter delivered.

Sir, in the most hartyst wyse that I can, I recomend me unto you. Sir, I have sent to Wright of Idell for the money that he promyst you, and he saith he hath it not to len, and makes choses [? excuses] and so I can get none nowhere. And as for wood, ther is none that will bey, for they know ye want money, and without they myght have it halfe for nought, they will bey none; for your son, William Plompton, and Thomas Bickerdyke hath bene every day at wood sence ye went, and they can get no money for nothing,—for tha will bey none without they have tymmer trees, and will give nothing for them: and so shall your wood be distroyed and get nought for it. Sir, I told you this or ye went, but ye wold not beleve me. Sir, I have taken of your tymmer as much as I can get of, or [before] Whitsonday farme [= tax, or charges due] forehand; and that is but litle to do you any good, for ther is but some that will len so long afore the tyme. And your Lenten stoufe is to bey, and I wote not what to do, God wote, for I am ever left of thes fachiõ. Sir, ther is land in Rybston feild, that Christofer Chambers wold bey, if ye will sel it; but I am not in a suerty what he will give for it. But if ye will sel it, send word to your son what ye will doe, for I know nothing els

¹ Vide *Plumpton Correspondence*, Letter No. clxii, pp. 198, 199.

wherwith to help you with. Sir, for God sake take an end, for we are brought to begger staffe, for ye have not to defend them withall. Sir, I send you my mare, and iij^s iiij^d by the bearer herof, and I pray you send me word as sone as ye may. No more at this tyme, but the Holy Trenyttie send you good speed in all your matters, and send you sone home. Sir, remember your chillder bookes.

Be your bedfellow, •
Isabell Plompton.

The lengthy quarrel ended in victory for the female line, the descendants of the two granddaughters of old Sir William. In the sixteenth century part of Idle belonged to the Earl of Cumberland. Besides deeds of sale signed by him referring to land in Idle and Windhill, there also exists a Survey of the whole Manor of Idle, which he caused to be made in 1583, thus furnishing many interesting details about the district as it then was. The land, for the most part, was barren ground, with quarries for wall-stones and slates, and many acres of forest. Near Bradford Beck were 'ironsmythies'. A passage quoted by Cudworth states: 'There are also within the said lordship of Idle four several parcels of waste lands, viz. the Over Moor, Thackley, Wrose Brow, and Gawcliff Crag. The latter joineth with the iron-smythies and the town of Windell, the same is full of stones and rocks.' The stone and iron were only used locally, there seems to have been no outside trading at this period, the pursuits of the people were purely agricultural. The Survey also mentions a Manor House, then called Idle Hall, surrounded by an extensive park containing 'copious springs', enclosed partly by palings, and partly by a stone wall seven feet high. According to Cudworth it is from this ancient park that is derived the name of the farm in Thackley where our definite history of the Wright family begins.

CHAPTER ONE

YORKSHIRE

I. THE WRIGHTS

NOTHING is actually known about the very early history of the Wright family, though various living members of it in the district cherish various traditions. Some say the family goes back to one or other of the two brothers Wright of the Gunpowder Plot. John Wright and Christopher Wright, together with their brother-in-law Thomas Percy, were among the most active of the conspirators, and they certainly came from Yorkshire. Father Gerard¹ thus describes the elder brother John: 'Mr. John Wright was a gentleman of Yorkshire, not born to any great fortune, but lived always in place and company of the better sort. In his youth, and for the most of his time, very wild and disposed to fighting and trial of his manhood, as I touched before. . . . He was about forty years old, a strong and a stout man, and a very good wit, though slow of speech; much loved by Mr. Catesby for his valour and secrecy in carriage of any business, which, I suppose, was the cause why he was one of the first acquainted with this unfortunate enterprise.' Christopher, too, was a valiant and vigorous man of action, for Father Gerard further records: 'He [Catesby] and his company went forward in their former purposes, and after Christmas met again and began to labour afresh in the mine, to work through the wall of the Parliament House, which they found to be difficult and long in doing. Whereupon by mutual consent they took in another assistant who was Mr. Christopher Wright, younger brother to John Wright, by whom also this other may be known without new description. For though he were not like him in face, as being fatter and a lighter coloured hair and taller of person, yet he was very like

¹ *The Condition of Catholics under James I. Father Gerard's Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, ed. by John Morris, Priest of the Society of Jesus, London, 1871.

to the other in conditions and qualities, and both esteemed and tried to be as stout a man as England had and withal a zealous Catholic and trusty and secret in any business as could be wished'. A less romantic tradition is that the first Wright came to Idle as an engineer engaged in the construction of that part of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal which runs through Thackley. The Canal was opened in 1767. But this second tradition is at once too new, and too prosaic to carry weight. An engineer of the late eighteenth century would have left his mark on the choice of callings followed by his descendants, and we know this is not the case. Further, there were Wrights in Idle centuries before the Leeds and Liverpool Canal was ever devised, from whom one would rather seek to trace the ancestral line of Joseph Wright than from some stranger to the district.

In Idle parish churchyard is a tombstone which reads: 'In Memory of James Wright, of Idle, who died February 14th, 1831, aged 77 years. Also of Mary Wright, daughter-in-law to the above James Wright, who died July 4th, 1838, aged 51 years. Also of James Wright, of Idle, husband of the above Mary, who died April 17th, 1863, aged 79 years.' With the second James Wright named here, who was Joseph Wright's grandfather, we come to surer ground in our search for biographical details. His wife's maiden name was Mary Mann, and she was a native of Thackley, but beyond that we know nothing concerning her or her ancestors.

James Wright II, like many others in the district, combined farming and woollen cloth-making; his main income being derived from the latter industry. It is known that he originally had a farm in Upper Idle, but as far as the memory of his grandchildren goes back, he was living as a tenant farmer at Park Hill House, Thackley. A farm in Idle, known as Pudding Hall Farm, is said to have been inhabited by Wrights for a couple of centuries, and probably this was the original home of James Wright II; there is, however, no evidence to show that at any time the Wrights owned land in the district. Pudding Hall

Farm was for a considerable period the property of the Dawson family, till Colonel Dawson disposed of it some twenty odd years ago to the late Mr. Frederick Obank of Thackley. The present tenant, James Garforth, is the great-grandson of James Wright II, grandson of the latter's son James, who within the memory of Joseph Wright occupied Pudding Hall Farm, and at the same time 'kept' the White Bear Inn at Idle. His daughter Mary married a Garforth.

Park Hill House was, and is still, the most substantial house in Thackley, built of grey stone, and roofed with grey stone slates. It has a square and solid front, with two big windows on each side of the doorway, and a row of similar windows above. It is, in fact, almost exactly like Haworth Parsonage, described by Mrs. Gaskell in her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, and has also a garden 'twenty yards or so in depth, . . . scarcely wider than the house'. The stonework has all been repointed and the windows glazed with large panes, but otherwise the building remains the same as Joseph Wright remembers it in the lifetime of his grandfather. At the back is a little window upstairs, with small square leaded panes, the leaded divisions painted white, a relic of the original type of window-panes. In the front is the small patch of garden, now all overgrown and run to seed; and the path leading from the front door to a little gate in the wall dividing the garden from the field beyond is covered with long grass. This field is 'the Park', belonging to the farm, and giving the name to Park Hill Road into which the farm gateway, at the side of the house, opened. The main approach to the house in the old days was from the Leeds Road beyond 'the Park', running at right angles to Park Hill Road. Any one entering now by what was once the farmyard gate may see on his right in the foreground a scrap-heap of stones and rubbish, and behind it a tumbledown shed or two, forlorn and weed-ridden. Here formerly stood two or three small cottages, in one of which Joseph Wright was born.

Old James Wright II lived in patriarchal style with his family round him. When his sons grew up and took to them-

selves wives, they migrated to the cottages hard by the old home. He had ten children, five sons and five daughters:

Elizabeth born 1805; died 1886.

William „ 1808 „ 1886.

Hannah „ 1810 „ 1890.

Harriet „ 1812 „ 1868.

James „ 1814 „ 1878.

Tryphosa „ 1816 „ 1885.

Duften „ 1818 „ 1866.

(This was the father of Joseph Wright.)

Mary born 1820; died 1870.

John „ 1822 „ about 1880.

Thomas „ 1824 „ 1908.

It would take up too much space and time to record here all the numerous descendants of these ten persons, but it may be mentioned in passing that the Wrights seem for the most part to have had recourse to the Bible for Christian names for their children. The common names such as James, John, Thomas, Hannah, Elizabeth, and Mary are frequently repeated, and amongst the later generations may be found Jonathan, Abram, Seth, and a pair of twins called Aaron and Moses. It took some seeking to discover in St. Paul's Epistles the baptismal name of 'Ont Foësey' (vide Romans xvi. 12, 'Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa who labour in the Lord'), perhaps she herself never knew whence came her unusual appellation. This bears out Mrs. Gaskell's statement¹ that 'the Old Testament names in general use among the Puritans are yet the prevalent appellations in most Yorkshire families of middle or humble rank'.

Old James himself farmed the forty acres of land which he held with Park Hill House, and the business of cloth-making was done by his family. There were three or four hand-loom on the premises, and hand-jennies besides for spinning the yarn for weaving. People who thus owned hand-loom were known as 'Little Masters'. In good times, when work was

¹ *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, p. 12.



Photograph: Bradford Telegraph and Argus

PARK HILL HOUSE, THACKLEY

plentiful, the output of one loom would be about one 'piece' per week. People in the district still remember Jack Russell of Shipley, who owned two or three donkeys and a cart, who used to call for the cloth twice a week, Tuesdays and Saturdays, and take it to Leeds or elsewhere to sell. Later, William, the eldest son of old James, was the salesman, and went himself to Leeds every Tuesday to attend the market.

• Old James Wright was by nature rather a tyrant, in common parlance 'a nailer', a cruel man for bringing up children. He worked his sons very hard and kept them very short of money. As the story goes, he would gather his sons round him on a Saturday night, and fling to each a threepenny bit, with a curt 'Tak that'. Small wonder if, when freed from the paternal yoke, some of the sons¹ sought relaxation in less rigorous modes of life.

¹ In a faded cutting from a local newspaper (vide *The Shipley Express and Airedale News*, April 20, 1901) is an article called 'Glimpses of Thackley past and present', containing reminiscences of the older generation of the Wright family. It only came into my hands recently. Had Joseph Wright seen it, probably it would have stimulated his memories of very early days, and he would have been able to add further details. The writer of the article says: 'The Wrights were a family of unquestionable abilities. William, the eldest son of James Wright, was the village philosopher. . . . I have been acquainted with the Wright family all my life and worked with William the eldest, and Thomas the youngest, for over twenty years, at Buck Mills, in the employ of the late Mr. Benj. Thornton. William was carrier, etc., and was a first-class hand at managing unmanageable horses. Mr. Thornton had an old mare, a vicious brute, which did fairly well with Will, but was a rough customer to anyone else. . . . Will used to attend the old Leeds Cloth Hall every week at one time, to sell his father's cloth. One man to whom Will usually sold it, employed a rather slippery foreman, who did the measuring, and it took Will all his time to watch him. One day he measured a piece two yards short of the length Will had measured it. The foreman managed to run the yard-stick several inches over every time. Will, however, watched his dodging trick. "It is two yards short", said the foreman. "Two yards short!" cried Will, "then the two yards comes aght o' thee", and Will's mighty fists sent him sprawling across the room three times the distance of the shortage. Just then the merchant came up, and enquired what was the matter. Having been told, the piece was remeasured, and was exactly the length Will had originally measured it. This incident, I expect, is a sample of how they did business at the Leeds Cloth Hall forty or fifty years since. Will had some quaint sayings: some of his remarks were exceedingly pithy, such, for instance, as "Keep thi fingers aght o' mi broth", and "A spoonful o' dirt will spoil a basin full o' porridge". Many more sayings pregnant with meaning were occasionally used by him. He was known as our local philosopher.'

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Joseph Wright recollects his grandfather as an old man with a broken leg, who sat in his kitchen smoking a long clay pipe. This he liked to have lighted at the fire, between the bars of the grate, but he was too lame to walk across the floor to do it for himself. From a very early age it was the duty of 'Ahr Jooə' [= Joe] the first thing in the morning to go over to the big house and ignite the grandpaternal pipe. As part of the process, he was taught by the grandfather how to puff at the stem, to make sure that the deed was well done. Joseph Wright was fond of relating this story, when telling his friends that he had been a smoker ever since he was three years old. This feat of manly prowess was perhaps the beginning of the family pride in 'Ahr Jooə'. When neighbours dropped in he was put by his father to stand on a stool, and show the company how well he could already smoke a pipe. From this time onwards, so he himself confesses, his father's tobacco was wont to disappear rather quickly. The addiction to a pipe never left him, the cigars and cigarettes of his later years were kept mainly for his friends, two cigars and one cigarette a day making the sum total of his neglect of the familiar pipe. When various photographs of him were taken at Thackley in August 1928, for a Bradford newspaper, all with a pipe in his mouth, I said he was taking a leaf out of Mr. Stanley Baldwin's book. He promptly rejoined: 'I smoked a pipe long before Mr. Stanley Baldwin began.'

Joseph Wright's father, Dufton, was old James's seventh child.¹ He is thus described by his son: 'My father was a cheerful, good-tempered chap, singing snatches of songs, very kind and friendly, never quarrelsome. He always looked on the bright side of things. I was always a great favourite with him, and I looked after him in his last illness. He was fond of

¹ The writer of 'Glimpses of Thackley past and present', who knew him when he was a young man at home, says of him in his account of the Wright family: 'He also was a clothmaker by trade, and worked for his father mostly; he was a first-class arithmetician. He did the spinning to keep six looms going. All the reckoning devolved on him. He could tell to a nicety what a given weight of wool would produce in cloth.'

poaching, and always kept a dog however badly off we were, but he never wanted to work. I remember my mother saying she wished ale "were orf-a-krahn a glass", and my father said: "Wa, lass, Ah'd saave oop wol [= till, lit. while] i gat orf-a-krahn just to 'ev an odd un."

When obliged to work, he took such jobs as he could get. At one time he left his native village and went north to Eston, near Middlesbrough, to work in the ironstone mines. That he was a man capable of vigorous action is shown by the following stories, which were furnished me by the kindness of Mr. William Fleming: 'The late Mr. Charles Waterhouse, who was a quarry owner in the Idle district, and who would have been ninety years of age had he been alive to-day, told me that he worked on the Bramhope Tunnel as a youth, along with his father, and he remembered Professor Wright's father quite well. In those days a practice among the navvies was to put up a purse once a month among the men who "fancied" themselves with their fists, and Mr. Waterhouse told me that on more than one occasion Dufton Wright was the champion of the Tunnel.' Mr. Fleming continues: 'Mr. Hiram Lee recalls a story about Dufton Wright, who appears to have been noted not only for his physical prowess but for his daring. On one occasion a Windhill man, named Dawson, who was given to "going off his head", escaped from control, and took refuge on a fairly high haystack. A crowd gathered, but no one dared tackle him. At this moment Dufton Wright appears to have come up, and, pushing his way through the crowd, he said: "Ah'll fotch 'im," and with this he climbed the haystack and secured the escaped lunatic.' Other people, too, have told me that they remember him as a big, tall man, and very strong.

When old James Wright died, and his savings were divided among his large family, the money was soon spent. Dufton Wright came in for about sixty pounds. His youngest son, the present Dufton Wright, put the matter tersely: 'He never struck a bat after, wol that brass were done.' Three years later he died, on September 25, 1866, at the comparatively early

age of forty-eight, he had, as his son Dufton said, 'brokken his constitution oop'.

Behind Park Hill House there runs a narrow little country lane, called Ellar Carr Lane, locally pronounced 'Loin'. Its name signifies the piece of boggy land whereon the alders grow. If you follow this lane for about two hundred yards, and then squeeze through the slit in the 'dry wall', which in that part of Yorkshire does duty as a stile, you come into a field to the left of the lane. There, half-way across the field, is the site where stood Croft Farm, the old home of the Atkinsons, the house where Joseph Wright's mother, Sarah Ann Atkinson, was born in the year 1824. The farm and outbuildings were pulled down some years ago, but Joseph's cousin, Thomas Wright, still living in Thackley, tells me he remembers the house quite well.

Joseph Atkinson—always called Atkisson locally—came from Rodley, a place about six miles distant from Croft Farm, Thackley. By trade he was a hand-loom weaver like the Wrights. His wife's maiden name was Hudson, and she, too, was a native of Rodley. They had three children, John, Mary, and Sarah Ann. John became a shoemaker, in which trade he was followed by his son Young Atkinson, now a retired gentleman, upwards of eighty, living in Thackley. Joseph Wright remembers very little concerning his mother's family: 'My mother's father died probably before I was born, for I do not remember him. My mother, Uncle John, and Aunt Mary were his only three children. Aunt Mary married Thomas Denison, a very good chap, a weaver, very well dressed, looked like a gentleman. Aunt Mary kept a shop at Idle. My Uncle John was a very good sort, a shoemaker by trade.'¹ The field

¹ The old newspaper-cutting which I have previously quoted records concerning the Atkinsons: 'Joseph Atkinson was a clothmaker. He had two looms and a jenny in his chamber. He had one son and two daughters. . . . Sarah Ann, the youngest, married Dufton Wright, the third son of James Wright, Park House, Thackley. The Atkinsons have always been known to be a painstaking, diligent, and persevering people. They aimed at no lofty or ambitious goal, but always strove to do their duty to God, themselves, and their neighbours.'

where Croft Farm stood is a fine site for a house. Behind is the village of Thackley, but in front and to the left and right the ground falls away and opens up a wide expanse of valley and moor, as far as the eye can see, though when we were there last August (1928) the valleys were so penetrated by Bradford smoke that every detail of the countryside was hid in one grey blur. To the left is Esholt, Apperley in front, and Calverley on the right hand, and beneath the high ground on which Thackley stands there runs the Midland Railway Tunnel between Bradford and Leeds.

II. JOSEPH WRIGHT'S MOTHER

The story of Joseph Wright's life would be incomplete without some account of his mother. From her he inherited many of those personal characteristics which have made him what he is, and it was her ambitious spirit, her heroism in battling through hardships, her dogged, selfless perseverance that lifted him on to the first rungs of the ladder of fortune and fame. Had Sarah Ann Atkinson received an education befitting her abilities, her name would doubtless have been writ large on the roll of eminent Englishwomen. She had in her all that goes to make 'a great lady', yet I think she would not have wished to change places with any woman on this earth, for she lived to find in her son's successful career her own cup of happiness filled to the brim. Other sons she had, but 'Ahr Jooø' was ever and always the apple of her eye and the pride of her bosom. People said of her in later life, 'her body is in Windhill, but her heart is in Oxford'. Joseph Wright says of her: 'She was a remarkable woman, my mother, a great character. She was a very good talker. She was very highly respected, and had a great influence on her neighbours. She was always cheerful, no matter what difficulties she had to contend with, it was her nature to be always cheerful.' An old friend of the family described her as 'a woman with a varry strong will, but straight'. At the time of her marriage she could neither read nor write. On a birth-certificate which Joseph Wright took out for himself in 1877

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there is the regulation 'mark' of the old days before compulsory education in the place of his mother's signature. It was her devotion to 'Ahr Jooə', and her desire to enter as far as lay within her reach into the new sphere which was just then opening out to him, that made her set herself the task of learning to read when she was about forty-five years old. She had three books; they were: the New Testament, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and an English translation of Klopstock's *Messiah*. Further than this she did not pursue literature, but, as her son has often said, lack of book-learning does not imply lack of brains. Having so few books, she could read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest each one; still, people did not come to her to seek for book-lore, they came to her for counsel and comfort, and none went empty away, for they ever found in her a sure guide, philosopher, and friend. Nobody who came in contact with Mrs. Wright could fail to be struck at once by her natural, unconscious dignity, a dignity and refinement born of a common-sense knowledge of her own powers and worth, untouched by any spark of vanity or shallow conceit. There was an elemental purity and goodness about her whole personality, that genuine uprightness which knows not itself, but quite simply and instinctively follows the path of duty and service to God and man, and scorns self-indulgence. Shrewd, practical, and hard-working she was, with no thought of self. Joseph Wright has often said that he never heard tell of 'unselfishness' till he married me. He and his had always been unselfish without thinking or talking about it, since it was their nature and not a conscious virtue. In fact he would set little store by any act done for others with a conscious feeling of virtue on the part of the doer. In his Dialect Dictionary he has inserted under *Throssen-up* (v. Thrust, vb.) a very characteristic speech of his mother's: 'A Yorkshire woman, when on a visit to her son in the south, was asked by a lady in rather a patronizing manner what she thought of south-country ladies. She replied: "Wā, tə tel jət onist triuþ, þe nout bəd stuk up þrussən-up þinz wi nout mitš əbāt əm; ʃer qəl ātsaid." [=Why, to tell you the



JOSEPH WRIGHT'S MOTHER

Aged 70

honest truth, they are nothing but stuck-up, conceited things, with nothing much about them; they are all outside.]

Early left a widow, it was Mrs. Wright who brought up the four sons, and that on very strict lines. The strictness was, however, not of the tyrannical sort which, in the case of the previous generation, bred a dislike of order and discipline, and of the strait and narrow path of toilsome duty. Mrs. Wright's rule won from her sons a natural and willing obedience and loyalty which remained with them in after life. Joseph Wright has often told me that if his mother said they must be home at a certain time at night, they would none of them think of being five minutes late. She never allowed them to drink or play cards, even when they were grown-up lads. To her, card-playing, dancing, and theatre-going ranked among the seven deadly sins. On one occasion, when he brought home a volume of Shakespeare's Plays, his mother threw the book out into the street, declaring she would not have such bad stuff in the house. The home fare was necessarily of the plainest, but Mrs. Wright was a wonderful cook, and knew how to prepare savoury meat such as her sons loved, at the minimum of cost. Joseph Wright has often talked of the dainty dish they called 'Scotch collops', made of potatoes, onions, beef-dripping, and a flavouring of sage. He boasted of his own expert knowledge of the manner of making it, and in the war-time we were glad enough to follow his recipe, and we frequently supped hungrily on his Yorkshire 'Scotch collops'. From a sheep's head, costing threepence or fourpence, she would make broth such as would provide an excellent dinner for herself and her growing lads. When Joseph Wright was once staying at home, after he had come to live in Oxford, his mother complained that the meat-bill for the week was 'nearly five shillin''. Even for three grown-up sons and herself this seemed to her gross extravagance. Nobody ever made such good bread—with a dash of milk, and a trifle of lard in it to make it white and soft, as is the custom in that part of Yorkshire—and her Yorkshire pudding was food for the gods. On our honeymoon we dined one day at the old

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home in Windhill, and, true to local custom, Mrs. Wright brought forth the Yorkshire pudding first, before the meat, piping hot from the oven beside us, served with good gravy, and eaten with three-pronged steel forks. It was a meal one never forgets. Joseph Wright has often told the tale of how when his mother came to stay with him in his bachelor's house in Norham Road, Oxford, she was shocked at the thin bread and butter on the tea-table: 'Ā s'd tell Sarah to put less butter on t' bread, shoo cuts t'breead so thin at shoo uses as mich butter as breead.' She had a genius for home-made wines of various sorts: 'cleeat-wine', made from the flowers of the coltsfoot (*Tussilago Farfara*), 'bleg-wine', made from blackberries, and 'dandelion-wine'. When we went to see her she would send Tom—the son who lived permanently with her—into the cellar to fetch up a bottle of her wine. Tom used to declare that he 'couldn't tuch it', but we always believed he had some out of the bottle on his way up the cellar steps. Mrs. Wright was a clever needlewoman, and as she could never endure idleness, she occupied the leisure of her later days with fancy-work. She would now knit elegant tops to her son's stockings; further, she bought 'fents' (= remnants) of gay-coloured cotton stuffs, and made therefrom large patchwork quilts. She also did elaborate wool-work for cushion-covers and mats, all to furnish and adorn 'Ahr Joos's' home in Oxford. Judged by modern standards, they were perhaps not very artistic in design or colour, but they were labours of love, and no work that Mrs. Wright ever did was scamped or ill-wrought. Her one luxury was a frequent cup of strong tea. Joseph Wright has often quoted his mother as an instance to show that stewed tea does not necessarily kill people or ruin their nerves. When she came to be able to afford it, she loved to have her tea-pot simmering on the hob, as she sat sewing, or knitting, that she might take a 'soop o' teea' whenever she felt disposed. She was a woman of a remarkably strong constitution, and even old age never robbed her cheeks of their hue of health. She lost all her teeth when quite a young woman, living in a district where the water

was strongly impregnated with iron, but her mouth preserved its firmness of outline to the last. She never replaced her loss by artificial teeth, yet she could eat a crust or a beefsteak without any difficulty.

They were very happy together in the old home, she and Tom, nevertheless it was always 'Ahr Jooə' who possessed the foremost place in the maternal heart. On one occasion, shortly before the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee celebrations in 1897, Tom was reading aloud to his mother from a newspaper lists of foreign kings and potentates who would take part in the state procession through the streets of London. Presently he read out a paragraph suggesting the fear that a communist or a madman in the crowd might shoot at the great and good Queen. Mrs. Wright burst into tears. It was not, however, the thought of Queen Victoria's peril that moved her thus, it was because 'Ahr Jooə', knowing as he did every language under the sun, must of necessity sit beside Her Majesty in her coach to interpret the words of any of those other royal personages who might address her, and therefore he would be in danger of being killed by the passing shot. Though she looked up to him as one who had scaled heights of scholarship far beyond her ken, yet he was still her child, who must be protected by the abiding mother-love. When she was very old, we were once taking her for a drive up Headington Hill, and she recalled her son's having gone up there to dine one night with Professor Napier, when she was staying at No. 6 Norham Road, before we were married. She noted the footpath, high above the road-level, and having then no hand-rail along the top of the precipitous bank: 'If Ah'd knooawn 'e'd be walkin' back bi 'isen theear i't dark, Ah'd a gooan to meet 'im.'

The happiest portrait we have of Mrs. Wright is one taken at Ilkley—'Eethla' she always called it—with our Mary and Willie Boy. When she could no longer stand the long railway journey to Oxford, we went for our summer holiday to Ilkley, whither she could easily come to see us and the grandchildren.

But in my mental picture of her I see her wearing the shawl 'Ahr Joos' had once brought back for her from Bozen in the Tyrol. It was a black shoulder-shawl, with a gay border of magenta-coloured roses, and this was what she usually wore 'for best'. She died on February 3, 1903, in her seventy-ninth year. Her heart had been failing for some time, and the end came quite suddenly and peacefully. No one was with her when she drew her last breath, for nobody knew she was any worse than she had been for some days, such was her spirit of independence to the very end. Joseph Wright had come from Oxford to see her a short time previously, alone, because I could not leave Mary by herself. We knew that the sands of his mother's life were running low. Cheerful to the last, she used to say: 'Ah cud live onny length o' time, but mah inside's dun oop.' Joseph Wright noticed that now, in these last few days of her life, her speech had reverted to the dialect as it existed in her girlhood.

As long as she was able to attend a Sunday service, she went regularly to the Primitive Methodist Chapel in Windhill, although she always regarded herself as a Churchwoman. The Rev. Dr. Duff in a letter dated February 4, 1903, begging for permission to attend the funeral, speaks of 'the true-souled, far-seeing mother . . . whose presence in Windhill Chapel has been a benediction to many'. The funeral was at Idle Parish Church on February 6. In accordance with local custom, the coffin was not fastened down till just before it was borne out of the house, and the usual 'buryin' biscuits'—long, thin, sponge biscuits—were served round, together with wine, to the mourners as they gradually assembled. All sorts of people came to pay their last tribute of respect to her who had gone from their midst. Joseph Wright, in a letter written to me that same night, said: 'There was no service in the chapel because several ministers of other persuasions expressed a wish to be present, including Father O'Sullivan [the Roman Catholic priest from Shipley] whom we met at Saltaire. There was a short service at the house, in which two ministers took part.

Although we had nine carriages, quite 50-60 people had to walk. Three vicars, vicar of Idle, vicar of Shipley, and vicar of Windhill, attended at Idle church. We were met at the church gates, and went into the church for the greater part of the service. It was a beautiful sunshiny afternoon, but rather cold. A large number of people went straight to the church without coming to the house, so that there was a large congregation. After everything was over, there was a large gathering at a tea in the Sunday School.'

As the funeral procession slowly wound its way to Idle Church, two miles distant, not only were blinds drawn, but the public-houses had closed their doors. Surely this was striking testimony to sheer force of character, and the example of a life of love towards God and one's neighbour. Mrs. Wright never had wealth, nor what the world calls position, indeed, until her sons were old enough to maintain the home, she kept herself and them by going out charring. It was pure human worth, unadorned by any outward pomp or circumstance, that won for her the place she held in the hearts and minds of all who had the privilege of knowing her. And when her life's task was finished, and she passed over to the Other Side, truly it may be said that none more fully deserved to be welcomed on that Farther Shore with the words: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

III. EARLY BOYHOOD

In her *Life of Charlotte Brontë* Mrs. Gaskell devotes a whole introductory chapter to presenting 'some idea of the character of the people of Haworth and the surrounding districts'. Much of what she writes there about Yorkshiremen in general is perfectly true to-day, though it cannot now be said that there is 'little display of any of the amenities of life among this wild, rough population'. Judging from my own knowledge and experience of men and manners, I should say the inhabitants of Idle never, within living memory, formed a 'wild, rough population'. Further, loving the Yorkshire dialect as I do, I

could never say: 'their accent and tone of speech is blunt and harsh'. There is, however, one sentence which I would most heartily endorse, where she speaks of 'the strong sagacity and the dogged power of will which seem almost the birthright of the natives of the West Riding'. 'Each man', she says, 'relies upon himself, and seeks no help at the hands of his neighbours.' This might serve as a sort of text to a Life of Joseph Wright.

His parents had for their first home one of the Park Hill Farm cottages, a tiny, one-roomed house, opening immediately on to Park Hill Road, Thackley, and only a few yards from the Farm. Here the eldest son, Jim, was born, and in 1855 Joseph Wright, and Tom in 1858. The father, Dufton Wright, never was a worker, and the family became desperately poor. Some time in the year 1860, or early 1861, Dufton Wright went north to Eston, near Middlesbrough, and got work in the iron-stone mines. His wife followed, with the three little boys. The miners were paid by piece-work and had to find their own powder for blasting. Thus the family income was very precarious, for when Dufton Wright had worked steadily for perhaps a fortnight he would take a holiday and spend what he had earned. So bare was the home that Mrs. Wright used to say she had 'nowt to sit on' but the empty gunpowder barrels. In the summer of 1861 Mrs. Wright and the children returned to their native district. Joseph Wright says his mother used to tell him a story of how his father carried him to the railway station at Middlesbrough, and on the way it rained very heavily, and little Joe complaining of thirst, his father gave him the peak of his wet cap to suck the water out of it as they went along. Leaving her husband behind to do the best his happy-go-lucky temperament allowed, Mrs. Wright sought the only available refuge for herself and her three little boys—the Workhouse. She was penniless and homeless and no other door was open to her then. In Clayton Workhouse, shortly afterwards, her fourth son, Dufton Wright junior, was born on July 31, 1861. There Joseph Wright's own recollections began, he distinctly remembered living in the Workhouse, his most

vivid memory being that of the wretched and meagre fare doled out to a hungry child. He had the courage of his opinions even at this early stage; like *Oliver Twist*, he asked for more, and being Joseph Wright he got it! 'I was then', he says, 'five years old. I asked for a bit more bread, and the woman was very kind, and gave me a piece, but said: "Thah muon't ask for onny ægiæn" [= You must not ask for any again].' When Mrs. Wright had sufficiently regained her strength, she took her courage in both hands and left the Clayton Workhouse with the new-born baby and three other boys. It was a venture which would have daunted most women, but Mrs. Wright's spirit never quailed before any hardship. So she set forth, a mother with four children dependent on her, and with not a penny in the world. Joseph Wright says: 'I remember we walked back to Idle, and then we met Will Simpson, who knew my mother, and he told her he would let her live in a place he had, and he gave her a pan, and some money to buy meal, and she cooked us some porridge. It was a one-roomed cottage in what was called Town Lane. We had no furniture. My father was away at Eston, and had got into debt, and the baily [= bailiff] came to sell up the home, and found it was only a hovel. He gave my mother half-a-crown, and went away. I have often since wished I knew who he was, and could have thanked him. We did not stay there long, my mother got bits of jobs out charing, and then we went to Woodend, to School Street, where the Primitive Methodist Chapel is, that is why we took to going there on Sundays. The congregation was very small at that time. I began going to Sunday School there, and I remember there was only one other lad besides myself. We were only in School Street a short time, and I do not remember much about it. From there we moved to the "Spite and Malice House", where we lived for years. My father came back to us there, and it was there that he died in 1866.' It was a one-roomed cottage, standing just off the main road, on the side of a mill-dam in Woodend. A 'Spite and Malice House' is one put up with intent to stop a public right of way. To do this, it

must be built and occupied within forty-eight hours. In this case the Wrights were not the first occupiers. The house has since been pulled down to make room for extending the mill premises. Mrs. Wright now went out charring, doing a long day's work for which she was paid at the rate of three halfpence an hour. She also took in washing, and often had to stop up all night to wash for herself and other people. Joseph Wright says: 'People for whom my mother worked were very kind, and saved up crusts and bits and gave them to her, otherwise we should have starved.' He remembers, too, the 'aver-bread' they used to eat: 'flat oat-cake, made with water, and rolled out very thin, sold in large oval pieces, damp and flabby, costing a halfpenny each. You could spread them with treacle, roll them up, and eat them as a roly-poly pudding, or let them get dry, sprinkle a little pepper and salt on them, hold them under a gently-dripping tap for a moment, and then eat them straight off.' He always retained a love of 'boiled milk' [= bread and milk], which also belonged to the simple fare of his boyhood. Milk was 'tuppence a quart' in those days.

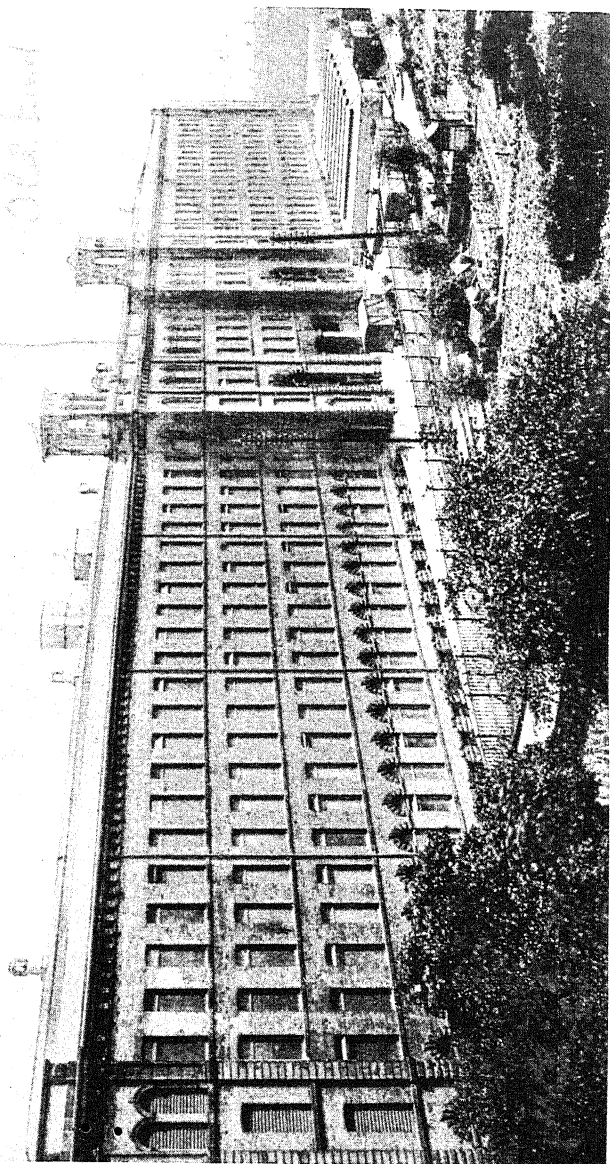
About the time when they first went to live in the 'Spite and Malice House' Joseph Wright began to earn a few pence towards the maintenance of the home. He can yet remember looking after the two children of some people called Sutcliffe, thus enabling their mother to go to work at the mill. At the age of six he began regular employment as a donkey-boy. He was thus able to say on his fifty-sixth birthday—and he did say it with great pride—'I have earned my living for half a century.' From seven in the morning till five in the evening he drove a donkey-cart, carrying quarrymen's tools from a stone-quarry at Woodend to the nearest smithy to be ground. The blacksmith paid him eighteen-pence per week, and each quarryman paid him a penny. The older brother Jim, like his father, had a rooted distaste for work, especially for any confined, indoor occupation. He hated life in a mill, and ran away to sea. Joseph Wright says of him: 'He would have turned out a man just like my father, if he had stopped at home.' Thus

the mother's hopes were centred on 'Ahr Jooə' at a very early stage in his career, and he always took the position of the eldest son in the home. She was an ambitious woman, and unsparing in her efforts to better her children's lot in life. The donkey-boy business obviously led to nothing, so in 1862, when Joseph Wright was seven years old, she took him to Sir Titus Salt's Mill at Saltaire to seek fresh employment there. He was under the legal age, but being big and strong for his years, he was accepted and taken on as a 'doffer' in the spinning department. His wages when he began as a half-time 'doffer' were about eighteen-pence a week and rose gradually to three shillings and sixpence a week. It is the duty of a 'doffer' to remove the full bobbins from the spindle of the spinning-frame and replace them by empty ones. There are 144 spindles on one frame, 72 on each side. As a 'half-timer', Joseph Wright worked one week from 6 a.m. till 12.30, with half an hour's interval at 8 a.m. for breakfast, and the next week from 1.15 p.m. till 5.30 p.m. Saltaire Mill was two miles from his home, and the week he was working in the mornings he had to get up at 5 a.m. to be at his post punctually at 6 a.m. He says: 'I can remember now how my legs used to ache on a Monday morning, when I started work again after some rest on Sunday, but they got right again in the course of the week. I went through many hardships as a lad, but I didn't feel they were hardships at the time, I always felt I was getting on.' He never dawdled away time; what might have been an idle moment to other boys he made an opportunity for additional earnings. In this way he got a few extra halfpence for sweeping up round the spinning-frames. Each girl working as a 'spinner' was expected to sweep up the floor round her own frame during her dinner hour, or her breakfast half-hour, and many such girls were only too glad to give a halfpenny to a willing boy to do the job for them, whilst they had a few minutes free for a chatter amongst themselves. Even in childhood Joseph Wright formed the habit of employing his time either in earning or learning something; later on, it was mostly both at once. He says: 'People

will hardly believe all the different sorts of things I used to do to make an honest penny, and I always gave it to my mother. I used to gather horse-muck, and sell it to Jerry Stead of Wood-end, a good gardener. He used to pay me a penny a bucketful. Then there was Jonathan Pitts, who had a garden across the road from our house. In the spring and early summer I used to sell mint, parsley, young onions, and lettuce for him of a Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, and I often earned quite sixpence a time.' These things were sold for making the famous Yorkshire salads. Joseph Wright always maintained that nobody outside Yorkshire can make a proper salad.

The room in which he worked at Saltaire was situated in the 'Old End' of the mill, room No. 13. It was called 't'slave 'oil' [= hole] in those days, 'because the people in that department were very hard worked—scarcely a minute's rest—but it should be mentioned that they got sixpence a week more than other people'. He took his own breakfast and dinner with him to the mill, but others, more opulent than he, bought food on the premises. 'Saltaire Mills', he tells, 'did all they could for their work-people, being much ahead of other mills at that date in providing facilities. There was a common dining-room where you had a good dinner for about threepence—beefsteak pie, or stew, &c. Others could have what they brought with them heated free of charge. I always had my food warmed. There were large ovens for the purpose, numbered according to the room in which you worked. You could buy a pint of hot tea or coffee for a halfpenny. Men brought it round in a large can, and you provided your own "pint-pot", an earthenware mug, blue willow-pattern, or with a picture of the Prince of Wales on it. Even at home people had their tea in these pint or half-pint mugs, and only on formal occasions had teacups and saucers. We had them only on Sundays, when we drank tea, other days we drank only milk and hot water.'

When not at work, the 'half-timer' went to a special school for the half-day, provided by Sir Titus Salt. This was the only school Joseph Wright ever attended, so that it is a fact that



SALTAIRE MILL

J. W. has initialised the room where he worked

never in his life did he have a full day's schooling. He says he learned very little there, except in arithmetic. Mr. George Morrell, afterwards for nearly forty years head master at the Shipley School Board's Central Schools, began his teaching career at the Saltaire Mill School in 1860, where he had some two hundred to three hundred pupils. He was Joseph Wright's first schoolmaster. He at once took kindly to his new scholar, and the latter still cherishes a deep feeling of gratitude and regard towards him, and is wont to relate with affectionate pride that once, when he was a 'half-timer', Mr. George Morrell¹ gave him a pair of trousers. As a rule a boy remained a 'half-timer' till the age of thirteen, but Joseph Wright had left the school and was doing full-time work long before he had actually attained that age. He says:² 'When I left school, I knew very little more than when I first went. I knew the alphabet, and had a smattering of elementary arithmetic, and I could recite, parrot-like, various Scriptural passages, and a few highly moral bits of verse; that was almost precisely the extent of my educational equipment after three or four years of schooling. Reading and writing, for me, were as remote as any of the sciences.' Remote, too, were much of the vocabulary, and the entire sound-system of standard English as a spoken language. For very many years yet he spoke nothing but the purest Bradford dialect.

One day, whilst he was still working at Saltaire, stands out very clearly in his recollections, it is, indeed, one of his favourite reminiscences when talking of old times. It must have been in about the year 1864. The mill gave a holiday to all the work-people, and sent them for a day-trip to Scarborough. Each man and woman was given half-a-crown, and to the boys and girls a shilling each, with railway tickets all round. Joseph Wright gave his mother sixpence, and started off with the other sixpence in his pocket. He says: 'My mother made me a raisin pasty to take with me for my dinner. I had eaten it all before I

¹ He died January 29, 1930, aged 90.

² Vide *John o' London's Weekly*, May 15, 1926.

got to Leeds, so I had nothing else for the rest of the day. I remember going up some steps on the shore at Scarborough, at the top of which was a man selling ginger-beer, &c., I asked him, "Hah d'ye sell yer pop?" He said, "Tuppence a bottle." I said, "Ah can get it at Windhill for a penny, and Ah'm nooan bahn [= not going] to pay ye tuppence." So I came home with my sixpence still in my pocket, and I spent a halfpenny of it when I got to Windhill, on treacle-drink at Dicky Winnell's.' Treacle-drink, it may be explained, is well known in the north. It is made with boiling water poured on treacle with cream of tartar added.

Some time in 1868 Joseph Wright left the Saltaire Mill and went to work at Stephen Wildman's Mill, known as Baildon Bridge Mill, where the river Aire separates Shipley from Baildon. Stephen Wildman later removed his business to a new mill which he built at Bingley, and Joseph Wright went there too, along with other of the work-people who had been employed in the former mill. To begin with, he was here, as at Saltaire, employed as a 'doffer', and by now he was earning nine shillings a week. His mother, however, always with an eye to his future, was again determined not to let him remain too long in a blind-alley job, and he himself was no less ambitious to learn and to rise. It was decided that he should become apprenticed to wool-sorting. This meant, at the start, a reduction of two shillings a week in his wages, a serious drop in the weekly income of the family, but his mother made up for it by doing extra washing and charing, and 'Ahr Jooə' himself took on more domestic work at home after mill hours. In his own words: 'I did all the cleaning on Saturday afternoon, not because I was obliged to do it, I did it automatically. When my mother was out charing she did not come home till six or seven o'clock, sometimes much later than that, but she never came back to a dirty house. Once she was ill with typhoid fever, and I nursed her all through it, by myself. I always paid my wages over to my mother, and on Saturday nights I went with her to Shipley to do her shopping, and buy our bit of meat for Sunday.'



EARLIEST PHOTOGRAPH OF JOSEPH WRIGHT

'Taken when I was a young man of twelve'

In January 1912 Joseph Wright received a letter from the Treasurer of the 'Rosse Street Brotherhood Veterans', Shipley, enclosing a circular and a photograph of the 'Old Veterans', and asking for a subscription to the funds of the Association. At the end of the official letter, signed R. Brooks,¹ is added in pencil a PS. as follows: 'I have not forgotten the time when you came prentice under me at Baildon Bridge Mills and how I advised you to get all the Learning you could and to-day I am proud that I have been associated with one of the greatest Professors of the day and may you be long spared to carry on your good work.

'As for me I am working for old men who cannot help themselves to make their last days as comfortable as possible. I am an old man and with a very unsteady hand. 82 next.

DICK.'

A wool-sorter always wore a large coarse pinafore or overall made with sleeves, locally termed a 'brat', and now that 'Ahr Jooø' was 'prenticed, he must have a 'brat' to wear, and his mother was troubled to know how such was to be provided. A friend in need helped them out of the difficulty. Joseph Wright records: 'My mother worked for a Mrs. Aspinall, whose husband was a wool-sorter, and she gave my mother one of her husband's "brats". I remember George Aspinall perfectly well, a very big and heavy man. It was a small-check "brat", miles too big for me, for I was always thin as a lad.' Mrs. Wright did the best she could, by taking in the sleeves and making a broader hem at the bottom, and finally the young apprentice set out upon his new employ wearing the regulation insignia of the profession. He can still, as a retired University Professor, recount the technical details of wool-sorting. This

¹ Richard Brooks died on January 1, 1922, aged ninety-one. He is not the same man referred to in J.W.'s own reminiscences as Alfred Brooks, who helped him in learning to write (vide p. 37). Richard Brooks worked on as a wool-sorter till age forced him to retire. When in 1931 I sent his daughter a copy of the portrait of Joseph Wright, she said in her letter of thanks: 'I am going to put it in a frame, and hang it up in the same room where my Father is, and then I shall have two good men to look at.' Few tributes to Joseph Wright's memory pleased me so much as these simple words, and the deed they record.

is what he has told me: The wool came to the mill in huge bags, each containing four to five hundredweight of fleeces just as they were shorn from the sheep. The sorter's business was to remove the thorns, straws, and little bits of wood entangled in the wool, and to separate it according to quality. The bits of straw, &c., were known as 'moits', the same word as the Biblical 'mote' which we behold and want to pull out of a brother's eye. 'Moiting' required great care and accuracy, but the real skill came in the sorting process. There would be at least four or five different qualities of wool in the fleece of a single sheep. In his own words: 'The great thing, first of all, is to be quite sure you have got out all the thorns and bits of straw—the wool round the neck is the worst part—then you must learn to sort the wool automatically, you must know by the feel of it in the hand, whether it is fourth or fifth quality. A man who has to *think* about it, never will become a proper wool-sorter. Many have to give it up, because they cannot learn to do it automatically. The best wool grows on the sheep's forelegs, and it gets coarser towards the hind-quarters. This coarsest wool is called "britch", the lowest quality of all. The next is the second, and so on to the sixth, and highest quality. The fleeces, whether, for example, from Yorkshire, Leicestershire, or Lincolnshire sheep, are already separate, but every wool-sorter knows at once the difference between the various breeds of sheep. The "staple" [i.e. the length of a lock of wool from the skin to the tip] of Lincolnshire wool is much longer than that of any other county in England, especially that of a "hog" [i.e. a sheep about a year old, before it has been shorn]. It might be twelve to fourteen inches long. The fleece, too, is heavier, often weighing 14 lb. Leicester wool is very good, but you rarely found a fleece weighing as much as 14 lb. The wool-sorter was paid by piece-work, so much per "pack". A "pack" of wool is 240 lb. For Lincolnshire wool you were paid four shillings and sixpence per "pack", but for lighter wool, such as Berkshire wool, where more fleeces went to the "pack", you were paid at a higher rate. For Yorkshire wool you got about five shillings,

and for superior Leicestershire wool, six shillings per "pack". Each wool-sorter worked at a large table, and had beside him a certain number of "skeps" [= baskets] into which he put the sorted wool, and then it went on to the wash-house. You were standing on your feet the whole day long. The hours were 6 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. in summer, but rather shorter hours in winter, as you cannot sort wool by gas-light.' Normally an apprentice had seven shillings a week for his first year, rising yearly one shilling a week up to ten shillings in his fourth year, but Joseph Wright proved so skilful and reliable that, within two years, his master, Stephen Wildman, put him on to piece-work, so that before he reached the age of fifteen he was a full-fledged wool-sorter, earning between twenty and thirty shillings a week. He says it was the best-paid job in the mill. He never lost the specialist's knowledge he gained so long ago, and when we attended the annual Agricultural Show at Settle in Ribblesdale it was the sheep-pens which attracted him first, and he scanned the exhibits with the eye of the trained expert in raw wool.

For some time past the Wright family income had amounted to more than enough for the barest necessities of life, and 'Ahr Jooə' was maturing plans for providing his mother with a more comfortable and spacious home than her present one-roomed dwelling. He had saved every penny he could, with this end in view, and now, when he was still only a lad of fourteen, he carried his project into effect. He tells his own story of it thus: 'Soon after I was put on to piece-work, we left the Spite and Malice House, and went to live at No. 6 Wellington Street, Woodend, Windhill, and I devoted my attention to furnishing the house. It had a parlour, two bedrooms, a kitchen, and a cellar. The rent was two and ninepence a week, water and rates free. We were select people when we went to live in Wellington Street. I distinctly remember when I bought my mother a rocking-chair. For the parlour suite I gave ten guineas. I also bought a chest of drawers, and a "seeming-glass", a big one, with a marble slab at the bottom. I bought some furniture

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every month. I was paid a minimum wage every week of nine shillings for three successive weeks, and in the fourth week there was a budgeting up for the month of the piece-work, and I got a good deal more. I often used to have as much as three pounds. My Ont [= Aunt] Betty gave us four pictures for our new home, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, painted on glass. I expect they are very valuable now.' [Aunt Betty was his father's eldest sister, then living at Pudding Hall Farm.]

He continued to work at Stephen Wildman's as a wool-sorter till he left the mill altogether in 1876, but sometimes for a few weeks when Stephen Wildman's was slack, he would get temporary work in Bradford. His mother could now afford to do less charring, though she continued to do some outside work, besides being busy early and late at home. Joseph Wright says: 'My mother always got up at 5 a.m. and made us tea before we went to work.'

IV. EDUCATION

The record of this important step in the family history, when Joseph Wright furnished a house for his mother, and they were established as 'select people' in Wellington Street, brings us on to the great turning-point in his own life, the time when he set himself to learn to read. With his powerful intellect, his capacity for hard work, and his fund of practical common sense, he had all the endowments which go to the making of an industrial magnate—many such started, as he did, from the very bottom of the ladder. All his surroundings, too, belonged to the world of industry and commerce; the mill and all that therein is had formed the physical and mental atmosphere of his existence hitherto. He could have become an eminently successful manufacturer if he had been content to remain in the business world. The idea which turned his thoughts and aspirations in another direction, and altered the whole trend of his career, came in 1870. During the Franco-Prussian War he used to listen to the men who worked with him reading aloud from newspapers in their dinner-hour vivid accounts of battles



GROUP OF WOOLSORTERS

J. W., aged 19, standing on the right

and sieges, and discussing with one another the things they read. He was intensely interested. Envy and longing now stirred in the mind of the young Joseph Wright. Why should he be debarred from getting all this first-hand? He determined to acquire the art of reading, and so satisfy this newly awakened craving for knowledge.¹

He always said that it was owing to his plebeian ancestry that he brought with him to the field of science and letters that prodigious vitality of brain which enabled him to accomplish the intellectual feats which marked his progress from this time onwards. His forebears had never spent their brain-power in the pursuit of book-learning. Joseph Wright could draw on unlimited capital behind him. He began by teaching himself reading and writing. This he did with the aid of two books: the Bible and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. 'I had', he says, 'a strange pronunciation of the uncommon words, some of which stuck to me for years'. 'I used', he says, 'to practise writing in the dinner-hour. A man called Alfred Brooks—a well-educated man, a good deal older than I was, also a wool-sorter—used to take a great interest in my writing. He pressed me very hard to learn to write with my right hand. He afterwards became a clerk to the Bradford Corporation.' Joseph Wright took this good friend's advice, and he always wrote his books and letters with the right hand, but in giving a lecture, or teaching a class, he often used his left hand for writing on the black-board, if the position of the board chanced to make it more convenient so to do. Mr. Æthelbert Binns, writing in *The News*, Hobart, of June 13, 1925, says: 'I have heard him lecture, and with a piece of chalk have seen him draw illustrative diagrams at the same time with each hand, and talk while he was doing it, without any parade or thought that it was anything very unusual.' Both Joseph Wright's parents and his three brothers were all left-handed, and our little son inherited the same characteristic.

¹ It is a curious fact that though it was through the medium of a newspaper that the inspiration came which started him forth on the road to Learning, yet he never bought or read newspapers. Not till after he was forty years old did he have a daily paper in his home.

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Not contented with his self-imposed tasks, he now attended a night-school held by James Needham. To this he went two or three nights a week for the sum of sixpence a week. James Needham was a Wesleyan day-school master, who had classes for working lads in the evenings, after mill-hours. 'The teaching', he says, 'was very elementary, just the three Rs. I did not attend the classes for long, but I remained for years great friends with James Needham.' About this time Joseph Wright happened to get hold of a copy of the first number of a new edition of Cassell's *Popular Educator*,¹ which was being published in fortnightly parts at sevenpence a part. He bought the parts as they appeared, and studied them with great assiduity. He says: 'the completed book remained my constant companion for years. I learned an enormous lot from it.' Every minute of the day that he could now spare he spent on his studies. He worked at his books during his dinner-hour and sat up late into the night. The great day for study was Sunday when, except for regular attendance at Chapel and Sunday School, he spent the whole day at his books.

His thirst for languages was born and took shape; he began to learn French. For this he went to a night-school held by John Murgatroyd. The latter previously had a private school in Idle, known as the Round Steps School, but he had given this up and come to live at his old home in Windhill. Joseph Wright says: 'He held his school in a room belonging to the Local Board, and there I went to him for French, with others, in the evenings. He had quite a number of day-scholars besides. He was a beautiful writer with the pen, and used to teach boys at Christmas-time to write illuminated cards to give to their

¹ Through the kindness of the Business Director of Cassell's, Ltd., Mr. H. Aubrey Guitry, I have received the following extract concerning this admirable book: 'On April 3, 1852, was issued the first weekly number of the "Popular Educator", which made John Cassell's name known throughout the country. He realized acutely how he himself had been handicapped by the want of a good general education, of the difficulty of obtaining the material necessary for a regular course of home study, and it was natural that the idea of filling the gap should have occurred to him thus early in his career. Edition after edition of this work has followed.'

parents. He was a lovable man, but like many Yorkshiremen, you might know him for years and at the end know as much about him himself as you did at the beginning. He was very reserved—talked always about books. He was like a Scotch dominie.'

John Murgatroyd taught German besides French, so a little later, in addition to French, Joseph Wright began German at this same night-school. He got some help thus, but the main bulk of his knowledge he acquired for himself by dint of sheer hard work and perseverance. He could do with very little sleep, and even after a long day at the mill he could work quite easily through most of the night without feeling tired. He would frequently sit up till 2 a.m. and then, after about three hours' sleep, get up again in time to be at the mill at 6 a.m. He had, moreover, an amazing power of concentration, which has held good all his life. Outside noise did not affect him when his mind was bent on his books. Our Mary could play in his study, and he would say: 'You can talk as much as you like, it won't disturb me.' The only stipulation he would make on these occasions was that the dog should not be encouraged to bark, he did draw the line at a dog barking in the room. Doubtless this faculty for turning a deaf ear to noise was in part the result of living so long in a spinning-room. He has often told me that you get so accustomed to the sound of the countless machines all going at once, that you can converse with your neighbour in your ordinary voice without the slightest difficulty in hearing or being heard. Another important element which went to the making of his rapid progress in self-education was the fact that he never wasted time and never let slip any opportunity which he might use to fruitful advantage. By nature and training, from his very childhood, as we have already noted, he had a strict sense of the value of time. When I said to him: 'I can't think how you managed to learn all that when you were working at the mill from six in the morning till six at night,' he replied: 'Oh, it wasn't so bad as that! I stopped at half-past five.'

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For learning French he used Contanseau's French Grammar, published by Longmans, and for German he had Otto's German Grammar. Latin he started learning entirely alone with the aid of Cassell's Latin Grammar. He was now working hard at three languages together, but he still felt more drawn to mathematical rather than to linguistic studies, so he cast about for means of pursuing higher mathematics. Whilst still attending John Murgatroyd's night-school, he began going twice a week to the Mechanics Institute at Bradford for classes in Arithmetic, Euclid, and Algebra. To do this, meant a three-mile walk each way at night. Later, he took lessons in shorthand at this Institute, thinking he might like to become a newspaper-reporter. He used to practise his shorthand at home by taking down the sermons in Chapel regularly every Sunday. The earliest certificate he gained is one for shorthand, signed by Yzak Pitman: 'I hereby certify that Mr. Joseph Wright has a thorough knowledge of my system of Phonography or Phonetic Shorthand, is a qualified Teacher of the Art, and a Member of the Phonetic Society. Class I ... 22 April 1875,' that is, when he was nineteen and a half. But to return to earlier days.

About the age of eighteen, in the midst of all his manifold intellectual tasks, and whilst still working at the mill as a wool-sorter, Joseph Wright conceived the idea of holding a night-school of his own. He says he did it in order to earn more money wherewith to buy books. This is, of course, just the kind of reason he himself would give, but any one who has had the privilege of sitting under him as a pupil will be inclined to see in this new venture the dawning of his great gift for teaching, which now sought expression. It is clear from letters I have received from one of his early scholars that even then, when there was little or no difference in age between teacher and taught, and none in social position, yet his pupils consciously recognized in him a master mind and gladly accepted his leadership. The subjects he took at the outset were just the three Rs, and the classes were held in one of the two small

bedrooms in his mother's cottage in Wellington Street. Sometimes as many as a dozen lads assembled there of an evening. Some stood, some sat on the bed, and the rest sat on the floor, for there was only one chair in the room, and that was appropriated to the use of the teacher. The fees were limited to twopence a week per head, so that, obviously, the school was not primarily a money-making concern! It must have been in about the year 1873, after he had given up going to John Murgatroyd's night-school, that he began his elementary classes for junior boys, and then in about 1874 he added a more advanced class for older boys. Writing of this now, it all seemed to belong to a buried past, this picture more than half a century old, of a gathering of eager Yorkshire lads, and the young enthusiast bursting with joy over his own newly-won treasures of knowledge, teaching them in a tiny and bare attic in an obscure village street. And then, suddenly and unexpectedly, came a letter from the other side of the globe, bridging the gap of years by telling of memories alive and cherished still, and of present well-being traced in terms of love and gratitude to the influence of those very early days when Joseph Wright first took up teaching. I give the letter in full, and just as it stands:

Liverpool, N. S. Wales. Australia.

15/10/28.

DEAR DOCTOR,

A friend of mine in Bradford, knowing that I was for some time a pupil of yours in Windhill over half a century ago, sent me a Bradford *Telegraph and Argus* of 22nd June last in which there is a Photo of your good Self and a very eulogistic account of the eminence you have attained in the world of learning; and the munificent assistance you have so generously been able to give an institution which I am sure must be dear to you, and a cause you have ever had so much at heart.

You may proboble remember me—Tom Woodward with Harry Close young wool-sorters from Saltaire, together with

others coming to your home in Windhill for instruction to supplant the meager education we had obtained at the Mill Schools.

Dear Joe—excuse me addressing you by the dear old name so familiar to us over 50 years ago, when you was to us a real paragon apart from the educational point of view. The impressions I gained from you, your good Mother, and humble home, has ever made you my life's hero; and the pure gold that underlaid it all, so impressed me that I have always been thankful of the privilege I had of knowing you all in those strenuous times. It is needless to recount the many incidents that are indelible imprinted on my memory of those bye-gone days.

I came to this country just over 50 years ago, and have heard of you from time to time, each time with something like a thrill!

My children and grandchildren number 30, and thanks to your help, I have gathered as much as will keep me with a crust for the rest of my days. I am now 73 in good health, quiet active and happy with my Saltaire wife.

I will not weary you with a long letter; but trust it may be of some interest to you to know that time and distance has not effaced my admiration and esteem for you.

With every good wish

Yours very sincerely

TOM WOODWARD.

I wrote at once to beg the writer to delve still further into his personal recollections, and send me more such reminiscences. This is what I received in response to my appeal—(I quote the letter verbatim):

Liverpool. N. S. Wales. Australia.

3rd Jan. 1929.

DEAR DR. AND MRS. WRIGHT,

On New Year's eve I received Mrs. Wright's very nice letter and the splendid photograph of the fine painting which is to hang in that renowned hall of learning at Oxford.

I have no words sufficient to thank you Mrs. Wright and my dear old friend Dr. Wright for the very warm appreciation of my remembrance of those long-ago-days at Windhill. To know that my long deferred letter gave you pleasure is a very great joy to me.

I sincerely regret to hear that the very hard work and the midnight oil that has been so unreservedly burnt in the interest of the Nation and the World is now telling its tale so sadly on the once Sprightly and Sturdy figure I so well remember.

I am glad to say the photograph reached me in perfect order, and I am taking immediate steps to have it fittingly framed to hang in my humble home; as I am sure that with this, and the life story of Dr. Joseph Wright told to my children's children will be some incentive for them to make good; as I am a firm believer in 'The deeds of good men live after them'.

The loss of your dear children must have been a cruel blow to you; as I know something of what this means to Mother and a father's heart.

In compliance with the wishes of Mrs. Wright I will endeavour to give a few of my impressions and recollections of that interesting time, when work! work! and More Work was the order of a very long day for our beloved teacher.

While some of the events of 1873-4 are vividly fixed on my memory others are not so clear as I would like: however, it was about the year 1874 that I had the good fortune of becoming intimately acquainted with 'Joe'—Please allow me to use the dear old Name?—We were both Woolsorters at different firms I think Joe was apprentice at Denbys in Hall lane Shipley [this is a mistake, he was at Wildman's]; while I was at Saltaire: And as there was a certain amount of fraternity existing in some of the trades of the district, I had often heard of the plodding industrious Joe Wright; of his ability to speak several languages; and how he would work at his sorting table with his algebra and other books propped open against the back of his table in front of him: and the stupendous Mathematical Problems he would work out such as would baffle the

Smartest Scholars of the district; and all this by a young man who had never been a day to School in his life and practically self taught. . . . It was simultaneous with his starting work as a half-timer that he started on his marvelous career of learning. I can picture Joe as a distinguished looking boy at that time as he would be broad set and his very strong hair grew rather low on his forehead: however I have this from Joe's own lips:—The fireman at the mill took a fancy to Joe and used to talk to him he would ask simple questions such as: How many half-pennys were there in a penny. Then how many farthings were in a penny and by this process of questioning he got Joe to tell how many farthings in a pound. When Joe could do this he thought it wonderful and it so fired his imagination that he never left the track that was destined to bring him so conspicuously before the world. It was about 1874 that my old friend Harry Close who had been a halftime lad with me at the Mill and was now a woollorter told me some young men of our own age had approached Joe with the object of forming a class of us of a more studious turn of mind: when our Modest Master suggested a kind of mutual improvement-class where he would be leader rather than teacher. Anyhow the class was formed and we met at the home of the Wrights in Windhill. I think the hour of Meeting was about 8.30 p.m. so as to give him time to finish with his other classes which he had been conducting for years in addition to his personal studies.

We were the last on hand for the night and I think the time was one hour a night for two nights per week and the fee was sixpence per week. The subjects taken up were various including English, Arithmetic, book-keeping, phonic [sic], Shorthand, and French.—I cannot say that any of us greatly distinguished ourselves; but I am quite sure it was a very useful addition to our limited attainments at the halftime School.

Joe was always kind and sympathetic yet strict in the conducting of his Classes and when the work was over he would relax and would talk with us for a while as this was just a 'lul'

in his daywork. These talks were mostly of an educational character with a certain amount of humour interspersed. It was in this talk time he told of the Fireman's questions; how he was teaching a class of juniors to read by a Novel system of phonic characters and he declared it a great success. He would show us how easy it was to run his three fingers down three columns of *£ s d* simultaneously and give the correct answer in the total line—I may here remark he never sharpened a Slate pencil as it was waste: It was at one of these talks that Joe told us how his Mother had left an Institution with her three small boys Joe Tom and Duff [Dufton was the baby, there was also Jim, the eldest boy] in the hope of getting charing or washing in the locality where she was known. After a pathetic journey they arrived in Windhill where poverty was no bar to this good woman sending her boy Joe to the Sunday School and part of his Sunday suit was a smock made out of a flour or sugar bag with part of the brand showing, on this account Joe was given plenty of room. And in later years some of these boys came to his night classes and he never took their sixpence fee without remembering the Sunday school days. [This tale is heroic legend, rather than history.]

There is another little story I remember Joe telling us; but whether it was against himself I forget. It was after pouring over a Mathematical problem and nearly confessing to be beat, it was found that a small hair had been rubbed of the eyebrow and dropped along an o and made it into 9.

Sometimes he would take us into his little room and show us his wealth of books and other things of an educational character such as maps etc. etc. Joe had a very fine collection of books. And had a very keen eye in the Second hand book shops for books of value; and would even buy bankrupt account books perhaps a ledger with only a few pages used this gave him plenty of good cheap writing paper. [When he read this in the letter, Joseph Wright's comment was: 'That's perfectly true. I remember carrying one home, a very heavy one, which I bought in Bradford in the market, in September 1873, when the Town

Hall was opened.'] At other times he would come for a short walk with us. On one particular bright summer's night we took a strole along the Idle road.—There was a comet visable that night, and this lead Joe into a great lecture on Astronomy—Along the Idle road there is an old roman road leads off to the left; down this road we went till a little way down we came to an old quaker's burrying ground [it was known as 'Old Brown's'] we went up some steps into it and took seats on a flat table gravestone; there Joe continued his oration on Astronomy delayting on the Stars, The Planets, Constelation, Sun, Moon, and the immencity of space etc. and finished up by reciteing us that beautiful hymn:—

The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue etherial sky
And spangled heavens a shining flame [*sic*]
Their great original proclaim.

This we were told was the finest piece of poetry in the English language.

Harry Close sung us one or two songs, 'The Yellow White and Brown' 'The flag of old England' etc.—Randell a young Welsh man sang 'Kitty Wells'

Her name it was Kitty so neat and so smart
She comes from North Wales and she plays the Welsh Harp.

Then our respected leader suggested a short prayer, which was offered up in all solemnity then we retraced our steps home happy.

I would like here to say a few words about that good woman Mrs. Wright and her home. I think she was made of the stuff true Britons are made of and worthy of her great Son, as her good son was worthy of her. There is no doubt it was her high ideals, her love for her Boys, and her hard toil that made it possible for her Son to rise to such eminence out of such environs. The home was of the humblest discription in a street where the tenements are built like barracks with no backyard and the conveniences at the end of the street; and the



Photograph : Bradford Telegraph and Argus

WELLINGTON STREET, WINDHILL
No. 6 is the third house in the row on the right

clothes lines were strung across from house to house—I forget the Name;—but it was near the top end, or Idle end of Windhill and about the third in the row. The tenements consisted of 4 rooms; the living room about 12 ft square with a narrow room as long, but only half the width, this was sitting room library, and I think sleeping room. Then two upper rooms corresponding with the lower rooms the larger of these two was used as a school room and the smaller one as a sleeping room. [Both were bedrooms.] The School room was reached by a narrow spiral stairway in the far left hand corner of the living room and to reach this stair, even at the hour our class met, we often had to stride over a wash tub and a basket or two of clothes to reach it; with always a cheery word from Mrs. Wright as we passed.

Such loyalty in effort it has ever been good to think of. I understand Tom Wright afterwards became librarian of the Carnegie library at Windhill [this is a mistake—it was Dufton] and from whom I had a kindly message sent per a niece of mine a few years ago.

I do not intend posting this letter for a day or two till I can tell you of my highly prized treasure being duly installed in my home.

I have now a rather sad story to add; and that is the death on the 4th inst. of my very old friend and school mate Harry Close who followed me to New South Wales 49 years ago—in his 74th year. The Doctor may remember him? I think we were the only two from Saltaire attending the Windhill Night Class at that time. Harry and I often spoke of our early days in the old town when we met, and our Windhill Mentor had always a warm place in our hearts and memory. I should certainly have let Harry know of my good fortune in hearing from you; but now death has robbed me of that pleasure. I paid my last respects at his grave on the 5th inst.

I am now pleased to say, I deem it a great honour to have the photo of my old friend Dr. Wright in a substantial oak frame adorning my home. I thank you most sincerely and trust your

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declining years may bring you all the happiness of work well done.

Yours Faithfully

TOM WOODWARD.¹

Another unexpected letter came from Canada, and is worth quoting because it records the story of the night-school cherished by the second generation, the writer being the son of one of the original scholars:

Vancouver. British Columbia. Canada.

July 17th 1928.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

For many years I have felt an inward urge to communicate with you and request some little form of remembrance, such as an autographed copy of one of your publications. I am well aware such a request may seem somewhat impertinent on my part, but that I know you will forgive when I explain the circumstances. My father, William Illingworth, was a resident of Thackley and Idle. He passed away some 25 years ago when I was about 23 years of age. As a small boy he often used to tell me to watch the career of Joseph Wright, who had never received a day's full schooling in his life. From information imparted to me by Dad, I am pretty sure he used to attend a class you held in a bedroom at your home, I believe in Windhill. I well remember the first day I went out to work as a half-timer at a spinning factory in Scholes, near Cleckheaton; Dad set me off with the remark 'Joseph Wright got a start that way'. I didn't get very much schooling, until as a journey-man cabinet-maker, I earned sufficient to attend evening classes in Bradford, Brighouse, Cleckheaton, and at Liverpool University. Now I am Instructor of Manual Training in one

¹ Tom Woodward wrote again on April 9, 1930, this time to me alone. In his letter he said: 'The life of my dear old friend and teacher of over half a century ago came vividly to my mind, and the giant struggle being waged in most adverse circumstances in that humble cottage in Windhill to win his way in the realm of learning, and ever ready to shed the light of his attainments to those around him. His kindly help and sterling worth is still remembered.'

of the Public Schools here, am married, and have three children. Now you will understand why some little souvenir of Dr. Joseph Wright would be appreciated in the home of William Illingworth's son.¹

With very best wishes, I am sincerely yours,

CHARLES ILLINGWORTH.

Amongst Joseph Wright's intellectual and social activities at this time must be mentioned his connexion with the Sunday School. The Wrights belonged to a Primitive Methodist congregation in Windhill, a small but very earnest body. Their religion formed a very real part of their life, and their Chapel, as the outward and visible sign of it, was an object of genuine devotion. In those days there were no clubs for working lads, nor Women's Institutes, there were no cheap concerts, and the cinema was yet unborn, any outside interest which was provided for the mill-worker, whether for his amusement or for his edification, was provided by the Chapel, organized by the principal members of the congregation, or by the Sunday School. Sometimes it was a 'Penny Reading', or a simple dramatic performance, or a social-religious gathering such as that known as a 'Love-feast'. Joseph Wright, when about seventeen or eighteen, was much in request at 'Penny Readings', not only in Windhill, but in other villages in the neighbourhood. He used to read humorous or pathetic pieces written in the dialect, taken from Ben Preston's Poems, John Hartley's 'Yorkshire Puddin'', or his 'Yorkshire Ditties'. Sometimes the Sunday School boys would act little plays with a moral to them, such as 'Buy your own Cherries', which seems to have been a dramatic work in support of temperance. The profits of these entertainments were given to the Chapel or Sunday School funds. Collections were made at the 'Love-feasts', but these assemblies were primarily religious, a means of cementing the bond of fellowship among the members of

¹ A photographic reproduction of a portrait of Joseph Wright was sent him in reply.

the community. The congregation joined in some simple, symbolic meal together, and then individual members would stand up and relate their religious experiences. Joseph Wright records his recollections of a 'Love-feast' thus: 'Biscuits were handed round, one to each person, and a large cup of water. In better-class Chapels it was a big two-handled tankard, but in poor Chapels like ours the cup was pot [= earthenware]. You ate the biscuit, and took a drop of water, and after that people got up and spoke for two or three minutes each to the congregation. That was all. I remember when Mary Slingsby, a very good old woman, got up and sang:

I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,
Dark and thorny is the road,
Often in the midst of danger,
But it leads to God.

I can hear her singing it now.'

Joseph Wright was a regular attendant at the Sunday School from the time his mother went to live in School Street, when he was about six years old, till he was about seventeen. One of his earliest memories was reawakened by chance in conversation just recently, when some one was referring to the public rejoicing on the occasion of the marriage of Edward VII in March 1863: 'I remember that.' 'Why?' said the visitor. 'Because we had oranges. I remember that orange as well as if it were yesterday I had it.' The Sunday School gave a treat to all the children, and each one received an orange. Joseph Wright was then only seven and a half years old, and to him an orange was an almost unknown luxury and, as it has proved, unforgettable. Another incident belonging to these very early Sunday School days is told me by Mrs. Dufton Wright. She says: 'I remember his mother telling me once about having to wash Joe's shirt and the others' on Saturday night after they had gone to bed, and she was so tired she fell asleep over the wash-tub and she slept so long while [= till] she could not get Joe's shirt dry soon enough for School, and she put him one of her shifts on to go to School in . . . she did not like him to miss

School.' A friend who went to see Mrs. Wright in her later leisured years was told by her that there was one occasion when she thought she ought to have had her photograph taken, and that was once when she fell asleep with her hands in the tub in which she was washing her boys' clothes.

The Sunday Class was held in the morning before the service and again in the afternoon. Joseph Wright also regularly attended morning and evening service—'everybody did' is his comment on what reads to-day like an incredible statement. About the time when he started his own night-school he began taking a class himself on Sundays, and he originated the idea of forming a Library for the Windhill Sunday School scholars. He collected a little money for the purpose, and constituting himself librarian, he gave out the books on Sunday mornings at the conclusion of the class. He chose the books himself when he went to Bradford, where he was in the habit of frequenting the 'new Market House' in order to buy books for his own use. He says: 'I bought lots of books there, very cheap. For the Sunday School, I used to go also to Thomas Brear, a Wesleyan: he let me have the books as cheap as he could.'

The Superintendent of the Sunday School then, and for many years afterwards, was Mr. John Hall, who had a draper's shop near to the Wrights when they were living in the 'Spite and Malice House'. He also sold tea, of a blend invariably patronized by Mrs. Wright. His son, Thomas Hall, still remembers taking Mrs. Wright's weekly order to her house every Saturday. Another son, Willie Hall, was organist at the Windhill Chapel, and has now played at the Anniversary Service for fifty-six years. The following is a letter recently received from Mr. Thomas Hall in answer to some queries of mine:

'Studholme', Park Street, Selby.

6th June 1929.

DEAR MRS. WRIGHT,

... I well remember the Library which your husband was the means of forming, and I used to take books from it. It was

a great boon and very much appreciated. My father's age at that time would be about 50, and he was a most wonderful Superintendent. He exercised a very fine influence over both Scholars and Teachers, and I have never known a school since in which there was such good discipline. The singing used to be a means of grace, and I quite think your husband's association and interest in the Sunday School had some influence in the moulding of his life, and I am quite sure that your husband's life had a good influence on my own. To me it almost seems miraculous that a boy brought up in such a home as his was, should have become such a famous man. When I first knew the family they lived in a one-roomed house not far from my father's shop, and I often used to go there. Later they lived in Wellington Street, and it was there that your husband's mother used to tell me of her son's wonderful achievements. One thing I was always delighted with was that in the after years, your husband was never too big to visit and stay with his mother in the Wellington Street house.

I remember your husband visiting the Sunday School on the occasion of an entertainment, and giving some items in the Yorkshire Dialect. One was a description of a Washing Day in one of the streets of Woodend. There was only one set of clothes posts to serve 2 or 3 families, and to get over this difficulty they had separate washing days. Trouble arose when one of the women decided to wash her clothes on a day that was not her own, there was what they call a 'Fratch' and a 'Feight' when sweeping brushes with long handles were brought into use.

Another occasion I remember was the Speech Day of the Saltaire Institute when your husband gave the Presidential Address. He explained that the origin of people in various parts of England and Wales could be traced from the different dialects spoken. At the close the Doctor with great pride introduced his mother to some of the big folks present. Sir James Roberts, Bart., took the chair, and he told a story of his own early days, how that as a boy he had walked along with

another boy from Oxenhope to see the wonderful town of Saltaire, with its 4 stone lions, how they had only one penny between them, and that when the time came to commence the return journey one boy went into a Confectioner's shop to buy a penny teacake, while the other boy looked through the window. The shop woman seeing this boy thought a penny cake was not much for the two of them, and gave them another. The romantic part of the story is that one of the boys (Sir James Roberts) should become the owner of the Saltaire Mills and Estate. . . .

With kind regards to yourself and the Doctor.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS HALL.

In May 1925 this same Sunday School celebrated the centenary of its foundation. Joseph Wright was unable to be present, but he made it an opportunity for testifying to his appreciation of the School in other ways—(I quote from the *Bradford Daily Telegraph* of May 6, 1925):

One of the most interesting features of the opening proceedings of the centenary celebrations in connection with the Ebenezer Primitive Methodist Sunday School, Idle, which took place this afternoon, was the presence of fifty aged people through the thoughtfulness and generosity of Professor Wright, of Oxford.

The story of how their attendance was made possible is interesting in itself. A member of the church sent a copy of the centenary souvenir to Professor Wright, thinking that he would be interested to learn of the event, as it was connected with a chapel which he had attended, and which was situated near his birth-place.

In his reply Professor Wright said:

I am very pleased to learn that such a great interest is taken in the Sunday school, for there can be no doubt whatever that regular attendance at Sunday school does often exercise a great influence, on moulding the character of young people.

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This was certainly my experience at the Wood End Sunday School, where the influence for good of people like John Hall, William Cliffe, etc., on my generation has remained permanently with many of us, and whenever I think about these people I always feel a debt of gratitude to them for their fatherly and kind interest in us.

I sincerely hope that your centenary will be a success from every point of view, and that the necessary funds for maintaining the efficiency of the Sunday school will be forthcoming at the various services. If it were not such a long way off I would make an endeavour to be present at some of them, but as that is not possible I have very great pleasure in sending you £5 for the Sunday school funds and £2 10s. for the purchase of fifty tickets to be given to fifty old folks who would not otherwise be able to attend the public tea party on Saturday. You can easily find fifty such deserving people in your midst.

With kind regards and best wishes to all of you,

Yours faithfully,
J. WRIGHT.

The story of the building of their own Chapel by those Primitive Methodists is like that of church-building in the Middle Ages. Everybody helped, either with manual labour or money, or both, at the cost of honest self-denial, and the Chapel is to this day reckoned one of the finest and best-planned in the district. Its history is best given in some notes written for me by Thomas Hall:

When Mrs. Wright and her family removed to Windhill, Wood End, she became associated with a small Society of Primitive Methodists which had its meeting place in School Street, and the attachment she then formed continued to the end of her life. The Society had not been in existence very long at that time, and the building in which it met was of a very humble character. It consisted of a cottage with one small room on the ground floor, and a larger room upstairs, the latter having been made by the removal of the partition wall from between two bedrooms. Here preaching services, and a Sunday School were con-

ducted every Sunday, and other religious meetings during the week, and a band of Godly men and women devoted themselves to the work of winning the people of the neighbourhood to the service of God, and the gathering in of scholars. Street mission work was a special feature of those early days, and the singing was of a very lively and enthusiastic character.

It was in this Sunday School that Joseph Wright first became a scholar, and received his first religious impressions. He loved the Sunday School and his Teachers, and Sunday to him became the great day of the week. The School Anniversary was the great day of the year, and was eagerly looked forward to. As the building was not large enough to hold all the people who assembled for this event, the services were held in the open air. A large sloping wooden platform was erected on which the scholars were seated, many of them dressed in clothes new for the occasion. The Anniversary was commonly known as 'The Stand Up'.

After a time the necessity for a larger and more suitable building became imperative, and the idea of building a new Chapel and School gripped the hearts and minds of this comparatively poor congregation. They longed for the joy and triumph of possessing a building of their own.

It was a splendid dream, but one that seemed impossible of realization. There was absolutely no money with which to commence operations, but these good people did not understand the word 'impossible' and with rare faith and dauntless courage they decided 'that a Chapel and School be built to seat five or six hundred people'.

A Building Trust was formed, and instructions given for the preparations of plans, and at a meeting held on May 29th, 1866, these were considered and accepted.

The site of land purchased was one that involved a great deal of excavation work, and the next minute recorded was 'that we purchase 6 shovels, 3 pickaxes, and a barrow, and begin to dig out the foundations on Saturday'.

So the work commenced and these heroes of faith before going to and after returning from their daily toil, laboured in preparing for the foundations of their New Chapel. The spirit that possessed these men also gripped the youths and Joseph Wright was amongst those eager to render service, and he joyously shared in the use of the pickaxe and shovel. [He well remembers carrying stones and mortar.]

The building of the walls was under the direction and supervision of Wm. Cliffe. He was a Stone-mason by trade, a man of sterling worth and one of the Trustees. With the commencement of the actual building, the necessity at once arose for the providing of the money required for the weekly wages, and the payments for materials.

To meet this need the members devoted themselves whole-heartedly. Efforts of every conceivable kind, ordinary and extraordinary were made to raise money, and they gave of their own personal means to the point of sacrifice.

But the financial obligations involved were far greater than could possibly be met from local resources and to many outside the movement, it seemed that the task attempted was beyond accomplishment.

John Hall saved the situation. He was a born optimist, he believed the work was of God, that it could not fail, and that this beautiful structure of which he had a clear mental vision, would assuredly be realized. Full of this confidence, he gave himself to a campaign of 'Money begging', and in this work he proved himself a genius. No one could withstand his appeals. So strenuous were his endeavours that this wonderful Chapel Building enterprise became much talked of in the district. Over a long period he gave three and four days a week to this work, and the financial results were marvellous.

During these strenuous days, Mr. Hall used to say that his butcher's meat often came from Yarmouth (being Kippers).

Another amusing story has relation to a Prussian [= Persian] Cat owned by Mr. Hall which was conspicuous for its size and beauty. The Kittens of this Cat were much in request, and so, a fancy price was put upon them for the benefit of the Chapel Funds.

Notwithstanding all the struggles and anxieties of this chapel building period, those were great days, and great was the rejoicing when the pinnacle stone was placed upon the building. This was laid by two sons of Wm. Cliffe and John Hall, who were named after the founders of the Connexion, Hugh Bourne and Wm. Clowes. [The foundation-stone was laid on July 20, 1867, and the Chapel was opened on November 27, 1868.]

The total cost of the building (including the land) was £4,250. Of this, about £2,500 had been raised at the close of the opening services. The following years witnessed great debt reduction schemes, and the time came when the debt was wiped out.

Joseph Wright continued his service and attachment until his removal

from Windhill, and since then he has manifested his interest and regard by many generous contributions to the Funds. His youngest brother, Dufton, is still attached to the old chapel.

Towards the end of the period between 1870, when Joseph Wright learned to read, and 1876, when he left the mill and became a schoolmaster, he went for a short holiday to France. He says: 'I got to know some Frenchmen who lived at Windhill Crag. They had been weavers in France, at Roubaix, and came to England after the Franco-German War, and settled at Windhill, where they had a mill. I used to talk French a good deal with them. Then I went to Roubaix for a holiday, and they gave me introductions to people there, manufacturers. I could talk French as fluently as English whilst I was still at the mill.' In the same way he got into touch with Germans, in order to improve his colloquial German. There were large numbers of Germans living in Bradford. Joseph Wright has often said that sitting in Manningham Park on a summer evening, when the band was playing, you could easily imagine yourself in Germany, from the language spoken by the crowd of people round about you.

One memorable occurrence belonging to Windhill days remains to be chronicled; indeed, but for what seems the direct intervention of Providence, there might have been no further chronicle to write. On August 28, 1875, there was an excursion by train from Bradford to Malham, a well-known beauty-spot in the district, where a tiny group of houses nestles in the dale below Malham Tarn, and where, not many yards away, the river Aire suddenly springs into being. Amongst the excursionists was Joseph Wright. All his life walking has been his favourite form of exercise and recreation, one might say his *only* form of recreation, apart from smoking. He and a few of his young friends went off roaming on the moors. Towards evening a thick mist settled down on the tops of the hills and the boys lost their way, so that when ultimately they reached the railway station the excursion train had long gone. It was a blessing in a commonplace disguise, for had they not lost their

way they might have lost their lives. Near to Kildwick a Scotch express ran into the excursion train, and numbers of its passengers were killed or injured, the while a cloud came and overshadowed Joseph Wright and his companions out on the open moors.

V. SCHOOL TEACHING

So far, during all this early period of self-education, Joseph Wright continued to be by trade a woolsorter, earning his daily bread by the labour of his hands, but now came the great change in his worldly career, when he launched forth to earn his living as a teacher and a writer. Perhaps he would not have left the mill precisely at the moment he did had it not been for the fact that the mill temporarily ceased running, and so his work there came to a sudden stop, not of his own seeking. When the mill began going again, Joseph Wright was gone beyond its recall. The unexpected break occurred in the early spring of 1876, and Joseph Wright, having managed to save the sum of £40, determined before settling down again to regular earning, to take a 'Semester' [i.e. a Term]—or as much of one as he could afford—at a German University.¹ His choice fell upon

¹ June 7, 1931. In going through a mass of correspondence connected with the beginnings of the Dialect Dictionary, I to-day came across the following letter, written—twenty years afterwards—by a chance fellow-traveller on that journey to Germany:

61 Underhill Road, East Dulwich
London. 11 July, 1896.

DEAR SIR,

In February 1876 when 26 years old, I travelled via Harwich and Rotterdam to Hamburg.

On board the steamer soon after leaving Harwich when I stood on deck enjoying the sea-air and above all the freedom of a holiday after 4 years uninterrupted drudgery in a London office, a young man entered into conversation with me. He told me he was a wool-sorter in Bradford, that he had a holiday and meant to spend a week in Cologne in order to try and learn German, that he already could speak French and that he acquired his knowledge by hard study and by burning the midnight oil. He told me of his hopes and of his prospects of earning £150 as a correspondent in a merchant's office if he could succeed.

Myself a struggling, earnest young man my deep sympathy went out to this young man and though I lost sight of him at Rotterdam . . . yet I have often

Heidelberg. Arrived at Antwerp, his plan was to make the remainder of the journey on foot for the sake of economy. He had learned from a German friend in Bradford of the existence of an organization in Germany for the behoof of the honest artisan on the tramp. He now availed himself of this. He had procured a duly authorized document which allowed him, in any town through which he passed, to claim admittance to the local 'Herberge',¹ a modest kind of hostelry, where he could get food and a bed for a very small sum. The fare, of course, was rough but substantial and good. Nobody was expected to make a prolonged stay, so Joseph Wright never spent more than one day at any of these stopping-places, but he still speaks of them as 'giving out a feeling of human kindness towards those who are down, especially if they meant to get up'. He thought of him since and felt great admiration for him and a desire to know how he got on in the world and whether his hopes and endeavor were crowned with success.

Reading to-day in the newspaper the enclosed notice I thought you must be that same young man, a supposition which you will find justified after perusal of the said notice.

Would you kindly oblige me by writing me a few lines to say whether I am right in my supposition.

In that case I should be very happy to renew your acquaintance and to congratulate you and express my joy at your success.

I may mention that I myself though not a great success yet am not a failure but in comfortable circumstances. I mention this so that you should not think begging is my object.

Hoping to be favoured with a reply

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully

F. COPMANN.

The newspaper notice, now lost, was doubtless a paragraph about the publication of Part One of the Dialect Dictionary.

¹ Professor Fiedler supplied me with the following note concerning these special inns. 'The *Herberge*', he says, was 'a modest inn, or hospice, a house of call for journeymen-mechanics, and -artisans. In the days of the guilds there was a *Herberge* in almost every German town, maintained by the various guilds for the benefit of their travelling members. When the guilds were abolished, *Herbergen zur Heimat* were established in many German towns by organizations corresponding to the Young Men's Christian Association in this country, for the purpose of providing places of rest, beds and meals at very moderate prices for young men of the artisan (and shop-assistant) class, and keeping them away from the temptations of common lodging-houses and public-houses. The first *Herberge* of this kind was established in 1854 at Bonn.'

says: 'I used to have most friendly talks with the "boss", and I went on with a little letter from him to the next place. I had a fairly good vocabulary in German, so that I could talk to these people.'

To improve his German still further, before he arrived in Heidelberg, he stayed for a few weeks in Cologne, where he found a good friend in Cook's Agent: 'He was a lame man, living in the Dom Hof Square. He took me up like a father, and was tremendously kind to me, introduced me to his friends, invited me to tea, and lent me books to read. I lodged with some better-class people to whom the Railway Station-master sent me. I had a very nice room on the third story up, very cheap. The man was a wholesale tobacco merchant, or traveller. His son Carl was then at the Gymnasium. I kept up correspondence with the family till long after I came to Oxford. The son Carl came to London to learn English.' After this sojourn in Cologne, Joseph Wright then went on by road to Heidelberg. The Semester at a German University is roughly about fourteen weeks, the Summer Semester running from May till towards the end of July. Joseph Wright at this time could, however, only afford to spend about eleven weeks in Heidelberg. He confined himself to the study of mathematics whilst there, apart from extending his knowledge of the German tongue. Amongst his reminiscences of this his first visit to Germany, he tells: 'I remember distinctly the first time in my life that I drank a cup of coffee was at the Café Wachter in the Hochstrasse in Heidelberg. I felt as if I was going into a public-house, and I had never been in one in England; it would have seemed to me a dreadful thing to do.'

When he returned to Windhill he had already made up his mind to give up working in a mill and make a career for himself in scholarship. It was necessary to consider the financial as well as the intellectual outlook, and something must be found immediately which would be a means of livelihood. He was now fully equipped for teaching several subjects, mathematics especially; he had discovered and proved his own gifts for

imparting his knowledge; and as a born teacher he had found pleasure in the use of these gifts; he therefore decided to become a schoolmaster. Relying as he always did on his own efforts to further his own plans, he went round to various schools in Bradford, calling on the head master and inquiring if there was a vacancy on his staff. Dr. Dyson, the head master of a school in Horton Road, recommended him to apply to Mr. Watson. Joseph Wright called at his school, and at once succeeded in obtaining a post there. Mr. Watson's School was situated just off Manningham Lane. He had previously been established in Hallfield Road, and it has been stated that it was there that Joseph Wright began as assistant schoolmaster, but this is not the case. The Bradford Corporation had bought the Hallfield School from Mr. Watson for a large sum of money, as a site for the present Girls' Grammar School. Mr. Watson¹ then built Springfield School, and it was here that Joseph Wright took up teaching as a profession in September 1876.

When making inquiries about this school, I received the following letter from Mr. James Robinson of 8 Pollard Street, Bradford: 'I was one of Mr. Watson's scholars in 1863, and at that time the school was in the old Green Market, top of Darley Street, and the School was opposite Christ Church, which was also in the Market place, and about the same time removed to Hallfield Road. . . . It was considered one of the best Schools in Bradford, and at that time the only teachers were Mr. Robert Barr, and Mr. Cairns. The School was called Watson's Academy. . . . Mr. Wright would be there after my time.'

Joseph Wright received board and lodging at the Springfield School from Monday morning till Friday evening, and a salary of £40 a year. He says he felt 'passing rich', but financially he was poorer than he had been latterly as a woolsorter at the mill. He was again acting on his principle, 'never put money first'. He went home for the week-ends, when he devoted his time mainly to his own work, except for some few

¹ Mr. Watson died in 1887.

hours spent on extra teaching. On Saturday mornings he had a class in Euclid and Algebra for pupil-teachers, from 10 a.m. till 1 o'clock, at sixpence per head for the three hours—'It paid me very well', he says. In the afternoon he held a French Class, open to anybody who liked to come. Speaking of this new enterprise when he became a professional schoolmaster, he says: 'I began school teaching with no traditions, never having been in a school before, either as a boy or master. I had no knowledge of customary routine or methods.' Perhaps we have here one of the secrets of his subsequent success; he was led on by his own genius for teaching, which proved a far surer guide than any rules laid down for the guidance of the ungifted. No small credit is due to Mr. Watson for perspicacity in enrolling this raw recruit, though no doubt the ex-woolsorter did three parts of the business himself. To complete the story it was necessary to learn how the boys viewed the new assistant schoolmaster. I was fortunate enough to discover two or three 'Old Boys' who had known Joseph Wright at Springfield. It was somewhat of a shock to me to find that they remembered him chiefly for his mighty arm, but they were only schoolboys at the time. The following are extracts from their letters:

November 25th, 1928. . . . I am proud to tell how my dear old schoolmaster (then a young man) gave me a good thrashing. This is how it happened; I forget the lesson, but we had to read in turn, after an explanation from Mr. Wright, he said, I will cane the first boy who makes a mistake. I made a mistake, of course I would, being about the biggest dunce in the school. As good as his word, he gave me a few strokes with the cane. It came round to my turn again, not a word came from me. Mr. Wright called out, Denison your turn, no answer, Denison your turn!! I answered, you caned me for doing my best, I won't read. What do you say? said Mr. Wright, at the same time coming down the room with a firm grip of the cane. I tried to escape him, much to the merriment of the other boys, he caught me and gave me something to remember.

Mind you, before this incident and after I had a great affection for the young schoolmaster, who was always very much in earnest. One thing I will never forget, Mr. Wright said, I was sorry to punish you Denison, because I always liked you, for him to have said this, made the thrashing worth it.

To me, as I think of him in those far off days, he did not look the schoolmaster, he seemed more like an athlete, with a strong, rugged exterior, but with kindly eyes, behind his spectacles, which never allowed him to look very cross, at the same time he had a masterly and determined look, which made the boys respect him and feel he was their master.

We all liked Wright, and to me as I look back to Watson's School, he seemed to subdue all the other masters, in spite of his being so much younger, he was forceful and master of his subjects, and it seemed to me, he could not understand how it was others could not grasp things like he did.

When the class was dismissed, you would see him bound two or three steps at a time, up to his study and beloved books. I used to wonder if he ever went out for a walk, for one never saw him away from the school. I expect the only time he went out, would be to buy his tobacco, for he must have been a great smoker, when he appeared in the schoolroom, he brought with him a scent of 'Fruit and Honey' or 'Honey Crop' or some such fragrant tobacco. I do believe he helped to make smokers of most of us, for during my school days, Oliver Ives and myself bought a clay pipe each, and half an ounce of 'Light Shag', went to the top of Manningham Park, and tried to acquire the habit of our schoolmaster. It mastered us, for we threw the outfit away, however we in time mastered the accomplishment.

At the end of the term in which I left, John Coates and myself returned to the school to finish our unfinished drawings and found Mr. Wright there studying, on this occasion, he forgot his schoolmaster's air, and had a chat with us, I think it was then when he informed us he used to sit up until the small hours of the morning studying.

Other old boys along with myself are proud of your husband's successes and the distinctions which have been showered upon him. . . .

With kindest regards to my old schoolmaster from one of the old boys of Springfield School.

DYSON (DICK) DENISON.

49 *Sunbridge Road, Bradford. Jan. 7th, 1929.*

DEAR MADAM,

Yes! as one of the Old Boys at 'Mattie Watson's' I remember Joe Wright, also Pat Ritchie. I was only 10 at the time, and my impression of your husband, to my then youthful mind, was of a big, strong man, who used to wield a good hefty cane, with his left hand, I think, and who used to slap the blackboard with it, and us too when we deserved it.

Ask him if he remembers Sam Redman chewing blotting paper, and throwing a good-sized lump at another boy, where it stuck on his cheek, and then denying it several times, till J.W. came down from his desk, and pointing at the blotting paper with his cane—which had been placed next to an ink-pot—said 'do you mean to tell me you did not throw that?' Sam, seeing the game was up, said, 'Oh yes, I threw the blotting-paper, but I thought you meant the Ink Pot'. I also remember the same boy after being 'kept in' locking Pat Ritchie in the class-room and throwing the key into a field, and I believe it was some hours before Pat was rescued. . . .

Another thing I remember, is when the school got on fire one winter afternoon, and how greatly disappointed I was when J.W. helped to put it out. I was praying all the time that he might not be successful. . . .

We have talked many times in latter years about 'Joe Wright', and although I ought to have done better after being under so distinguished a scholar, I am proud to have been one of his pupils.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM NUNN HINCHCLIFFE.

Joseph Wright summed up his recollections of the Sam Redman mentioned in the above letter thus: 'I remember him very well, a very first-class worker as a lad, and very much attached to me—quite a purposeful boy.' During the War he came over to England from America, and called to see Joseph Wright in Oxford. He came—a tall, vigorous man of middle-age—and greeted his former schoolmaster by saying: 'I was one of your bad boys at Springfield.'

53 *Palmer Park Avenue, Reading, Oct. 1st, 1928.*

DEAR MADAM,

Your letter, also the one from my brother to yourself, I have now before me, and in reply I may say it is quite correct that I was a pupil at Springfield House School, also known as Watson's Academy, at the time your husband was an assistant master.

Although some 50 years have passed, I have no difficulty in recalling those times and many of the incidents. I remember your husband well, and we all thought highly of him if we did not always show it.

My father, a Bradford Chemist, knew him intimately, and so appreciated the interest Mr. Wright took in my elder brother Clement—a promising and brainy youth—he specially desired he would keep an eye on the work so badly performed by me in another class under the care of a junior master, Mr. Threlkeld.

At that time I admit I was a 'handful', and failed to respond to the tutorial efforts of your husband. My father, an old-fashioned and somewhat stern type of Victorian, agreed to a regular dose of corporal treatment, and my skin still twitches at the thoughts of the able way in which it was applied, no doubt with the best intentions, by your husband. . . .

Yours faithfully,

H. W. ROGERSON, L.R.I.B.A.

Out of school hours at Springfield, Joseph Wright still pursued his own studies with ever-increasing ardour. He kept

on with German, taking lessons now from a man called Saul, who was a professed teacher of German in Manningham; he also began to learn Greek. He had now gained a footing in the scholastic world, but this was not enough, and he resolved to prepare for the London Matriculation Examination. With this project in view he attended evening classes at the Yorkshire College of Science, Leeds, which afterwards became Leeds University. He says: 'I was among the first who ever attended evening classes there. Every time I went I had to walk back to Manningham, a distance of nine or ten miles. The railway fare was ninepence, and that was too expensive. I used not to get back till after midnight. I went to Professor Rücker, a Brasenose man, who conducted the classes in Mathematics, and for English I went to Professor Ransome.' He taught himself chemistry, solely from books, for, he says: 'I passed the examination, but I had never in my life seen an experiment in chemistry.' He took the examination in Inorganic Chemistry held on May 2, 1877, by the South Kensington 'Science and Art Department'. The certificate states: 'This is to certify that Joseph Wright, aged 21, obtained a Second Class in the Elementary Stage.' A week later he gained a similar certificate for Mathematics—'a First Class in the First Stage'. He sat for the Examinations in Bradford. The original of these certificates, the previous one for Shorthand, and all the subsequent ones Joseph Wright ever gained were hung—framed and glazed—by his mother in her parlour at No. 6 Wellington Street, Windhill, where they remained to her dying day.

The following year, in May 1878, he won further certificates: for Mathematics, 'a Second Class in the Second Stage', and for Inorganic Chemistry, 'a First Class in the Elementary Stage'. Shortly afterwards he achieved his goal, he matriculated at the University of London, and his mother proudly hung on her parlour wall a very large certificate stating that: 'Joseph Wright matriculated as a Student in the University of London at the June Examination in the year 1878, and that he was placed in the First Division. William M. Carpenter.

Registrar. July 24, 1878.' The subjects were: French, German, Latin, English, Natural Philosophy, four Books of Euclid, Arithmetic, and Chemistry. Surely a fine record for one who had only begun to learn to read and write just eight years before! In any case it would have been no easy feat, still less so when it is remembered that Joseph Wright educated himself at his own expense. Not even his mother, during his childhood, ever spent a shilling on his education, indeed he was largely responsible for maintaining his home all the time.

I may mention here that in 1882 he passed the Intermediate Examination for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, at the University of London, but he never subsequently took the full B.A. Degree there.

In 1879 he left Springfield School, in order, as he says, 'to better myself. Mr. Watson encouraged me to move on, as he could not afford to pay me a higher salary.' He still possesses as a memento of this school a 'Round Robin', containing fourteen names, which was presented to him with a travelling clock. Within the circle of names is inscribed: 'A small Testimonial to Mr. Joseph Wright by the boys of the Second Class on the event of his leaving Springfield School, April 9th, 1879.'

He next obtained a post as resident assistant master at Grove Park School, Wrexham, where the majority of the boys were boarders. The Head Master was Mr. William Russell, the brother of the late Mr. John W. Russell, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and for many years mathematical tutor at Balliol College. It was a well-established Wesleyan School, previously owned by a Mr. Pryce-Jones, whose sister Mr. William Russell had married. Joseph Wright says: 'Mr. Pryce-Jones must have been a great teacher, and organizer of school-education. The teaching was very efficient, and the boys did remarkably well in examinations of all sorts, including scholarships at the Universities. I taught general subjects there. Many of the boys were Welsh-speaking boys, and there was a Welsh service held at the parish church every Sunday afternoon. I took the opportunity of learning some Welsh, and

always went to church every Sunday afternoon. Some of the boys were very enthusiastic in helping me to learn to speak Welsh. I remained at this Wrexham School two years.' He left it in 1881, but before taking up another post, he planned to go to France, to get further experience in speaking French. He again visited Roubaix, this time spending a few months there. He lived in lodgings, and gave lessons in English and Mathematics at the Commercial Academy.

On his return to England, he obtained a mastership in a large private school at Margate, where he was much better paid than he had been previously. The salary here was £100 a year, with full board and lodging. He describes the school thus: 'The Head Master's wife and his sister gave the boys first-class food, they were excellently looked after and fed, and were kept very neat and tidy, but no real work was done. The boys wouldn't work, and they had no encouragement from the Head Master. I did not stop there long. I left because I threatened to box the Head Master's ears in front of the boys, and he thought we ought to separate, which we did. I had told him that the boys in the far seats were playing nap during prayers, and he wouldn't take any steps to stop it.' Thus ended his sojourn in Margate; he left in the Spring of 1882.¹

¹ The following letter from an old Margate pupil came to light recently:

May 21, 1896.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Will you accept the very sincere congratulations on your successful career (of which I have just read in John o' London's weekly paper) from one of your old pupils at . . . Margate in the year 1883 or 1884? [This date is an error.] I distinctly remember with what energy and severity (the latter I am sure much needed) you laboured to impart the rudiments of Latin, particularly the 9th book of Virgil, to Prust Ellacot, Turkey Mayer, and myself; I am afraid but little of it has 'stuck', as Kipling says. . . . I shall certainly in the future be much more proud of my education than I have been, now that I can boast of having enjoyed the instruction of so distinguished a scholar with such a fine character as yourself.

Believe me, Admiringly yours,

EDWARD PREEDY

Mr. Preedy has since kindly sent me some copies of the School magazine—'Our News'—containing references to Joseph Wright: Feb. 8, 1882, 'New Teachers—Mr. Beveridge is succeeded by Mr. Wright (of London University)'; March 8, 'Through the influence of Mr. Wright a Paper Club has been added

Though his stay there was short, it had one very marked and abiding consequence, namely, he became stout. He had always been tall, big-boned, and strong, but hitherto very thin, so much so, that he excited the pity of the motherly matron of the school, and she insisted on giving him a large supply of extra milk. The good food and the good air of Margate had such a beneficial effect on his constitution that he became almost portly, and this together with the fact that he already wore a beard, gave him the appearance of being much older than he really was. The reason why he grew a beard so early in life was that, the hair growing all ways, he could never shave without inflicting on himself grievous wounds. It was a very thick and pronounced beard, like the hair of his head. His cousin, Thomas Wright, gave it as a family characteristic: 'T'Wrights had plenty o' top on, no bald heads.' It was whilst he was at Margate that he joined the Church of England, and together with some of the boys, and one or two of the masters from the school, he was confirmed in Canterbury Cathedral.

He always says that he gave up school-teaching as a profession because he felt he would never make a successful Head Master. He loved the boys, and he still thinks 'teaching is the best job in the world', but he says he 'couldn't do with parents', he could never have dealt diplomatically with them. Seeing, then, that he never wanted to be at the top of the pedagogic tree, he now turned his ambitious mind to other ventures in

to the recognized institutions. . . . We purpose giving in this and following numbers a series of notes on *King Lear*. They have been made at the expense of much pains by Mr. Wright, and will deserve the earnest attention of the Oxford local candidates.' March 15, 'The Paper Club—This Club is doing good work. . . . It has been found necessary to formulate a code of simple rules for the purpose of regulating the readings, which task has been undertaken by Mr. Wright. . . . The Spelling Bee announced in our last took place on Monday evening last. Work and supper being over, the various candidates ranged themselves in order before the Interrogator, Mr. Lewis, while Mr. Wright, who kindly officiated as Referee, armed with Johnson, sat enthroned on high, immediately at hand.'

Mr. Freedy tells me that the school had 'no Easter vacation then, and term went from January to June'. Probably Joseph Wright did not complete the one term.

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the world of letters wherein he had resolved to make for himself a future career.

VI. JOSEPH WRIGHT'S BROTHERS.

Since 1879 his work as a schoolmaster at Wrexham and Margate had separated him from the rest of his family for most of the year. Now, in 1882, his next step made the separation more complete. It may, therefore, not be out of place to give here some account of the earlier and later lives of the two brothers, Tom and Dufton, who remained with their mother in the old home in Yorkshire.

In Joseph Wright's letters to me he refers to the struggles he and his mother had in order to give these two boys some school education. They were both broadly-built, like Joseph Wright, but owing to insufficient food when a growing lad, Tom became permanently lame, both his legs being bent sideways at the knees. He always walked with a stick, but to the end of his days he was very strong and active, and nobody who came in contact with him could regard him as in any sense a cripple. He was by nature full of vitality and humour. He overflowed with talk about anything and everything. Joseph Wright used to say that Tom would talk with equal readiness to anybody, be it to king or pauper. By this constant intercourse with all sorts of people whom he met in the street, in business, in trams and trains, he amassed a fund of varied information, which he reproduced coloured by his own originality and vivid local phraseology. It was one of my great treats when we went to Yorkshire, every summer, to hear Joseph Wright chaffing his brother Tom, drawing him out to the top of his bent, all in the richest dialect on both sides. When a walk was proposed, I always elected to stay behind, and sit listening to Tom.

Like all other boys in the district, Tom went to work in a mill. Here he early started being in a small way a sort of pedlar, selling tapes, pins, cotton, &c., to his fellow mill-workers. When his mother's health began to decline, he gave up the mill to stay at home with her, and developed his own trade on a

larger scale. He bought cloth, ready-made clothes, hats, &c., in Leeds, and sold them on a weekly instalment system. The collecting from house to house was within his walking powers, he provided good materials at moderate prices, and worked up quite a prosperous business, and even saved quite a goodly sum of money. He was like a daughter to his mother. He did all the rough work of the house for her, and waited on her when she was ill. The two were 'almost like lovers', Joseph Wright used to say. Tom was the friend of all children and dogs, and never was without a dog of his own. I remember once when we were sitting with him in the cottage kitchen, a tiny child came to the door and looked wistfully at him. 'Want a bit o' cake?' said Tom, and he fetched a slice of bread and gave it to the child. I expected the poor little girl to be disappointed, as I had not then learned that *cake* meant *bread*. When the mother died, in 1903, Tom could not bear the presence of any other woman in the house, so he continued to the end of his life doing all his own work. He cleaned the house, did the baking, and the washing, even to the starching of his own collars. So courageous and independent he was, that rather than own that he felt ill, he went out by himself late one cold night to get something from the chemist, to relieve what he had just told his sister-in-law was only a bad cold, and he died suddenly of pneumonia in the street, on February 2, 1922.

Tom Wright belonged to the Primitive Methodists, but one of his best friends was the Vicar of Windhill, Canon R. Winkup, now Vicar of Heaton, Bradford. The latter wrote of him: 'I had a real friendship with Mr. Tom Wright, and I was much grieved to hear of his death a few years after I left Windhill. He was an original and unusual character for whom I had a sincere respect.'

'I can picture him now at the door of his house, or by the fireside indignantly denouncing a certain class of people that he had heard of or seen making their way to the Vicarage for relief. He had a very sincere desire to deliver me out of the hands of all such people. In his desperate efforts to impress

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upon me the utter unworthiness of some of these visitors he would draw a graphic picture of the hardships through which he and his mother and the family had had to pass, and then quote with much emphasis Psalm xxxvii, v. 25, P.B. Edition: "I have been young, and now am old: and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." This was a favourite text of his with which I think he at times raised the ire of some of his neighbours. It was no uncommon thing to pass down the main street and find him engaged evidently in hot debate with a certain type of the inhabitants who were not appreciating the unpalatable maxims which he was throwing at them in his own inimitable Yorkshire fashion. He had a quick eye to detect humbug and hypocrisy, which was "anathema" to him, and which he would denounce quite irrespective of any political, religious, or social class. Indolence and slatterliness would also greatly rouse him.

'Despite all this, he had a tender and beautiful nature, I am sure that Woodend Windhill is distinctly poorer for the loss of him in all sorts of ways. I retain very pleasant memories of the late Mr. Tom Wright, he was no ordinary type of individual, he stands out in clear silhouette fashion as I look back upon the days of my ministry at Windhill. His characteristic wave of the arm in greeting, his unconscious humour, his innate refinement and humility below his somewhat rough exterior, his deep sympathy which was seldom expressed in words, yet so clearly there as I remember it in my work at Windhill and in his feeling towards you and Dr. Wright in the death of your children, stand out before me as I write.'

The youngest brother, Dufton—whose birth in 1861 I have already chronicled—still lives at Windhill. He tells me that the first thing he did when he began the life of a wage-earner was 'wick-picking', that is, picking up the couch-grass in the wake of a plough, and piling it in heaps for burning. He only did this for one day, he says, and then he went 'to t'Mill'. That was in 1869, when he was just eight years old. He worked at the mill for eight years, but his mind was set on an outdoor

occupation, and in 1877 he took up work in a stone-quarry at Woodend, the same quarry where Joseph Wright had begun as a donkey-boy. There he remained for twenty-eight years, being foreman of the quarry for the last fifteen of them. He married in 1894 Lydia Baker, whose parents lived in Windhill, though they were not natives of the district, having come there from East Anglia.

In 1906, a year after he left the quarry, Dufton was appointed librarian and caretaker of the Windhill Free Library. When I asked him why he retired from this post in 1922, he said: 'Ah'd gotten stalled on it.' He still talks his native dialect, and makes no attempt to adopt standard English. I should think there are few people left who have preserved the Bradford dialect of half a century ago in such purity. To hear Dufton Wright describing his experiences as a poultry-keeper, or repeating dialogues between himself and some neighbour he has come across in one of his daily walks with his dog, is in itself an entertainment worth hearing. It is difficult to quote him on paper, but I tried once to record a story he told me of an incident which happened when he and his wife were staying with us in Oxford. 'Ah remember,' he said, 'once watchin' sum workmen agate on a new buildin'. T'missus wor wi' me, an' Ah says: "Sitha, lass, they can put them bricks on t'same as penny caakes, can't tha?" One o' t'chaps heerd ma, an' 'a starts up singin' "On Ilkla Moor baht 'at". "You're a Yorkshireman, arn't you?" 'a shahts 'cross t'rued. "Ah am, an' all, lad", Ah shahts back, "Ah nobbut cum three mile thro' [= from] Bradford".'

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CHAPTER TWO

GERMANY

IN the spring of 1882, Joseph Wright again gathered his savings together and went for the second time to Heidelberg. This was the beginning of a period of six years in Germany. It was the custom for a German student to divide his time between two or three Universities during his whole course. Joseph Wright was at Heidelberg, Freiburg-in-Breisgau, and Leipzig. He began with Heidelberg. 'I went', he says, 'with a view to doing mathematics, but at an early stage I got to know Professor Osthoff,¹ and he invited me to attend his lectures on Comparative Philology, and I was so fascinated by the subject, that I decided to take up Comparative Philology in earnest, and devote all my time and energies to it. Everybody who would be a philologist must have done mathematics, or be capable of doing mathematics.'

These were the opening sentences to our chapter on his student life in Germany which I wrote down whilst he was still here to help me compile this Biography. The chapter stopped short on the second page of the manuscript, and must now be continued without his guidance and supervision, from his dictated notes, and from material kindly given me by people who knew him in those days.

The full range of his studies in Germany is set out in detail in the preface to his testimonials when he became a candidate for the Deputy-Professorship of Comparative Philology at Oxford in February 1891. In his account of himself, addressed to the Electors, he says:

'Long before I thought of going to study in Germany I had made myself intimately acquainted with the works of Grimm, Schleicher, and Curtius.

'In the Spring of 1882 I matriculated as a student of Comparative Philology at the University of Heidelberg, and after having undergone the necessary training under Osthoff, Bartsch,

¹ Professor Hermann Osthoff had been Professor of Comparative Philology at the University of Heidelberg since 1877.



GROUP OF 'JUNGGRAMMATIKER', HEIDELBERG, 1886

Reading from left to right: Drs. Albert Thumb, Howard P. Jones, M. Dittmar, Hermann Osthoff, Ferdinand Holthausen, Bernhard Kahle, Ludwig Sütterlin, Victor Michels, Joseph Wright

Holthausen, I proceeded to the Examination for the degree of Ph.D. at the end of the Summer Term in 1885. The detailed subject of the special thesis which I undertook for this purpose was: The qualitative and quantitative changes of the Indo-Germanic vowel system in Greek.

'The subjects of my Examination were:

Principal Subject. The Comparative Philology of the Indo-Germanic languages.

First Secondary Subject. The Comparative and Historical Grammar of the Germanic languages in detail.

Second Secondary Subject. Anglo-Saxon language and literature.

'In the Spring of 1886 I matriculated at the University of Leipzig, in order to continue my studies under the guidance of Leskien, Zarncke, Scholvin, von Bahder, Kögel, and Techmer. Whilst I was still a student at Leipzig I undertook and prepared for the press, under the personal supervision of Prof. Brugmann, the English translation of the first volume of his *Grundriss der vergleichenden Grammatik der indogermanischen Sprachen*, which was published at the beginning of 1888.

'During the six years of my studentship at Heidelberg and Leipzig, I attended full courses of lectures upon the Comparative and Historical Grammar of the following languages:

Sanskrit Grammar	}	Osthoff.
Latin		
Greek		
Gothic		
Old Bulgarian	}	Leskien.
Lithuanian		
Russian		Scholvin.
Old Icelandic Grammar	}	Kögel.
Old Saxon		
Old High German		
Middle High German Grammar		von Bahder.
Anglo-Saxon Grammar		Holthausen.

'In addition to these, I also attended Osthoff's lectures on the Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic languages; Techmer's lectures on the general principles of Comparative Philology; Zarncke's and Bartsch's lectures on the History of German Literature, and Holthausen's lectures on Anglo-Saxon Literature. I was also a member of the "Seminar" of Bartsch, Zarncke, Kögel, and von Bahder.

'For the purpose of learning how to grasp and fully understand the minute processes of sound-change, I attended full courses of lectures on practical phonetics both in Heidelberg (Holthausen) and Leipzig (Techmer), and have devoted a considerable amount of attention to the study of Modern English dialects for the important light which they throw upon the general principles of Language. Both of these lines of study are known to be necessary to the student of Comparative Philology, who desires to have a clear perception of the precise nature of sounds, and to distinguish between sounds and the symbols used to represent them in any given dialect or language, as well as to be able to register and systematize the sound-laws of unwritten languages.'

Other lectures mentioned in notes he dictated, not included in the list above, are: Professor Sütterlin's lectures on Historical German Grammar; Kuno Fischer's¹ on German Literature; and Fritz Neumann's on Romance Languages.

At the outset of his student career Joseph Wright established himself in lodgings in Neuenheim, a suburb of Heidelberg on the far side of the 'New Bridge' across the river Neckar. 'I had', he says, 'most comfortable quarters with a land-surveyor's family. I had two rooms—large, and with a garden in front—for which I paid 30 marks per month for rooms and breakfast consisting of butter, rolls, and coffee. My dinner—a first-class dinner consisting of soup, and two dishes besides, for which I paid one mark—I had at "Der Schiff", in Neuenheim. My

¹ Kuno Fischer was Professor of Philosophy and History of Modern German Literature at Heidelberg. Fritz Neumann was Professor of Romance Languages at Freiburg-in-Breisgau, and later at Heidelberg.

supper I got at a "Bäckerei". It usually consisted of bread, butter, eggs, and coffee, for which I paid 40 pfennig.¹

Treating of the cost, &c., of University life in Germany the notes continue: 'You took your own choice of lectures, and paid 3 marks per lecture—one lecture per week—throughout the whole Semester¹ of 14 weeks. So that, if you attended, say, 12 lectures a week all told, you paid 36 marks, i.e. £3 12. 0. a year. This includes all you had to pay for instruction, because Seminars were free. There were no such things as "University dues". If your credentials were satisfactory, your immatriculation cost 20 marks for your first University, and ex-matriculation cost 3 marks. For immatriculation at a second University the fee was 3 marks.

'Lectures began at 7 a.m. in summer, because of the heat later in the day. Kuno Fischer—who lectured on Goethe and Schiller—could do what he liked, he could draw the biggest audiences in Heidelberg, and that on a hot afternoon in summer. He stopped once in the middle of a lecture, and pointed at a student saying: "Der schläft!" [= that man is asleep]. There were no tutors, and the lecturers never lectured with a view to exams. The ideas relative to exams were quite different from those common here in England. Students *did* take exams, but lecturers taught the subject. In German Universities it is the *atmosphere* the teachers create that counts, not the stuff they put into you. Here, too much importance is attached to the examination, and what will "pay", everything turns on exams.

'Each lecturer had his "Seminar", or Class of students, the number of which was not supposed to be more than 12, though by special favour, sometimes 16 to 18 were allowed to attend. In a "Junior Seminar" the number perhaps might go up to 20. This Class was held by the Professor any time after 5 p.m., and lasted about an hour and a half. When it began at

¹ The German academic year is divided into two semesters, or terms, viz: (a) Sommersemester, middle of April to middle of August; (b) Wintersemester, middle of October to middle of March. Lectures begin (a) end of April; (b) end of October.

6 p.m. they would all go together to a beer-house after it was over, and have supper. Each student was expected to write some sort of essay every week, which was sent in to be looked over by the Professor beforehand. At the Seminar, the Professor first opened the discussion, then two students spoke, and lastly the Professor gave his opinions. Every Seminar had its library, and the members could take home a number of books. These libraries were aided by grants from the State. The Germanic Seminar in Leipzig had a huge library, and a big room where students could work all day. It was made great use of, especially in winter, because it was warm there to sit and work.' Joseph Wright himself never depended on libraries. He added in connexion with the above notes: 'I have always been a great buyer of books. I had a large quantity to bring home after being in Germany. A man called Smith, a commercial traveller, got me a cheap passage at a reduced fare from Hamburg to Hull, so that I could bring the goods home by sea. He knew the captain and the ship.' In some notes he dictated to me concerning the beginnings of his Oxford life, and his gratitude to a friend for a timely loan of £10, he said: 'I had no money, I had spent it all in Germany, and on *books*, for I had a good library. I made all sorts of economies in order to buy books, and have a good library of my own. That is why I have such a big library now.'

When speaking of this time spent in Germany, Joseph Wright often pointed out how entirely different was student life at a German University from what one knows in Oxford. There was no corporate life in Colleges, and—in the 'eighties—there was practically no sport. Even rowing on the Neckar was seldom practised by Heidelberg students. There were the Clubs, to which the wealthier young men belonged, and these 'Korpsstudenten' did not do much work. Joseph Wright described them as 'spending the first part of their time in beer-drinking and pleasure, doing nothing else at all; and then doing a certain amount of very hard work at the end. They would knock off the drinking and pleasure, and "einpauken"

[= cram] in order to get through their exams.' When we were in Würzburg in 1908 I saw a brewer's dray passing through the streets filled with 'Korpsstudenten' in their scarves and caps, hoisting up their beer-mugs, and singing their club songs. In later years, when we stayed just outside Freiburg-in-Breisgau, Joseph Wright often remarked on the increasing number of students he saw drinking tea or coffee in the hotel garden, when a fine afternoon attracted people from the town.

He was twenty-six when he matriculated at Heidelberg University, so he was much older than most of his fellow students. He was, however, later invited as 'Alter Herr' [= senior member] to join the 'Frankonen', one of the most distinguished student clubs in Heidelberg. He had never tasted beer till he went to Germany, and he had been there a long time before he tasted it then. Amongst the reminiscences written down for me by Miss Partridge, the first 'senior assistant' on the staff of the Dialect Dictionary, is: 'Dr. Wright said: "The first time I went into a *Bierhaus* in Germany, I looked over my shoulder to make sure that my mother was not watching me."' 'I *could* drink enormous quantities', he said, 'but I never did habitually, only on occasion of a "Kneipe"' [= beer festivity] with students.' Such an occasion was somewhat rare, as he had neither the time nor the inclination for purely social entertainments. There still exists in his library a 'Kommersbuch', the Students' Song Book, with its projecting brass studs in the cover, to prevent injury to the binding when the book was laid on a table where much beer had been spilled. He never forgot the songs, and snatches of the most popular ones were often on his lips: 'Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten'; 'Der Mai ist gekommen, die Bäume schlagen aus'; 'Gaudeamus igitur'; &c. He liked to repeat to English students a revised version of 'Alt Heidelberg' which ran:

Alt Heidelberg, du Feine, du Stadt an Juden reich,
Am Neckar und am Rheine nur Mannheim kommt dir gleich.

Several magnificent beer-mugs were presented to him by

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different people. One of them, inscribed 'Dr. W. Bartels s/l [= seinem lieben] Dr. J. Wright', &c., was given to him by a student he had helped in Leipzig in 1886. Another commemorates his degree, and was given him by the Professor of Comparative Philology: 'Dr. H. Osthoff s/l Dr. J. Wright zur Erinnerung an den 3. Juni 1885.'

He occasionally watched a duel, a form of sport mostly carried on by the 'Korpsstudenten'. At Heidelberg all duels took place in a special hall in the Hirschgasse, beyond the 'Old Bridge', on the far side of the Neckar. We have often looked at it since—from the outside—and Joseph Wright has talked of old memories. Now and again he allowed himself time to go to the theatre. Students had the privilege of obtaining tickets at a cheaper rate than the general public; he could at any time get a good seat at a first-class performance for the sum of sixpence. He has often told the story of a curious incident which happened on the occasion of an evening at the theatre. He and some of his friends made up a party to go to the Opera at Mannheim. They sat too long over a supper afterwards, and missed the last train back to Heidelberg. There was nothing to do but to walk back, a distance of about ten miles. When they got as far as Schwetzingen, they were feeling hungry, and seeing a light in a Gasthaus, they went up to it, and knocked at the door. When the innkeeper appeared, Joseph Wright, just for fun on the spur of the moment, addressed him in broad Yorkshire, and the following dialogue took place—(the phonetic transcription is J. W.'s own): 'Estə ɔʊt tə eit it oil' [= hast thou anything to eat in the place, lit. hole]? Ans. 'Fə(r) siuə i ev' [= for sure I have]. J. W. 'Wɔt estə' [= what hast thou]? Ans. 'Qʊt tə laiks' [= anything thou likest]. 'It turned out', Joseph Wright would conclude, in telling the tale, 'that the man had been ostler at a public-house at the bottom of Wakefield Road, Bradford, and knew the Bradford dialect, but didn't know standard English.'

In the autumn of 1883 Joseph Wright left Heidelberg and went to Freiburg-in-Breisgau for one semester, where he at-

tended the lectures of Professor Paul,¹ Professor Brugmann,¹ and Professor Neumann. I have no records—spoken or written—of the time he spent at the University of Freiburg, beyond the bare facts that he ‘went there to study under Paul and Fritz Neumann’, and that he ‘did not stay long’. Professor Brugmann moved to Leipzig in 1887, and it was there that he and Joseph Wright came into close contact with each other over the translation of Brugmann’s book.

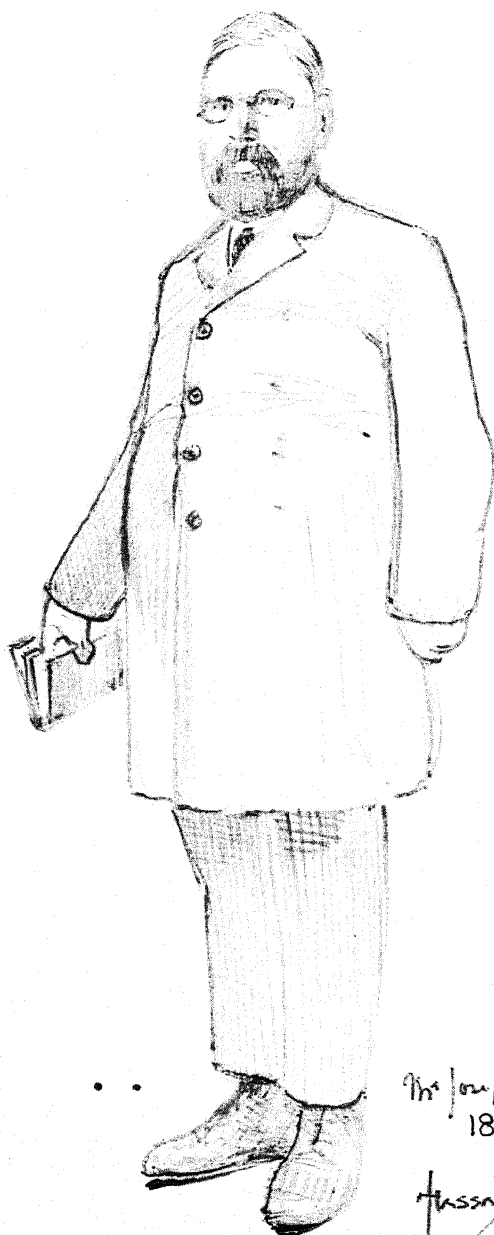
The *Anmeldungsbuch* which I have before me testifies that on May 10, 1884, Joseph Wright was once more a registered student at Heidelberg. It is signed by ‘H. Osthoff’, and ‘Bartsch’,² the Professors whose lectures he was attending that semester. In his own notes referring to the period of his return to Heidelberg University he says: ‘By teaching mathematics in my spare time, I succeeded in eking out my scanty savings. I became a master at Neuenheim College, a boarding school for English boys—about 120. I got the post through an agent. I taught mathematics about four hours a day. For a time I lived in the College, before going into rooms. The Head Master used sometimes to bring in Heidelberg people to hear my lessons given.’ This last detail has been independently confirmed from other sources. I have been told that the Head Master used to say he had ‘never heard anybody teach boys with such clearness and enthusiasm’. The school was situated on the farther bank of the Neckar, opposite the famous Castle on the slopes of the Kaiser Stuhl. Dr. Holzberg, the Principal of Heidelberg College, has supplied me with an account of the school, and of Joseph Wright’s teaching there, from which I translate the following: ‘A school for the benefit of English families resident in Heidelberg had been founded some time in the middle of last century, and was known as the “International Institute”, at first under the direction of Dr. Gaspey,

¹ Paul was Professor of German Language and Literature; Brugmann was Professor of Comparative Philology.

² Dr. Karl Bartsch was Professor of German and Romance Philology at Heidelberg from 1871 to his death in 1888.

and later of Dr. Klose. About the year 1880 the school passed by sale into the hands of the Rev. F. Armitage. Under him it was put on an entirely English basis, and styled "Neuenheim College". The pupils were prepared for the Army, Navy, the Universities, and the Civil Service in England. There were, of course, special classes for pupils who had come to Germany only for the sake of learning the language, and who required not merely a fluency in speaking, but also a thorough training in grammar and commercial correspondence. Ultimately—in 1906—Neuenheim College was united with Heidelberg College, which latter had been founded in 1887 by three former teachers from the old school. One of these founders, Dr. Holzberg, is still head of the school, which, however, owing to the War, has now been compelled to give up its purely English character, and transform itself into a German "Realgymnasium". Since 1883 Dr. Holzberg has been first of all a master at Neuenheim College, and then Deputy-Director. In 1884 Joseph Wright became a member of the teaching staff.

'Dr. Holzberg has still a very clear recollection of his colleague, and of the peculiarly strong impression made at the outset on teacher and pupil by this burly man with a big dark beard and moustache. His subjects at that time were principally mathematics and English, and by his decided pedagogic talent, his industry, and his efficiency, he was very soon able to secure the definite progress of his pupils in these subjects, the more so because the maintenance of discipline was in no way a difficulty to him. He used to range the pupils in a semi-circle in front of his desk, and woe to that one who perchance had not learnt his lesson; he must, as a penalty, forgo a substantial portion of his free time, and would not be set at liberty till he had thoroughly learnt his task. Further, Wright did not hesitate to call his pupils' attention to his "bunch of fives", a term he was specially fond of using to denote his powerful hand, which might now and again come into palpable contact with a pupil's cheek. The result was that the boys had an enormous respect for him, but that nevertheless they loved him,



Mr Joseph Wright
1886 NEUDENHEIM.

Hassall
1930

rightly feeling that he solely desired their good, and that they indeed learnt something from him, which previously, under less gifted masters than he, had not always been the case.

'The teaching staff of Neuenheim College at that time was composed of quite a number of assiduous young men, of whom seven in the course of a few years gained their Doctor's Degree at Heidelberg University. Wright was the second of these seven. . . . His devotion to study and his absolutely unceasing application caused him never to lose a minute, and outside his lesson hours one always saw him busy with some learned book. Sundays in particular, he spent on his own work, and at the same time he had the charge of the whole number of boys belonging to the College, whom, as a rule, when the weather was at all favourable, he took for a walk. Even then he was accompanied by a Gothic or Old High German Grammar, or some other literary work useful to him in preparing for his Doctor's examination, the which, when passed, he celebrated in the regular old German fashion in a solemn "Kneipe" with his friends. Soon after he had taken his Degree, he gave up his post at Neuenheim College, in order to devote his whole time to his studies, in the pursuit of which he betook himself to Leipzig. . . . It may be mentioned that Wright was closely connected with the publishing business of Julius Groos, and stood on friendly terms with the head of the firm, Herr Stadtrat Winter, so that after leaving the University he had often occasion to return to Heidelberg.'

Mr. Richard Northcott, the honorary secretary of the Old Neuenheimers Society, writing to *The Times* (March 5, 1930), said of Joseph Wright: 'His career as a master at Neuenheim College—now no more—will ever be remembered by those who had the benefit of his patient tuition, for "Old Joe"—his nickname!—had a way with him to win the esteem and affection of all who were brought into contact with him.' Amongst the boys whom he taught was Mr. John Hassall the artist, who wrote to me (June 6, 1930) as follows: 'I have just five minutes ago done a pencil sketch of your great husband. It shows what

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an admiration I had for him, that after 44 years I can see him in my memory as if the time was only a week. His brown hair and beard were as I've shown. He always wore a rather tight-fitting frock-coat, buttoned up, and trousers p'raps a little bit on the short side, and as, of course, he never had time for games, I don't remember him ever wearing anything but the suit sketched.... It was he that gave us the School Motto under the crest or shield. It was "Habaith in izwis salt" = "Have salt in yourselves."

'Now the right hand always had a finger in the middle, not for reference, but to use the back of the book as a mallet on an inattentive boy's head. So nearly all the boys always *were* attentive in his class. He made no secret that he was only teaching at the school to enable him to attend the University classes he was specializing in, and so apologize for being irritable. For it must have been annoying to have to forgo some important reading to go into a class-room and teach something altogether beneath him. However, he *did* what he wanted to do, what he'd made up his mind he was going to do, and all the World knows it, and I thank you whole-heartedly for giving me the chance to tell you how we all admired him.'

Foremost among Joseph Wright's special friends in Germany was Professor Holthausen,¹ who has not only given me for quotation in this Biography an invaluable series of letters written to him by Joseph Wright over a period of forty years, but has also sent me further reminiscences of the days when they were at Heidelberg University together with a common interest in English philology. His notes run on beyond the Heidelberg period, but I quote them all together, as he wrote them.

Wiesbaden, May 13, 1930 (Translation). 'I got to know Joseph Wright in the summer of 1885, when I came to Heidelberg to habilitieren [i.e. qualify for a teachership at the University]. We had rooms side by side at Prof. Osthoff's, and soon became good friends; we took our meals together, we

¹ Later, Professor of English Philology in the University of Kiel.

went walks together, &c. Naturally, in so doing, we talked a great deal of "shop", as J. W. was preparing for the Doctor-examination. I thus also had opportunity for getting to know something of his "School" and his colleagues. He will, of course, have told you about his examination, how he borrowed a tail-coat, and privately in the University building itself, put it on, and later took it off. We celebrated the "Jubiläum" together in 1886 with mutual pleasure—he was the last one to come home from the great "Kommers"! In the summer vacation I was for a few weeks—(Aug. and Sept.)—his guest in Windhill, where we studied dialect. It was a very stimulating occupation, for we discovered almost daily new sound-laws and etymologies. You would know his mother and brothers, so that I need not tell of them. I had some difficulty in understanding the good lady. We went sometimes to Leeds, to make use of the reading-rooms, and also to attend a theatrical performance. But his mother was not to know anything about this, for she hated the theatre. Later he went to Leipzig, and for some time I heard nothing of him.

'In the winter of '87/8 I again spent a month or so in London, and was almost daily together with J. W. We lived not far from each other, and often went for walks, even in fog. I was at the time busy over the publication of *Vices and Virtues* and he was writing his Middle High German Primer. In the evening we read aloud to each other in his room, our day's work. He was also giving lectures, then, in one of the Women's Colleges in Oxford, and he often told me, with much indignation over it, how small the linguistic knowledge of his women pupils was; and he also explained certain definite plans for the future. He was in everything so energetic and methodical, that he frequently astounded me. I often saw him afterwards in England, but I do not need to tell you about this.'

Joseph Wright took the Degree of Ph.D. at Heidelberg in 1885. His certificate is dated June 6, and is signed by Dr. Hermann Osthoff, one of the Professors who held the oral examination preceding the Degree. According to his own notes,

Joseph Wright was examined by three Professors: Osthoff, Bartsch, and Schöll.¹ Four Classes were obtainable by the candidate for this Degree: I. Maxima cum Laude; II. Insigni cum Laude; III. Cum Laude; IV. Ohne Predicat. Joseph Wright was awarded Class II.

It was about this time that Joseph Wright was living in Professor Osthoff's house, when Professor Holthausen was there with him, as he says in the notes I have quoted above. In a further letter to me he wrote: 'We merely had rooms in his house, near together, and our meals we had at the Restaurant "Zum Schiff" by the bridge in Neuenheim.' Writing to his former pupil and lodger ten years later, Professor Osthoff concludes his letter with: 'My wife and the children send kindest greetings to the old friend of the family ["Hausfreund"], which is how we shall always think of you amongst ourselves.'

As a pupil of Professor Osthoff, Joseph Wright at the outset of his student career embraced the tenets of the New School of Grammarians, the 'Junggrammatiker' as they called themselves. 'I belonged', he says, 'to that set. They were mostly Germanic scholars—Paul, Sievers, &c.—anxious to push forward philology. The term is dead now, but was very common in my student days. Quite a number of my fellow-students afterwards became Professors: for example, Streitberg² (with whom I was at Leipzig), Michels² (Heidelberg and Leipzig), Thumb² (Heidelberg and Leipzig), and Lenz, who became a schoolmaster at Baden-Baden.' A more detailed explanation of the term has been sent me by Professor Fiedler, as follows: "The name "Junggrammatiker" is generally given to a group of young philologists who in the last quarter of the nineteenth century fought for the recognition of certain linguistic principles first stated by Hermann Osthoff and Karl Brugmann in their *Morphologische Untersuchungen auf dem Gebiete der indogermanischen Sprachen* (Leipzig 1878). The most important of

¹ Schöll was Professor of Classical Philology in Heidelberg.

² Wilhelm Streitberg, Professor of Indogermanic Philology and Sanskrit at Münster; Victor Michels, Professor of German Language and Literature at Jena; Albert Thumb, Professor of Indogermanic Philology at Marburg.

these principles was that "the laws of sound change admit of no exception", that is to say that within the limits of any language or dialect at a particular period all sounds have changed into the same other sounds, and where various sounds are seen to replace one and the same sound the cause must be sought in the difference of phonetic conditions, such as varying accent, proximity to other sounds, or in the influence of analogy. After a prolonged and heated controversy, in which all the leading philologists took part, these principles were, with certain modifications, universally adopted. Professor J. Wright was a strong advocate of them from the beginning, and explained them in a public lecture¹ at the Taylor Institution, Oxford, in November 1891. He also translated the first volume of Brugmann's *Grundriss der vergleichenden Grammatik der indogermanischen Sprachen* (Strassburg 1886), the first important work in which these principles were consistently and extensively applied.' Through the kindness of Professor Holthausen I have been able to include in this book a photograph of a group of these pioneers in philology at Heidelberg. He wrote (April 1, 1931): 'The picture was taken in the Jubilee year, in the summer of 1886, when we were so happy all together. *Tempi passati!*' (It was the Jubilee of the University of Heidelberg: 1386-1886.) Professor Hoops in the biographical article for the *Festschrift* presented to Joseph Wright on his seventieth birthday, referring to the latter's student days in Germany, wrote (I translate the German): 'Just that period was the Golden Age of the "Junggrammatiker" School, and Joseph Wright became an enthusiastic member of it. Later he did more than anybody else towards the naturalization of German scientific philology in England, and by his countless activities he developed in the practical form of his own published works the stimulus he had received in Germany.'

So many of those enthusiasts who were photographed

¹ Vide *Oxford University Gazette*, November 10, 1891. 'The Deputy Professor will deliver a Public Lecture at the Taylor Institution on the Operation of the Laws of Sound-Change on Saturday, November 28, at 5 p.m.'

together in that group are now gone, that it was a special pleasure to receive at this point a long letter from one of them—Professor Ludwig Sütterlin¹—containing a delightful sketch of his old friend as he was when a student. (I translate the German):

Freiburg-i.-B. 10. 5. 31.

. . . I knew Wright well. I was a student in Heidelberg at the same time with him—1883 to 1888—under Osthoff, Bartsch, and Freymond. (Thumb, Michels, and Kahle who are in the picture with me, are no longer living, nor is Lenz either. Dittmar was Director of the Gymnasium in Zittau (?).) Your husband was then assistant master at Neuenheim College. . . . He was not able to attend the lectures very regularly on account of his teaching engagements, but we, his seniors in academic standing, greatly admired him for his 'Abgeklärtheit'.² His brown beard and moustache, and his black frock-coat gave him a dignity of his own. The fact that he enjoyed drinking German beer gained him the hearts of the German students! Even in those days he used to smoke his comfortable short pipe. Anybody who came to know him intimately could see that he had a childlike cheeriness of mind, and a fund of good-natured humour. Shortly before his Doctor-examination we were together at a small gathering at Osthoff's (with whom Wright was just then living, and having private lessons) till far into the night. Finally there remained Wright, myself, and perhaps one other, alone with Osthoff in intimate conversation over our beer. Long after midnight Wright withdrew, while I stayed on till 6 a.m. and had to miss my Romance Seminar. . . . Wright is supposed to have gone on working even after this late gathering!! When Wright went to his Doctor-examination—so the

¹ Professor of Comparative Philology at the University of Freiburg-in-Breisgau.

² This is a difficult word to translate, for it has no precise equivalent in English. Dictionaries stop short at the verb *abklären*, to clarify, make clear; and *Abklärung*, clarification. The best definition I have been able to obtain is this: The state of one who had worked through all difficulties, and was left with a clear view of life, or of the subject studied.

story goes—he, who hated all conventionalities, packed up the then prescribed tail-coat in brown paper, travelled by the electric tram in his everyday coat to the University, changed there into the tail-coat, borrowed a tie from the Bedell when the latter informed him that a *white* tie must be worn, got through his examination brilliantly, gave back the tie, changed his coat, and set off back to Neuenheim with his brown paper parcel!! This cool composure and independence naturally made a great impression on all those who knew him.

He invited me to his 'Doktorkneipe'. He made a speech on this occasion, in which it is true he praised German scholarship very highly, but found fault with it for not being 'practical' enough. He said that in England he intended to be 'practical', and devote himself to the pursuit of scientific studies on those lines. He carried out this scheme: everything he has written is clear and intelligible!

A few years later, when Wright was once on a visit to Heidelberg, Osthoff had invited him and me together, and another English gentleman. The latter privately made the remark that Wright spoke English so 'carelessly' (dropping the *h*, and such-like); he was much astonished when we informed him that Wright knew English better than any other Englishman, that he understood exactly how he spoke, and why he allowed his dialect to be perceptible in that way. . . .

I have always retained pleasant memories of him. When I—as a young man—was in England, and visited him in his house (in 1894) he was very nice to me, and took me and Napier with him for an excursion on the river. We were also often together at the Oriental Congress which was being held at the time. In his learned works what I always liked so much was the clearness and calm judgement which pervaded everything; yet all the while he would be dealing with the most difficult and complicated problems. At the Jubilee of the Heidelberg University when we were going together to the 'Gartenfest' at Schwetzingen, he told me and Dr. von Bahder on the platform of the Heidelberg railway station that he had Paul's Prinzipien lying

on the table at his bedside, and continually read it as anybody else would a Bible! That must have been in the year 1886.

I have not been able to offer you much, but nevertheless, from what I have given you here, you will see for yourself that we in Heidelberg always valued and liked your husband.

Yours sincerely,

L. SÜTTERLIN.

Sir Michael Sadler, now Master of University College, Oxford, was a student at Heidelberg with Joseph Wright in 1884. So, too, was the late Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California. He was in Oxford for some weeks in 1896, and Joseph Wright mentioned him in letters to me, adding: 'We were students together at Heidelberg, and took our degrees nearly at the same time.' Dr. Francis J. Curtis, Professor of English Language at Frankfurt, is another friend of those days. He wrote to me (April 3, 1930): 'I first made his acquaintance in Heidelberg, in company with Prof. Osthoff, just after he had taken his Doctor's degree, and it was certainly partly due to his influence that I decided to remain for some longer time in Germany. Both then and always subsequently he showed a most kindly interest in myself and my career, for which I owe him deep gratitude.'

In response to a petition for more reminiscences, Professor Curtis subsequently sent me a sheaf of notes and a collection of letters giving valuable dates and details concerning the progress of the Dialect Dictionary, and the earlier Grammars. He speaks of his own notes as 'insignificant', but to me they are exactly the opposite! The description of Joseph Wright with his good dinner before him on the festival day when all the restaurants were overcrowded, and hungry guests were wandering in a vain search for food, is splendidly characteristic. Then, too, the evidence of the way the story of the tail-coat at the Doctor-examination was handed on to the next generation of students, and remembered by them, reminds one of epic heroes round whom clung legends of gallant exploits. Joseph

Wright in the electric tram with his brown-paper parcel takes a place in the imagination beside Beowulf as he swam through the sea carrying thirty suits of armour. So, for these reasons, I quote the notes in full:

Frankfurt, May 31st, 1931.

. . . I really did not see so very much of your husband in Heidelberg, as he went away not long after I first came, which was in the summer term of 1886, the term of the great jubilee celebrations (500th anniversary of the foundation of the University). I lived in the house of a German schoolmaster, Prof. Pielmann, in Neuenheim, very close to Armitage's school (Neuenheim College) where your husband taught, and Prof. Osthoff's house, in which he then lived. I first met him in the 'Krone', the inn where he sometimes sat in the evening with other Neuenheim masters and students and professors. One evening my attention was called to a burly figure with a large beard, smoking a pipe and drinking beer on the other side of the room, and was told that he was a fellow-countryman who had recently taken his doctor's degree with a specially good examination, chiefly in Comparative Philology. I was introduced to him and soon afterwards called on him at Prof. Osthoff's, and there first met Prof. Holthausen, then just becoming—or just become—Privatdozent. We then occasionally met at the 'Krone' or elsewhere; once we had a long walk through the vineyards and woods. I remember vividly and thankfully the kindly interest he took in me and his readiness to give me advice as to studies, and Heidelberg conditions and people. I was impressed by his account of his work at Armitage's school and its notoriously unruly boys, with whom, however, he himself had no difficulty, for 'you see,' said he, 'I have a pretty heavy hand and they know that I won't stand any nonsense', so that the heavy hand was apparently seldom called into requisition. I remember a 'Doktorkneipe' (I think Dr. Brönnner's) at which there was a large party of Neuenheim masters, students, and several professors, and he sang 'Who killed Cock Robin?' as his contribution to the evening's merriment,

saying afterwards, 'Ah, I wonder what my dear good old mother would say if she saw me here at this jovial meeting'—or something to that effect. On the great day of the historical procession, the 'Festzug', which everybody turned out to see, Prof. Pielmann told his lodgers that there would be no midday meal at home that day, everybody must shift for himself and get a feed where he could. After several unsuccessful attempts to get served in various restaurants in the town, I went with an English boy, a fellow-boarder at Pielmann's, to the 'Schiff' inn, where, I think, Dr. Wright usually dined, hoping to be more successful there, as it was in Neuenheim, and we had been there before, but the place was so crowded that we could neither find a seat nor get a waiter to bring us anything. We at last strayed into a small room, where he was quietly sitting in a corner, with a good meal before him. We told him of our difficulty and asked how he had managed to get served, and he told us that the only way to get anything was to go into the kitchen and get it direct from the cook and bring it away with us, a hint which we at once took, though with not quite so much success as if we had been regular customers like him, instead of mere casual interlopers. At the great 'Kommers' in the Festhalle, he had the privilege, I believe, of sitting among the professors at high table, while we students sat at a distant table. Later on, at some small hour, he joined us, and he then told me that he was leaving Armitage's and Heidelberg for good; so after accompanying him home (we were near neighbours) I did not see him again for some time. But when he paid a visit to Heidelberg later on (I think he came from Leipzig) he called on me in my attic and found me making up, with the help of Kluge [Kluge's *Etymological German Dictionary*], my own etymological dictionary of Gothic, which seemed to please him, and I rather fancy that a good word from him gained me the good graces of Osthoff, whose lectures on Gothic I had been attending. I was then eking out my limited funds with private lessons and teaching at Armitage's school, and it was then, I think, that he told me how he had

earned some money (I think he said £50) by writing an elementary French Grammar. Or it may have been later, when I called on him at Oxford after my exam and return to England. He kindly invited me to stay overnight with him. We talked of old times and discussed my future plans, and he introduced me to Mayhew, Napier, and Stevenson. I had some thoughts of getting on the staff of the Oxford Dictionary, and it would perhaps have been better for me if I had done so. . . .

I am afraid these few memories may not be of much use, as they tell more about myself than about Prof. Wright. But at any rate they throw a small sidelight on his great kindness and encouragement of younger men, his strong will and determination, and spirit of energetic work, and his thoroughness as student and scholar; but of these the whole of his remarkable life gives abundant evidence . . . I shall never forget the kind way in which, often in correspondence, he continued to show his interest in me, and was ever ready to advise with valuable counsel.

By the by, Prof. Holthausen told me once of his shyness at appearing at his examination in a dress suit, as was then the custom in Heidelberg. Perhaps he has also related this to you.

At Heidelberg outside the University circle, Joseph Wright had a valued friend in Herr Carl Winter, senior, who in partnership with Herr Wolff then carried on the publishing business known as Julius Groos, now owned by Dr. R. Wolff, the son of Herr Winter's partner. In the notes dictated to me by Joseph Wright, he says: 'I got to know Mr. Winter at an early date. After taking the German Degree, and later when I was in Oxford, Mr. Winter's "garden house" was *my* place. I always went there in the vacations. George—the gardener, a great man at fruit-trees—and his wife were well-to-do people. George owned considerable property in Handschuhsheim [a village just beyond Neuenheim]. I lived there free, that is, I had lodging, and breakfast, the food for which was fetched from Mr. Winter's house. Dinner I had at the "Schiff". Herr

Winter was then a widower, with two sons, in those days young schoolboys.' One of them—Herr Otto Winter, the publisher—giving me his recollections of Joseph Wright in a letter dated October 27, 1930, wrote [I translate the German]: 'For me, the memory of this splendid, kindly man is interwoven with my youth, and will be ever with me. My Father too, was very fond of him personally, and had from the beginning a great belief in his future as a scholar. . . . He was, when a student, a jolly fellow, and for us boys a capital playmate. How many a summer evening have we called him out into the garden, when we saw a light in his room in the garden-house, and romped around with him, and then after that he would set to work again at his books. He might, too, come back home late from a jovial gathering of students, and even then sit down to work; but all the same, he could often sleep till midday, and we had to fetch him out of his bed when we came back from church. As to his studies under Osthoff, you will know more than I do, he had great respect for him as a teacher and scholar. He has often told me how, for example, Osthoff took long walks with his pupils, and utilized the occasion for imparting advice and instruction.'

In 1886 Joseph Wright left Heidelberg for the University of Leipzig. In his dictated notes he says: 'I lived in Elsterstrasse [= Magpie Street] in lodgings, where I had bed and breakfast, and went out to dinner and supper'. He perhaps moved to these rooms later, for the early letters to Professor Holthausen are dated from 'Weststrasse 66', and this is the address on a 'Legitimations-Karte' made out on October 28, 1886. Together with this card he preserved membership tickets for the 'Akademische Lesehalle', and the 'Germanistischen Institut' in Leipzig available for the 'Winter-Semester 1886/87.' Stored up with these is a still more interesting relic showing that he had left pleasant memories behind him in the hearts of his friends in Heidelberg. This is a 'Bier-Karte', dated '12, 12, 86', covered with signatures in pencil, under various expressions of regret that he is not present at a farewell

'Kneipe', which his friends are celebrating, and where they will drink 'ein Halben' to his health. The three principal signatures are those of Holzberg, Osthoff, and Holthausen.

As in Heidelberg, so now here in Leipzig, Joseph Wright had to take pupils in order to keep himself while pursuing his own studies. 'I did,' he says, 'a great deal of teaching in Old English and philology.' One at least of his teachers feared that he was thereby injuring his own progress: 'Leskien advised me to give up cramming other people for the Doctor examination. I could cram almost anybody. The Professors examined, and I knew all their lectures very well.' To the end of his days he liked to tell English students that he was liable to be arrested by the police if ever he went back to Leipzig. The story he told was this: 'There was a strike of compositors going on, and the result was what is called a "kleine Belagerungszustand" [= minor state of siege], enforced by the Government. I was arrested in the "Ton Halle" for making a speech in sympathy with the strikers. I was a firebrand in those days—about 1886. My friends used to say I was more a German than the Germans themselves. I was let off on parole. When I left, I promised I would report to the police if ever I returned to Leipzig.'

The well-known philologist and Old English scholar Eduard Sievers¹ was Professor of Germanic Philology in Halle, not far distant from Leipzig. One day Joseph Wright went to call on him in Halle: 'I saw first a small son of his. The boy ran off into the next room saying: "Vater, es ist ein Mann hier der unsere Familien-Sprache kann" [= here's a man who knows our household language]! Sievers had married an Irishwoman, and they all talked English at home.' These two stories were among the scanty notes Joseph Wright dictated to me about his experiences in Leipzig, so I give them here. It is the letters to Professor Holthausen which throw the chief light on this last part of his student life in Germany.

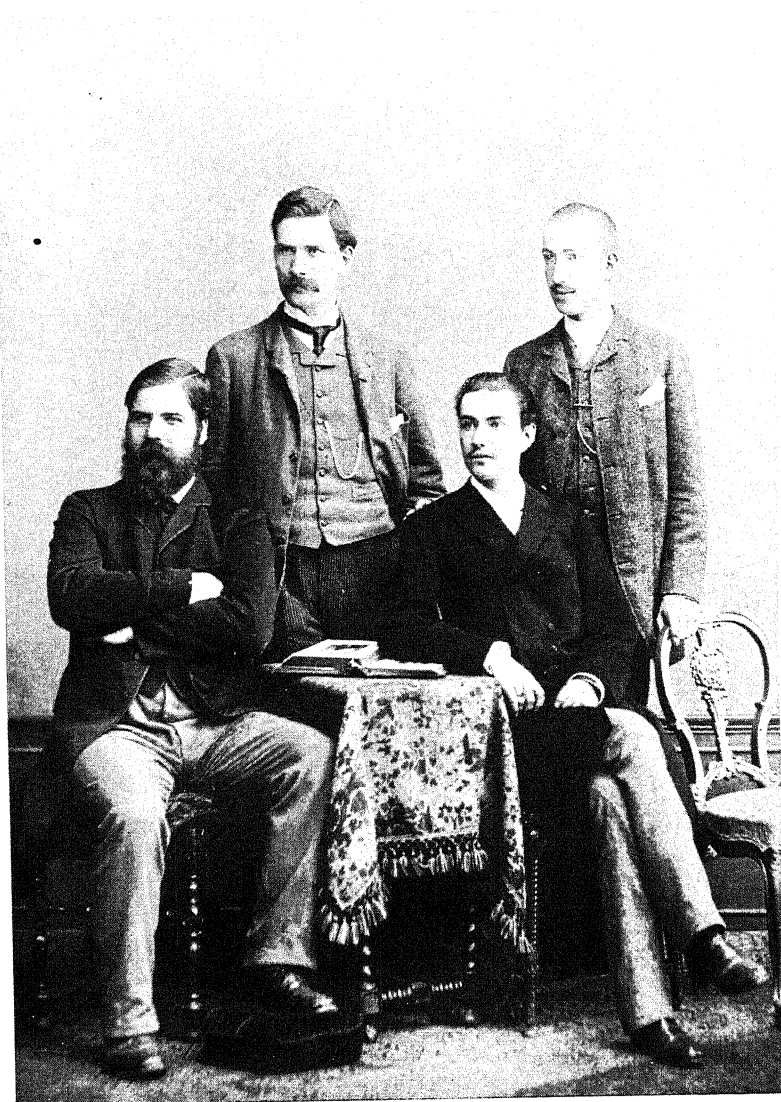
Dr. Peter Giles, the Master of Emmanuel College, Cam-

¹ Eduard Sievers was previously Professor at the University of Tübingen. He went to Halle in 1887, and in 1892 to Leipzig.

bridge, knew Joseph Wright about this time. He wrote in a letter to me (March 1, 1930): 'It will be forty-three years next June since I met him first in Leipzig, when I was introduced to him after a lecture by Professor Leskien. We saw much of one another during the few weeks I was in Leipzig, and have kept in touch ever since. He did much good work and many kind acts of which the world knew nothing—not only in Oxford but long before. In Oxford, as you know better than I, he made language a living subject of study. . . . At Leipzig four of us dined together at the Bären Restaurant, Streitberg (died in '25), Michels (died in February '29), and now J.W.; and I alone am left.'

The photograph of this band of four who dined together stood framed in Joseph Wright's study as a memento of Leipzig days.

Considering the amount of work he was doing for himself as a student, and the hours of teaching he necessarily did to gain money, it seems almost incredible that he should have found time for anything so arduous as writing philological books. He was, however, engaged on work of this kind before he left Germany. The actual books did not, in some cases, appear till much later, but there are constant references to the preparation of them in his letters to Professor Holthausen. These letters are unfortunately few, and sometimes very far between, but they suffice to show clearly how from the very first his attitude towards learning was a dedication of himself, almost a religion. He studied laboriously with every ounce of his physical strength and all the force of his tremendous personality, to fit himself to be useful to the world, to produce what would advance knowledge, and inspire and help others to do likewise. When teaching his own branch of learning he was anxious to see his pupils become under his guidance competent and eager to 'propagate the subject further', as he says in one of these letters. In another, writing of 'our cause', which he finds is not being supported as he had hoped, he cheers his friend with the words: 'Never mind, we'll fight, and we'll



• STUDENT GROUP, LEIPZIG, 1887
Drs. Joseph Wright, Peter Giles, Victor Michels,
Wilhelm Streitberg

conquer'. He had plenty of practical worldly wisdom, and had always sought to advance his own position, but as a means to an end, not as the end itself. He was conscious that he possessed exceptional abilities, that more talents had been given to him than to most men, therefore it behoved him to put them to the best possible use. He constantly upheld this gospel of Work; it is there, underlying even much that he wrote in his love-letters: 'I mean to be happy all my life, and to do some useful work,' he said in one them; and in his last letter (Dec. 22, 1926) to Professor Holthausen are the words: 'You and I have great reason to be thankful that we had the good fortune to be trained in the midst of hard workers. And our last days cannot be better spent than in helping on the present generation to the best of our ability.' It was always the progress of sound learning that mattered, and when he as an individual worker had done all in his power for the 'cause', he could stand aside and see it carried on by the young, happy to rejoice with them in their youth, when his own strength was fading away. They were not empty words, for when he wrote them he had just finished a series of three Elementary Grammars, thus devoting the results of a life-long experience as a teacher, and almost his last energies as a scholar, solely to the service of the young beginner. In a letter to me (Aug. 31, 1896) he wrote: 'When I cease to work, I shall die off,' and so it was. One of his pupils in Oxford wrote of him (Feb. 28, 1930): 'The ideal of unrestrained devotion to learning which he bequeathed to us will never be forgotten, and as long as our efforts can last his task will live.'

His first work for the press was the translation of Brugmann's *Comparative Grammar of the Indogermanic Languages* already mentioned. It is a large volume of 562 pages. In the 'Translator's Preface', which he dates from London, November 29, 1887, he says: 'When Prof. Brugmann and Mr. Trübner proposed to me, two years ago, while I was still a student in Heidelberg, that I should translate the *Grundriss* . . . into English as soon as it appeared, I gladly accepted the proposal,

in the hope that I should thus be rendering valuable service both to English and American students of philology, especially to the former who would otherwise very possibly, if they did not happen to know German, have to remain an indefinite length of time without being able to enter into a systematic and scientific study of languages, based on firm and rigid principles.' It is a striking fact in the history of Joseph Wright's scholarly achievements, that he was thus, within sixteen years of the time when he began to teach himself the three Rs, recognized by a foreign specialist as capable of translating a work which was to broadcast in England the newest theories in his own branch of scientific study. Professor Holthausen states in a testimonial which he wrote in 1901 that Joseph Wright was one of the first to make the new methods of scientific philology known in England, by this translation of Brugmann. Whatever he undertook was conducted on business lines, so here he had a definite contract with the publisher, Karl Trübner in Strassburg. It is dated August 5, 1886. He thereby engaged himself to translate the work, and, when it was finished and printed, to read the proof-sheets not only of the first edition, but also of all possible subsequent editions. In the case of the latter, he bound himself to incorporate corrections and additional material. In return for this he was to be paid an 'honorarium' of 30 marks per sheet for the first edition, and 10 marks per sheet for every subsequent edition. In December of the same year he signed another contract with the publishing firm of Julius Groos in Heidelberg, whereby he undertook to examine and revise all the educational books published by the firm dealing with the English, French, German, and Italian languages. For this he was to be paid a yearly sum of 1,000 marks, in two half-yearly instalments, irrespective of whether the firm supplied him with few or many books for correction during the year. Dr. Wolff, the present head of the firm, writing to me in March 1930 said [I translate the German]: 'To me Professor Wright was for so many decades a loyal, kind, and selfless counsellor in the affairs of my publishing business . . . that I

had in the last few years greatly missed having his opinion, and shall do so still more painfully in the future. With what pleasure have I often remembered seeing him here, so full of cheeriness when he was free from work and official duties. I have particularly happy memories of the time when I stayed with you in your beautiful house in the autumn of 1907. The remembrance of him will never fade from my mind.' Dr. Wolff very kindly supplied me later with a catalogue of the books which passed through Joseph Wright's hands during the years he was officially connected with the firm. In his second letter [which I here translate] he said: 'Enclosed is a complete list of the works which your husband—partly alone, and partly with other collaborators—re-wrote, or revised. Besides this, he continually recommended to me English contributors, and in most cases looked over their work, and gave an opinion on it. For more than forty years, he was my most faithful adviser in the extension of my publishing business in everything connected with the English language. He also took just as lively an interest in all my other linguistic and philological enterprises, and on the occasions of his spring visits here, he always knew how to make fresh suggestions.' It appears from this catalogue that Joseph Wright revised the '7th Edition' of a 'First German Book', published in 1886; that he was the author of an *Elementary French Grammar* published in 1887; co-editor of a new edition of a *Spanish Conversation Grammar* also published in 1887; and sole editor of new editions of three other Grammars which came out in 1888. I have quoted here only those works which come within the period I am now considering. In all, between 1886 and 1912 Joseph Wright supervised the issue of twenty-nine books for the firm of Julius Groos.

Whilst still in Leipzig he was also at work writing a Middle High German Primer. He says in December 1886 that it will be ready the following February. It was not published by the Clarendon Press till early in 1888. A second edition came out in 1899, and a third in 1917. In the Preface to the first edition, dated 'London, January, 1888', he refers to an Old High

German Primer 'already in the hands of the printers,' so it, too, may have been begun in Germany. The Preface concludes with an expression of his desire to see linguistic studies flourish and abound in this country: 'I believe that the day is not very far distant when English students will take a much more lively interest in the study of their own and the other Germanic languages (especially German and Old Norse) than has hitherto been the case. And if this little book should contribute anything towards furthering the cause, it will amply have fulfilled its purpose.' His Grammar of *The Dialect of Windhill* was not published till 1893, but the letters to Professor Holthausen show that much of it was already in MS. by the autumn of 1886, and that the Dialect Society—for which it was written—was pressing him to complete it then and there. He finished writing it in December. It is to this book that the first of the following letters refers:

DEAR HOLTHAUSEN,

Windhill. Sep. 16, '86.

I have decided to stay a few days longer here. This week has been taken up in asking young, middle-aged and old people a list of words which I made out last Saturday. Many of the points which were 'dunkel' are now clear. I shall find necessary to make out a list of all words containing medial r and medial and final l, k, r. These consonants have greater influence than I at first supposed.

I will write again before I leave for London,

Yours, etc., J. WRIGHT.

The next letter extant is from Germany, and gives his first impressions of Leipzig and its University. This is followed by further reports of his work there:

Leipzig. Weststr. 66 p. Nov. 4, '86.

I received your post-card yesterday, and was sorry to learn that you had so few students attending your lectures. I daresay you will have begun to think that I have forgotten Heidelberg and my friends there; but such is far from being the case. Since I have been here my time has been very limited for letter

writing. I must say so far as I am at present able to judge, the town Leipzig itself pleases me far better than the lectures at the University. . . . I heard Zarncke's *Deutsche Grammatik* all last week by way of experiment. . . . He speaks much about the Junggrammatiker. He praised Osthoff and Brugmann *himmel hoch* [= up to the skies]. I have now been twice to his Seminar, and was highly delighted with his manner of teaching. For a man of his age he possesses enormous energy and teaching power. I believe in the course of time I shall learn much from him as to the manner a Seminar ought to be conducted.

I have subscribed my name to attend Kögel's *Historische Syntax*. By doing this I shall kill two birds with one stone namely learn German syntax and the Leipzig dialect. I have also entered for his *Altnordische übungen* in which he seems to prefer quantity to quality.

I am hearing Lithuanian Grammar with Leskien. He is, in my opinion, the great light here. From him I shall learn a great deal both in method and matter. Many of the other Professors work on the principle of *parva in multo*, but he makes it the other way about.

All in all had it not been better for me to come here to suit English caprice, it would have been better to have gone to Freiburg.

So far as social intercourse is concerned I am by no means lonely. I have been together with Leskien, von Bahder, and Scholvin several times. In fact Leskien has told me two or three times to call on him of an evening when I had time.

Thumb, Dittmar, Michels, and Dr. Pete from Freiburg are all here. . . .

The Dialect Society have been pressing me very hard to let them have the Grammar as soon as possible. It would be interesting to know who put that notice in the Academy. It is a pity because the work is far from being ready for the press. I hope by the end of November 'to have knocked it into shape'.

With kindest regards,

Yours, J. WRIGHT.

Please remember me to Osthoff, the Frau Prof. and the children.

Leipzig, Nov. 22, 1886.

I have at last found time to thank you for the two pamphlets you sent me the other day. The one on Danish will be very interesting. I shall read it during the Xmas holidays. I am so glad to learn that we shall probably hear something good about Osthoff in a few days. I am still devoting all my time to the dialect Grammar. I hope to have it ready for the printer in two or three weeks. It will be very much larger than I at first anticipated. I am so sorry to be unable to purchase the Anglia for you just now. The fact is I am at the present moment rather short of money, and shall be so until after Xmas when I shall get money from England.

It is a good thing for me that Brugmann will be here next term, otherwise I should have left Leipzig at Easter. I must say that I am on the whole not satisfied with the lectures here. Leskien is the only one who suits me on the whole. . . . How are you getting on with your lectures? Have you much time for other work?

Good night, it is. . . My clock not going.

Yours faithfully, J. WRIGHT.

Leipzig, Dec. 28, '86.

I was very pleased to hear from you by this evening's post. Lambern succeeded all right in his examination, so that you can congratulate him, and kill two birds with one stone. I am sorry to hear you are so lonely and have little or no society. You know the Redensart about Hannibal and the Alps, if you were to substitute society for Alps, and apply the rule, you would very soon have society enough. Social intercourse is, 'me judice', as necessary for mortals as food and sleep. Let us hope we shall both see better days in this respect, though I have not much reason to complain of the people here, seeing that I am a stranger in Leipzig. I have made a nice little circle of acquaintances which I visit from time to time by way of relief

from bookwork. My dialect grammar is finished except the Introduction, which I shall not write until the rest of the book has been printed. I should like you to see it before sending it to press, because you would be able to give me many hints, and make corrections. But I am afraid you can hardly find time to do me the kindness, seeing that your time is so much taken up with the other work. The Dialect Society have written three times since my coming to Leipzig asking me to let them have it as soon as possible. I wrote the other day saying that they should have it in the course of next week. My translation of Brugmann's Grundriss will take until about the end of March. I am devoting about two hours a day to it.

My M.H. German Primer (containing grammar, texts, notes, and glossary) will be ready for the press at the end of February.

I am at present devoting as much time as possible to O. and M.H. German which will, probably, be of great use when I return to England. Judging from letters I have lately received from England there is every prospect of our both obtaining a post there eventually. I will contrive to see you during the Easter holidays if possible.

With best wishes and compliments of the Season,

Yours, etc.

JOE.

Leipzig, Mar. 11, '87.

I was glad to hear from you again. I saw Brugmann yesterday and gave him your corrections. The translation of his Grundriss swallows up a frightful amount of time. It will be impossible to have the *whole* of the MS. ready for the printer's hands before the end of May. I hope by the time I come to Heidelberg (about the 24th of this month) to have 21 or 22 Bogen [= sheets] finished. The printing is to begin at the end of this month at the rate of two sheets a week, so that the whole will be finished some time in August. From what Brugmann tells me the correcting of the proof-sheets must be something awful. He has, however, promised to give me some help at

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first so as to facilitate my getting into this kind of horrible drudgery.

I was shocked at Kaufmann's impudence and conceit when I read his review of your Soester Mundart. You will now be able to appreciate better the opinion I formed of him in Freiburg. You remember whom I said he reminded me of. Make it warm for him the first opportunity you have. Such impudence cannot be passed over in silence.

I had a long walk with Kluge last Sunday, during which we discussed all manner of things regarding my dialect Grammar. We were also together on Monday and Tuesday evenings along with Bahder. When do you leave Heidelberg for Soest, before or after my coming? I should like to meet you during my stay. Will Karsten still be in Heidelberg? Remember me to him.

With kindest regards,

Yours faithfully,

J. WRIGHT.

Leipzig, Aug. 5, 1887.

I have at last found time to answer your most welcome and agreeable letter. . . . I am so hard pressed with work at the present moment that it is quite impossible for me to leave here for Heidelberg until Thursday at the earliest, by that time I expect you will have already left for England. I shall in any case see you in England sometime in September or October. I am quite undecided whether I shall qualify myself in Heidelberg (but I may venture to say that it is highly improbable).

My prospects both in England and *America (just fancy)* are at the present moment too good not to give them very serious consideration. Circumstances have arisen which will prevent my being able to publish my dialect grammar until the end of the year. I dare say you will already have heard that I am Mitarbeiter of the Grundriss der germanischen Philologie and this work will swallow up a certain amount of time.

12 Bogen of my translation of Brugmann's Grundriss are now printed. The reading of the proofsheets (which I am

doing entirely alone) takes up a fearful amount of time. I expect the whole will not be finished until October. The ridiculously long holiday I took at Easter has ruined all chance of my having any holiday this summer.

With best wishes for your future success in Halle.

Yours faithfully,
J. WRIGHT.

The next letter is from his home in Yorkshire:

Windhill, Yorkshire. Oct. 6, 1887.

After receiving your postcard from Devonshire, I intended to meet you in London on my way home, circumstances turned up however which necessitated my travelling via Hamburg-Hull. I trust I shall come to London before you return to Germany in order that we may have a pleasant chat together. I leave here at the end of the week. How long shall you be staying in town? Should you leave before I come, let me have your Halle address. No doubt your new sphere will be far more congenial than the last. . . . Osthoff seems quite dejected at having nobody in Heidelberg. After careful consideration it would not be wise for me to entertain the idea of qualifying myself for English in H. at present as my plans in England have not yet had enough time to mature. But more about these and other things when I see you.

Yours very faithfully,
J. WRIGHT.

It is evident from the last two letters that some months before the end of 1887 he was considering plans for settling down permanently in England the following year. Joseph Wright never waited for things to 'turn up'; he first decided in his own mind what he wanted, and then he took steps to make it 'turn up' according to plan. He wrote and spoke of 'six years in Germany', but as far as I can tell now, this must be a reckoning by Semesters. The 'Legitimations Karte' of October 1886 states that it holds good till February 1, 1888, but by that time

he was living in London. He probably left Leipzig in September 1887. There are no letters of this series belonging to the winter of 1887-8, for during part of that time Professor Holt-hausen was also in London, and the two friends were together. Joseph Wright to the last was proud of his training in Germany, and kept up his interest in German Universities and in the careers of his old friends as they moved from one University to another in response to 'calls'. He watched, too, the rise of the younger scholars in his own subjects, and wondered whether they would ever 'become so devoted to hard work as the former generation'.

I cannot remember hearing him use translated German idiom such as: 'I have been together with Leskien,' 'Are you reading [i.e. lecturing] this term?'—phrases which occur several times in the foregoing letters—but there were certain expressions in German which became household words. If he was about to ring the bell at meal-times it was always: 'Shall I *schell*?' and he would constantly say 'Auf der Dauer' for 'in the long run', 'Frisch vom Fass' when speaking of anything brand-new, and 'punkt' instead of 'punctually'. When he had worked out some difficult philological problem in the course of writing a Grammar, he would put down his pencil and say: 'Well, that was a "schwere Geburt"', but it's finished now.' He often astonished German visitors by his detailed and accurate knowledge of the various kinds of Munich beer, all of which he had sampled at one time or another during his sojourn in the 'Fatherland'.

CHAPTER THREE

EARLY YEARS IN OXFORD

JOSEPH WRIGHT'S connexion with Oxford began early in 1888. He was then—as we have seen—living in London. At first he went up from London one or two days a week, but before long he had so much teaching to do in Oxford that it was necessary to be on the spot. I cannot now discover whether or no he remained in London throughout the Hilary Term of 1888. By the Summer Term he was certainly living in Oxford. According to his dictated notes, during that winter of 1887–8 spent in London, he lodged with a Mr. and Mrs. Bawden. The former 'was a man employed by Pickford's, and lived in Chapel Street, off the Edgware Road, near Paddington station'.¹ He evidently cherished the recollection of his lodger, for nearly forty years later when Joseph Wright retired from his Professorship, he received a letter written 'at the express wish of Mr. Bawden who is unable to write himself for he has been bedridden for nearly a year'. The writer goes on to say: 'I saw your portrait and the interesting account of your career in the *Daily Mail* of Jan. 27th, and Mr. B. was very interested and delighted and asked me to tell you how pleased he was and also to wish you a peaceful and happy retirement.' In January of this year—1931—a certain Mr. John Smith Hodgson of Bradford, on the occasion of his eighty-eighth birthday, told an interviewer² that he was a native of Windhill, and that 'when a boy he worked at the mill alongside Professor Wright'. When questioned further by a friend of ours, Mr. Hodgson said they had met again in London. At that time Mr. Hodgson was agent for the Prudential Life Assurance Company and had a district near Edgware Road. He took a pride in recalling

¹ A 'Bier Karte' from Leipzig, December 1, 1887, signed by some of his 'Junggrammatiker' friends—Michels, Streitberg, Dittmar, and others—is addressed '57 Hall Place, Hall Park, Paddington'.

² *Yorkshire Evening Post*, January 16, 1931.

that he and Joseph Wright used to spend time together on Sundays. Beyond these scraps I have no further records of Joseph Wright's sojourn in London, and we now come to the beginnings of his Oxford life.

In his dictated notes he says: 'I had brought with me from Germany a letter of introduction to Max Müller,¹ and I had been to see him in Oxford. There was a place vacant on the Staff of the A.E.W.² for German and English Language, and he recommended me to Mrs. Johnson, and I went to see her in London by appointment. Max Müller did push me a good deal when I first came to Oxford, and it was due to him that I came at all. Mrs. Johnson promised me the post. There was no salary, I was only to be paid by the hour, so much for a lecture, or a class, and no fixed number of hours. Mrs. Johnson wanted me to coach Pass students for less than Honours students, but I said one hour of my time was as valuable as another. All the teaching for the women was under the control of Mrs. Johnson. She had a great deal more to do with the organization of women's education than she got credit for in modern times.' The Women's Colleges at that date were still only boarding-houses. It was Mrs. Johnson, as Secretary to the A.E.W.,³ who arranged all the students' work, collected the fees according to the lectures and classes attended by each student, and supervised a system of reports.

The notes continue: 'At first I was engaged to teach Old High German, German Composition, and History of the German Language. After about a term or so I was further

¹ Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford. 'The foundation for him in 1868 of the Chair of Comparative Philology by the University was a tribute to his effectiveness as a teacher, and a recognition of the importance of the subject.' *The School of English Language and Literature*, by C. H. Firth, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford (1909), p. 22. For further biographical details vide *The Life and Letters of the Right Honourable Friedrich Max Müller*, edited by his wife. Longmans, Green & Co., 1902.

² Association for the Higher Education of Women in Oxford.

³ A privately printed book entitled *The Society of Oxford Home Students. Retrospects and Recollections*, edited by R. F. Butler and M. H. Prichard (1930), contains (pp. 29-104) a full account of 'Mrs. Johnson and her Work', with three portraits.

engaged to do English Language, and that was a more paying job. I took a Class on Old English Grammar and Sweet's Reader. I had all the women doing the subject from the various Women's Colleges.' He actually began this English Language teaching in the Michaelmas Term of 1888, and he went on with it, and the German work, till he was elected to the Deputy-Professorship in 1891. He also continued to teach Gothic and Old High German for the A.E.W. till 1891.

At Easter, 1888, he was appointed by the Curators of the Taylorian Institution Deputy-Teacher of German. His subsequent devotion to the welfare and work of this Institution as the centre of the study and teaching of Modern Languages in Oxford forms a history in itself, and lends importance to the record of this first step. Here again he attributed the chance of this new opening to the help of a friend: 'Macdonell¹ was a very good friend to me—he lent me £10 to help me in my first term. He had got leave to be off for one year to do a Sanskrit Dictionary for Longmans, and I became Deputy to him. The Curators paid me £150.' From the next letters to Professor Holthausen it appears that the appointment was first of all for one term, and then he became a candidate for the post for a further period of one year. He thus held it for a year and a term. The two following letters show how hard he had to work to keep pace with his new duties:

16 Kingston Road, Oxford. June 1, 1888.

I am sorry not to have been able to answer your interesting letter sooner, but the fact is that I am so overpowered with work that I can't even find the time to go for a walk on a Sunday. The amount of work which has fallen to my lot this term was beyond all hopes or expectations. I have 21 hours' work a week and you will easily conjecture that some of these hours' work involves much preparation. In fact I have not been able to touch a book this term which is not directly connected with my lectures and lessons. I have already founded a little society

¹ A. A. Macdonell, Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford.

here for the scientific study of the Germanic languages, there are only 7 members at present but I regard it as a good beginning for a place like Oxford. I am also deputy Taylorian teacher of German for *this term*. In fact I am working all in all something like 80 hours a week.

The Delegates of the Press here have declined for the present an O. Saxon primer, as also my Gothic primer. They say they would like to see first how the M.H.G. and O.H.G. primers *go* before undertaking others.

Those, whom I thought would help and further our cause in Oxford, are turning out to be the preventers of it. 'Put not your trust in men or princes' is an old but true remark. Never mind, we'll fight and we'll conquer. I will write you all particulars of my *mode of operation* and my plans of campaign as soon as the term's work is over, which will be on the 14th. Are you properly settled down in Göttingen now? Are you reading¹ this term? What are you reading? Be careful to read if possible something bearing on Mod. English, this will be of great use when the time comes. But more of this later on.

Macdonell wished to have a deputy appointed *for one year* until he gets his Sanskrit dictionary off his hands. He handed it over to me this term with the permission of the Curators. They have now issued a notice that they will appoint at the end of next week a deputy for one year. I am going in for this, there is little to do for it. I should be so glad if you would kindly give me as good a testimonial (with your *official* signature—Docent an der Univ. Göttingen) as you can and let me have it as soon as possible. I should like you to attach special importance to the following:

- (1) That I have studied and know something about Phonetics.
- (2) How long you have known me intimately.
- (3) That through my long residence in Germany I have acquired a thorough knowledge of Modern German.

¹ This is a literal translation of the German use of the word, and means 'lecturing'.

(4) That I know the older periods of the language.

N.B. Great importance will be attached to (3).

A longer letter shall follow as soon as term's work is over.

Yours ever,

J. WRIGHT.

16 Kingston Road, Oxford. June 21, 1888.

The term's work is at last at an end and I am heartily glad of it. As I already told you in my last letter I have not been able to take a walk for weeks until the last few days. The next term's work will not be so hard, because I shall not be reading German literature at all. . . .

I hope you continue to like Göttingen and find the work congenial. It would be a great treat for me to come to Germany this summer, but I cannot afford the time. Now that the Delegates have declined for the present my Gothic primer I wish to devote the whole of the holidays (four months) to collecting material for my long cherished German grammar, which the Delegates have promised to publish. I hope to have it ready for publication in about a year. Have you begun your English grammar?

I have announced O.H.G. grammar for next term (*gratis*). Five men have already expressed a wish to attend these lectures. I am hoping with my energy and practical teaching ability to be able to do something here in time, though it will be rather slow until we get a 'School' in which men can take the subject up for their examination. The question of establishing a School will be brought up again this next term and it is expected to be carried. The scheme is now much less ambitious than it was. Prof. Napier will, I know, do everything in his power to get the thing carried.

My appointment to the Taylorian teachership of German will now give the means to purchase a good library. The election took place last week.

This work is ridiculously elementary, if one sticks to the bare requirements of the 'Statutes', viz. *to give practical instruction*

in German. I shall give the practical instruction, but shall also read O.H.G. etc. (*gratis*). In this way I may be able to win over a few men to the cause.

I will write again soon.

Yours very faithfully,

J. WRIGHT.

Three more letters to Professor Holthausen belong to this year, and a fourth to the Christmas vacation of 1888-9:

16 Kingston Road, Oxford. July 30, 1888.

I am very pleased to hear that your lectures on Phonetics are such a success in Göttingen. By this post you will receive a copy of Dowden's Shakspeare-primer, it is useless to send you a copy of the O.H.G. primer at present unless I definitely hear that you will not be coming to England this summer. I had already read the review of Kluge's book in the G.G. Anz. and need not say how pleased I was with it. Had I been a German I would have attacked the book from a 'purely religious point of view'. The book *went down* with the people so well, (1) because it was a kind of slur (how unjust!) on the Roman Catholics, and (2) because it was puffed up by the Lobes-versicherungsgesellschaft auf Gegenseitigkeit.¹ (This is a jaw-cracker, nicht wahr!) I like Kluge's Ags. reader immensely. I have just ordered Schwan's O.Fr. grammar. Thanks for drawing my attention to it.

As to whether Osthoff has any special reason for not doing anything towards getting you back to Heidelberg, I know not. Nor had I heard that they were about to appoint a professor of English just now. If such is however the case—unter uns gesagt—I believe *Lenz* will be the man. Osthoff spoke about it when he was here. Have you heard who the candidates are? I am curious to learn.

I have just had another little appointment conferred upon me here in addition to the Taylorian. Five of my *lady*-students

¹ A phrase of J. W.'s own coining for 'mutual admiration society'. He also expressed it in another way, viz. 'Gegenseitigehandwäscherungsgesellschaft'.

went in for the honours examination in June. Three got *Firsts* and two got *Seconds*. I am hoping there will be a greater number this next year. They are all such good and willing workers and the result of the examination is a proof that they have not worked in vain.

I am working patiently at the historical H. German grammar. The modern development of the vowel system will cost much more time than I at first expected. Paul's article in the *Beiträge* by no means solves the problem. There are many difficulties which he has left *untouched*. The only thing will be to do what I am doing just now: to read through a lot of XV, XVI, and XVII century monuments.

How thankful and pleased I am to be in a position to purchase the necessary *tools*! Since coming to Oxford I have spent £60 in books, and intend to buy such a lot more this winter. Herein lies one of the great secrets, as we have both often said, whether a man does good or bad (shall I say?) work after he has once learnt how to work. If you see or hear of any books which will be useful for my grammar I should be so thankful if you would drop me a line. I am determined to make a *man book* of it, and I am prepared to spend any amount of time and labour upon it.

I should of course be very pleased to see you in England this summer. The only safe and good programme for me to follow these holidays is—to go home next Friday for 8–10 days and take a little rest, then to return to Oxford and work like a *nigger* until the middle of October. If you do decide to come to England, I would contrive to go and spend say 8–10 days at some cheap sea-side place. Where would you like to go? When do you think you will be able to come? Would you care to spend part of the time here, if so I could get you *very* cheap lodgings (much less than you paid before and more comfortable)? Living is not so dear here, you were greatly overcharged. The rooms I have are in a better house and are infinitely more convenient, better furnished and larger than yours were. My bill never exceeds 25/- including rooms,

board, washing and light. This arises because I kept a *sharp eye* upon the people at first and know the price of everything in the way of eatables.

Let me hear from you very soon. I leave here, wie gesagt, about Friday for Windhill, Shipley, Yorks.

With best wishes,

Yours, etc.

J. WRIGHT.

16 Kingston Road, Oxford. Oct. 9, 1888.

You will doubtless think it queer that you have not heard from me sooner, but the fact of the matter is that I have had no news.

Lenz is in England (London). He came down to Oxford the other week and stayed with me a few days. He intends to qualify himself for English in Heidelberg. He will probably also have a place in the Gymnasium in H.

Logermann is here just now and intends to stay 4 weeks. He came in to see me this afternoon. . . .

How pleased I was to learn that Kögel got the place in Basel! He is such a good teacher and takes no end of trouble with his serious pupils.

I am looking forward with interest to the appearance of the grammar to Vices and Virtues as also to your Mod. Engl. grammar. I have not heard from Osthoff for some weeks. Sometime ago Cornelia fell from the bedroom window and broke both arms. I was so sorry to hear of it.

My lectures begin next week. I have spent all the summer working at my historical German grammar. The work will take me quite another year. I will send you a copy of the O.H.G. primer in a day or two. I don't happen to have a copy, but can easily get one.

I intend to come to Germany next Easter holidays and if possible go to Iceland next summer for three months in order to learn the Modern phases of the language. Or else I shall stay here at Easter and go to Germany in summer.

When will Heine's dictionary appear?

By the way, Logemann is to write a review of Sweet's book for the Academy. Has the book been reviewed in Germany? I have not seen one in any of the German papers.

yours very faithfully,

J. WRIGHT.

P.S. I received 8 sheets of Paul's Grundriss d. Germ. phil. the other day.

16 Kingston Road, Oxford. Dec. 18, 1888.

Although I was very pleased to hear from you the other week, I was so sorry to learn that things are not going with you in Göttingen as you might fairly and justly wish. . . . Had I known . . . I should have proposed you as a candidate for the professorship at Bedford College, London. It was offered me but I was not in a position to accept it owing to my work here. It has been given to an old pupil of Napier's. The salary was not much, nor the work either. (£100-120 for 4 hours a week during term-time.) . . .

I am much obliged for the books you mentioned in your letter, I had them already.

Are you quite sure that the writing of various reviews and small contributions to text-critic will help you much in the future? I myself doubt it very much.

There is, as I have often told you, an opening for Teutonic philology in England. . . . If anything should turn up here I should do anything I possibly could to have you here.

My German grammar gets on slowly. I hope to do something at it these holidays. . . .

16 Kingston Road, Oxford. Jan. 17, 1889. *Prosit Neujahr!*

You will perhaps be shocked to learn in reply to your query about the progress of my dialect grammar that I have not touched it since I left Leipzig. It is a pity, but it cannot be helped, for at present I have other 'oats to thrash', to use a familiar Yorkshire expression. In previous letters I have

already told you how many 'irons I have in the fire', and the historical German grammar in particular will still take me a long time. This work has thoroughly convinced me how necessary it is in describing the history of a language to have read an enormous amount of literature besides the mere knowing of Grammars and dictionaries. Whenever the book is finished it will at least be bigger than Sweet's History of English Sounds. Although the Gothic primer is almost finished I shall not think of publishing it until I have got some other things off my hands. As soon as I get a little time I shall send either to the *Phonetische Studien* or *Modern Language Notes* an article showing that the diphthongization of $\bar{i} > ij$; $\bar{u} > uw$; $\bar{e} > ej$; and $\bar{o} > ow$ and several other points are not so Modern as Sweet and others are wont to assume. Chance has thrown in my way a work on the Analysis of English Sounds which has not only surprised Skeat, Napier, Murray, etc. but others. I always thought that these sound changes had taken place within the living memory of man. By the way, the distinction between dialect *íu* and Standard English *jú* goes back at least to the beginning of last century (I mean in such words as *new*, *dew*, etc.). The same work contains some most valuable dialect information.

Wahrlich!

Wie die alten sungen, so zwitschen die jungen.

My interest in dialect work will never die, the only thing is that I must have my 'cake'¹ ensured before launching out with 'might and main' into the luxurious work. If ever the day comes that I have supplied the English public with the material I hope to furnish it with in Germanic studies, and if in the meantime I have got something in England permanent and *worth having*, I shall settle down to do nothing else but dialect work. In fact I shall edit the projected Dialect Dictionary. Material was sent to me some time ago to make a specimen page for the Pitt Press, Cambridge, in order that these 'good

¹ In Yorkshire *cake* means *bread*.

people' may get an idea of what the Dict. will look like when the printing of the work begins, which will not be for some years yet.

Gott sei Dank! the care and trouble I gave myself here is beginning to make itself felt among the students. I have had a good lot of applications to attend my lectures this next term which does not begin until next week. I have still far more women than men, though at the Taylorian I had 13 men last term and hope to have more this next term. I had 10 women students who attended a course of 24 lectures on O.E. last term and they worked fearfully hard. Most of them simply cleared the papers I set them on the subject at the Xmas Examination. I set them elementary questions, as you will see, yet they gave me proof that they had mastered the points which are necessary for a beginner to know. The women students in O. and M.H.G. are also very good workers and most of them will by the time they leave the University have gained a rather good knowledge of German in all its stages. It might interest you to see the kind of questions they *can answer*. The thing which 'bothers' me most is that they are not men and therefore I have no direct proof that they will propagate the subject further when they leave here.

I lecture on M.H.G. Grammar, and Lessing (Laokoon) this next term, and on the second half of the Nibelungenlied to the women. Besides these I shall have two or three small classes in Teutonic Grammar. I have three weeks ago been appointed to examine for what is here called the 'Oxford University Local Examination'. This will take about 20 days of my time up in summer, as there will be about 1200 papers to look over. . . .

I still think and shall always think that V. and V. [*Virtues and Vices*] will not help you half so much as the English Grammar. Avoid '*Kleinigkeiten*' for Zeitschriften for the present. I could, if necessary, give you good proof that such things rather harm you than do you good. You might say, but what reason have you to 'preach'? Well, I simply talk as a near friend, and you must consider that here the field is *empty* and that in Germany it is not only full but *overcrowded*.

•

When shall you come to England? On this depends whether I shall come to Germany at Easter or at Midsummer.

Yours ever,
J. WRIGHT.

From 1888 to 1891 Joseph Wright was living in lodgings at No. 16 Kingston Road, the continuation of Walton Street. No. 16 is close to where the street changes its name. He often boasted of how well and cheaply he lived in those first years in Oxford, when his income was very small, and when out of it he was saving every penny he could for the future. The notes describe his expenditure: 'I had two good rooms for 15/- per week, and nothing to pay in my absence, though the rooms were kept for me. For my food I paid so much a day: meat 7d., bread 1d., butter 1d., milk 1d., &c. My whole bill for the week—including fire, light, laundry—never amounted to more than 25/-.' In the letter of July 30 quoted above, he puts down his successful management to his 'sharp eye', and up-to-date knowledge of food prices.

In addition to his work for the A.E.W., and for the Taylorian Institution, he had many pupils from other sources. 'In 1889', he says, 'I went up from Oxford twice a week to teach German for Wrenn and Gurney, to army men—about 4 or 5 hours a week.' This was pure 'cram' work, but he did it systematically. He has told me that he made a minute and scientific study of the questions set for the examinations, so that he could ensure the success of his pupils. He even worked out mathematically the chances that the pieces set for translation would be taken by the examiner from the *right* hand page of the set book. 'I did not do this for long,' he says, 'it occupied too much time going up to London two days a week, when I had so much coaching in Oxford.'

Amongst his early friends in Oxford was Professor Arthur Napier,¹ and through him Joseph Wright obtained an introduc-

¹ Merton Professor of English Language and Literature. This Professorship was founded by the University of Oxford in 1885, and Mr. Napier was the first Professor elected.

tion to Sir William Markby, the Reader in Indian Law. The result of this was that Sir William Markby sent him students to be coached in German for the Indian Civil Service. From time to time he had private pupils not working for any University examinations. 'I read German', he says, 'with Dr. Paget when he was Dean of Christ Church, every Saturday afternoon. Sometimes we went for a walk, and had conversation instead of reading. He wanted it for reading German theological books.' Dr. Paget became Dean of Christ Church in 1892, so this note belongs to a later date, but I include it with the other records of his early teaching.

In 1889 Miss Soulsby, the Head Mistress of the Oxford High School for Girls, engaged him to teach German twice a week to the VIth Form. He gave up this appointment in 1891, but I have been fortunate enough to find in Miss Mildred Vernon-Harcourt a pupil of his during that time, who has sent me her reminiscences: 'I worked under Dr. Wright for two years. He was a most stimulating and delightful teacher who always insisted on a very high standard of accuracy, and yet was never dull or dry. I remember that in my second year we used to bring copies of *Silas Marner* into class with us and translate straight into German viva voce, Dr. Wright criticizing and guiding and making it all seem adventurous and interesting. I have only met one teacher at all comparable to him at this, and that was Dr. Postgate who used to conduct a Latin Prose class at Girton on the same plan.

'At first I think Dr. Wright found it strange teaching girls, and used to pretend to be gruff, but we saw through that, and were all convinced that he cared very much about us and our progress, indeed with the vanity of youth we thought he liked us and was proud of us, because it got about that when he was not quite pleased with his class at Somerville he would tell them how much better we were! If he was not pleased with us he would say: "I wish you were boys—then I should know how to deal with you", which amused us very much. . . . My twin and I left school in 1891; we both got "distinction" in

German in the Joint Board Higher Certificate. Dr. Wright took such an interest in us that he went to my Father to try to persuade him to keep us in Oxford and let us go on studying under himself, but we were sent to Girton, having won scholarships there owing almost entirely to the wonderful teaching we had had from Dr. Wright, and in a rather different style from M. Henri Bué. . . . We liked him [Dr. Wright] and admired him; he was a person one would never have dreamt of doing anything short of one's best for.'

To add to his income in these early Oxford years, he also undertook a good deal of work correcting examination papers. He acted as examiner for scholarships and exhibitions awarded by the Lancashire County Council from about this time onwards till 1904. The Director of Education writes (May 12, 1931): 'He took a very prominent part in the decisions regarding the award of the scholarships and exhibitions for proficiency in Commerce, Science, and Agriculture, which were awarded during those years.' In the letter to Professor Holt-Hausen dated Jan. 17, 1889, Joseph Wright says he is expecting 'about 1200 papers to look over' for the Oxford University Local Examinations; and in 1890, in a letter to me, he mentions having spent ten days over 'the German Local Examination papers'. He used to tell me, when speaking of this drudgery, that he often did not put on his boots for a fortnight at a time.

A close friend of his, Dr. Moritz Winternitz of Prague, sent me in 1928 some notes for this Biography describing what he remembered of his intercourse with Joseph Wright during the time he himself was in Oxford—1888 to 1898. Most of these notes concern the great enterprise of the Dialect Dictionary. I quote here only the first paragraph (he writes in English): 'I came to Oxford in the year 1888, a little after your husband had come there, and I have known him almost from the very first day of my arrival at Oxford. We used then to meet almost every day, and to spend our evenings together, talking and reading (both English and German books), and discussing both

philological and personal matters. On Sundays we often took long walks together through the beautiful meadows in the neighbourhood of Oxford. It was a time of hard struggle for W. during his first years at Oxford, before he got the Professorship of Comparative Philology in 1891. He had to do a lot of unpleasant drudgery work—such as going through hundreds of Local Examination papers. (I remember this work, which later I had to do myself, with a shudder.) Yet as a rule his good humour hardly ever left him. "The Dictionary", of course, occupied a prominent place in our talks.'

In December 1890 he was appointed examiner in the Germanic Section of the Medieval and Modern Languages Tripos at Cambridge, an appointment which lasted till 1892.

In June of this same year—1890—he had been given a fresh appointment by the Curators of the Taylorian Institution: a lectureship in Teutonic Philology. The subjects he chose for the first term were Gothic, Middle High German Lyrical Poetry, and Historical German Grammar. He says in his dictated notes: 'The post was created for me—at £25 a term, for three hours a week. It gave me the first real start in life, and that was the reason of my long devotion to the Taylor. My election was chiefly due to Professor Napier and Dr. Neubauer;¹ neither of them was a Curator, but they had friends among the Curators. I only held this lectureship for a term or two, because I became Deputy-Professor of Comparative Philology, and so I gave up the Taylorian lectureship, since Old Germanic languages could fairly be considered to come within my subject. Professor Sayce who held the chair, resigned. His father had died, and he came in for a great deal of money.' Professor Sayce had been Deputy under Max Müller since 1876, and he resigned in 1891. In February Joseph Wright was appointed

¹ Dr. Adolf Neubauer, Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian Library, and Reader in Rabbinical Literature. 'Adolf Neubauer, Ph.D. of Leipzig, who had long been engaged in the Oriental Department of the Library was nominated by Mr. Coxe as Sub-Librarian in 1873, and his nomination was approved by Convocation on Oct. 30, 1873.' Macray, *Annals of the Bodleian*, p. 387. The centenary of Dr. Neubauer's birth was commemorated in Oxford in 1931.

to the Deputy-Professorship. In the following June he was made an Honorary M.A. of Oxford University; the Public Orator¹ introducing him said: . . . 'vir doctissimus Joseph Wright Philologiae Comparativae professor deputatus in hac Academia nuper est electus. Cuius quidem litterarum accuratam cognitionem testantur non solum nostrates, verum etiam eruditissimi in Germania doctores, quorum praelectiones quum diu diligentissime audivisset, in eisdem ipse studiis summum laudem consecutus est.

'Mihi quidem horum insignium virorum tabellas commendaticias perlegenti persuasissimum est Professorum nostrum in omnibus quibus operam impenderit rebus strenuum Britannorum ingenium cum argutiore Teutonum subtilitate coniunxisse, nec minore successu doctrinam aliis impertiri quam sibi ipsi parere consuevisse. . . .' His friends in Germany wrote enthusiastic congratulations on his appointment to the Deputy-Professorship. A card from Professor Brugmann in Leipzig says (in German): '9.2.91. Dear Herr College, I am delighted to be able to congratulate you on your well-earned success'; another similar greeting is from Professor Paul in Freiburg Streitberg—now also a Professor—wrote from Fribourg: '24.II.91. My dear Professor, First of all my heartiest congratulations on your appointment. You can imagine how very much pleased I was to hear this news. It is to be hoped that the colleague in the little Swiss provincial town will still continue to find favour in your eyes?! I am also very glad to know that I shall see you in the summer. . . .'

Joseph Wright was wont to affirm, when most of his life was behind him, that 'Oxford is the most cosmopolitan University in the world. A man can make his way at Oxford if he has the will; it does not depend upon birth or social status, but work.' Undoubtedly he verified his own maxim, for he put a prodigious amount of work into the making of his own way. He often said of himself that he was by nature 'a sociable animal',

¹ The Rev. W. W. Merry, D.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Quoted from autograph MS. of speech delivered June 12, 1891.

but he never let 'society' hinder work. He would say—when talking of these first years in Oxford: 'You had to sacrifice what are called "pleasant evenings". I never dined in College; too much Common Room life leads to a waste of time.' Even in later days he would seldom give up an evening's work for some social entertainment. The story of an invitation to Professor Max Müller's is among the notes Joseph Wright dictated to me, so I give it in his own words: 'Max Müller asked me to meet M. Havet, a very distinguished Frenchman and Latin scholar, one evening at his house. When William (his serving man) wanted to show me into the drawing-room, I heard laughing and voices, and I asked to be shown into the study. Then Max Müller came in, and I said to him: "You seem to have a party?" He said "Yes", so I said, "Then I won't come in; I thought I had come to see M. Havet". And so I went away. Professor Morfill often told the story. Several had been invited, amongst them Professor Morfill, and he told it in Common Rooms, because of what he called my "cheek". It was very common then to ask people to come in *after* dinner, and he had been let in for this; and had not dared to decline.'

Tradition says that, while Joseph Wright went on living in lodgings in the Kingston Road, he hankered for a house of his own, but thought this could not be accomplished without a wife, till some kind friend suggested to him that he could engage a housekeeper. I do not myself credit this tale, as Joseph Wright was far too practical-minded to need such simple advice from outside. However, the story is still current. It was in the summer of 1891 that he took on lease No. 6 Norham Road, a small semi-detached house, with a larger garden than that of most of the houses in the street. He spared no pains or money in procuring solid, well-made furniture for it. Secretly he was preparing a well-equipped home to which he would some day bring the wife of his choice, but as a Yorkshireman he was instinctively 'house-proud', and nothing short of the best would have pleased him were he to live for

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ever a bachelor. By the October Term of 1891 his furnishing was complete, and he had found the ideal housekeeper to look after him and his new home. His brother Dufton said of her: 'Ahr Jooə wor vara lucky to leet on 'er. Sarah wod cut a curn [= currant] a-two!' She ran the house, and did all the work in the garden as well, except that occasionally a man from Gee's nursery came to dig. She was a farmer's daughter, and had been brought up to work, and to practise thrift. At first Joseph Wright feared there would be too much for one woman to do, so he engaged a girl to work under her. Sarah presently came and said she would rather run the house alone, for the girl ate more than herself and her master combined, and it was sheer waste of money! One of her plans was to water the milk to make it go farther. 'The running expenses of the house', he has told me, 'for the two of us was fixed at 2/6 per day—not including coal, light, rent, &c.' He used to drink beer which he bought in a small barrel. He thought it went too quickly, so he arranged that Sarah should buy the beer herself, and he should pay her per glass as he consumed it. He was not oblivious even to the smallest matters of domestic concern. When I suggested that the new cook I had engaged to be ready for us in Langdale House might begin by darning his socks, he wrote back with some pride: 'There are no socks for her to darn, or clothing to mend. I have never allowed such things to accumulate. That *would* be a sign of bad household management.' Sarah was so efficient that she could cook a hot supper for six men, and wait on them at table as if she had a staff of helpers in the kitchen. Further, Joseph Wright might say: 'Sarah, I am starting for the Continent to-night. I shall be away six weeks.' Sarah would have everything ready packed (nothing forgotten), and the cab at the door—*punkt!* Once Sarah did something she should not have done. Joseph Wright rang the bell: 'Sarah, this must *not* happen again.' It never did. She kept the house spick and span from cellar to garret, and in every way devoted herself to the well-being of her master. She would even say he was 'out' if a friend called when he was

lying very late in bed on a Sunday morning. This particular instance of her devotion was discovered by a friend who happened to run his eye over the hat-pegs in the hall. I remember the day we arrived home from our honeymoon there were no matches in the study! I felt in my bones that Sarah would not have forgotten the matches for her master's pipe, and I wondered if any cook of my selection would ever come up to the previous standard set by her. I had always regarded her as a fearsome dragon on the few occasions when she had opened the door of No. 6 to admit me, but after I had heard all these tales of her surpassing virtues, I spoke of her as 'the inestimable Sarah'. However, Joseph Wright and I both agreed that this priceless gem for a bachelor's dwelling would not fit into a house where there was a wife; so Sarah departed.

It was a great satisfaction to Joseph Wright to have at last a house of his own. In a letter to Professor Holthausen, written after some eighteen months' experience, he says:

. . . When I first started housekeeping—a big house with a good-sized garden—my lady friends here did not see how I could possibly manage without a wife! But they have long ago found out that a man of my stamp can manage a house. I am, of course, infinitely better off than being in lodgings, as I have plenty of rooms for any little 'fads' I may have: study, dining-room, sitting-room, spare bedrooms. I dare say that I shall take 'unto myself a helpmate' some day, but I have not yet seen a suitable one. . . .

In the rest of the letter he gives the following account of his studies:

6 *Norham Road, Oxford.* Feb. 23, 1893.

My dial. gr. is at last off my hands, and I am very glad, for it took me the whole of the last long Vacation to prepare it for press and all the Xmas Vacation to see it through the press and to make the index verborum. But still it was a piece of work worth doing well, and I do hope that English philologists will,

at all events, find it useful. I sent you a copy some time ago, which I hope you received all right. When you have had a look at the contents I think you will agree that I have spent a good deal of time over the book—perhaps more than was necessary. Now that the book is ‘out’, I can devote my spare time to working out a ‘big’ Comparative Greek Grammar the material for which I have been gradually collecting for some years. I hope that I may be able to have this book ready for press by the end of next year. In my present position I have plenty of time for work of this kind as I am only expected to give 24 lectures a year, though since I was appointed I have made it a practice to give 42 which is *not killing*. I still give some lectures to women here in Gothic and O.H.G. (This Term there are 18 women for Gothic!!), otherwise I have given up all the other teaching I had (O.E., M.H.G., German Composition etc.). In short I have during the last few years become a confirmed bookworm with few other interests in life. . . .

He retained the habit that he had contracted in his boyhood of sitting up over his books well into the morning hours. He could still do with much less sleep than the majority of people, and that without injury to his health or his daily tasks. Indeed, sometimes he did not go to bed at all. After a bath and breakfast he would proceed with his day’s work as if nothing unusual had happened. I remember his telling me that when he first got Sweet’s *History of English Sounds*, he sat up all night reading it without noticing the clock. When we were married he gave up these late hours, and I have even known him to say to the young: ‘Don’t work late, you lose control of your mind. I have torn up an immense lot of stuff. The morning is my best time for work.’ He had such strong powers of mental control that he could dismiss thought, and go to sleep at any moment, and give himself five or fifteen minutes’ rest when he required it.

When Professor Skeat heard that he was engaged to be married he wrote to him:

Cambridge. July 5, 1896.

... I feel sure you have made an excellent choice. I rejoice to think that you will now be able to have good reason for giving up, at once and for ever, your *one* unhappy habit of sitting up so late: the only thing which one has ever regretted in connection with your famous career. I was much struck by a remark which my doctor at Dereham once made to me. He regretted that he sometimes had in the course of his professional duties, to lose a night's rest, and he said that it was his firm conviction, from his experience, that for every night on which he sat up after twelve he firmly believed that he shortened his life by a day. Something of the kind surely happens. . . .

In the other half of the semi-detached villa lived Dr. Neubauer. He was a good deal older than Joseph Wright, and had to spare his eyes from too much reading by artificial light. He therefore went to bed very early, and got up as soon as it was daylight. When Joseph Wright went to bed he knocked on the wall to wake up Dr. Neubauer. According to the version of the story recently told me by a very old Oxford friend: 'Wright said "Good morning!" and Neubauer called back "Good night!"'

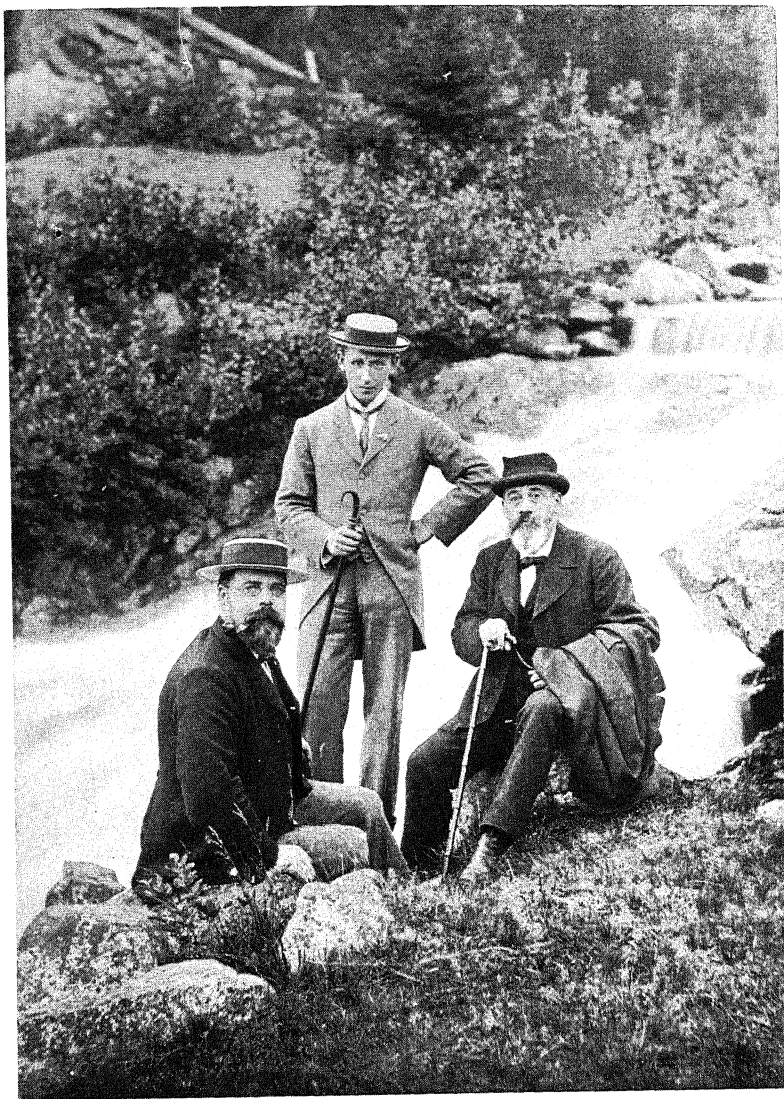
Another faculty which Joseph Wright developed in his boyhood and never lost was an extraordinary sense of the time of day. He seemed to know it by instinct, and strict punctuality was one of his strong points. 'I never felt the want of a watch', he said to me once, when we were talking about his early life. It was not till after he came to Oxford that he bought the 'Yorkshire watch' of which he was so proud. It was an infallible time-keeper; other people's watches were 'behind' or 'forward' if they differed from Joseph Wright's. It was purchased on April 13, 1889, for the sum of £6 10s. at Bradford. I found the 'warranty given by Fattorini and Sons to Mr. Wright' for this 'extra jewelled' watch preserved as a most treasured document. Dufton Wright gave me a vivid dialect account of the purchase: 'Ahr Jooə said, "Na, lad, Ah want tha to cum to Bradford"'.
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Ah said, Ah sud laik to gooə to t'dog-show. Jooə said Ah cud 'ev one clock-hour. Ah thowt Ah cud see a lot o' dogs i' t'hour. Ah left on t'strook, an' we bowt t'watch at Fatterini's.' Joseph Wright never would have any diary or note-book to remind him of dates and times of lectures or meetings; he said it impaired the memory. I believe he never arrived late or forgot an engagement, even when he was on the Hebdomadal Council, and had to attend numerous Committee meetings.

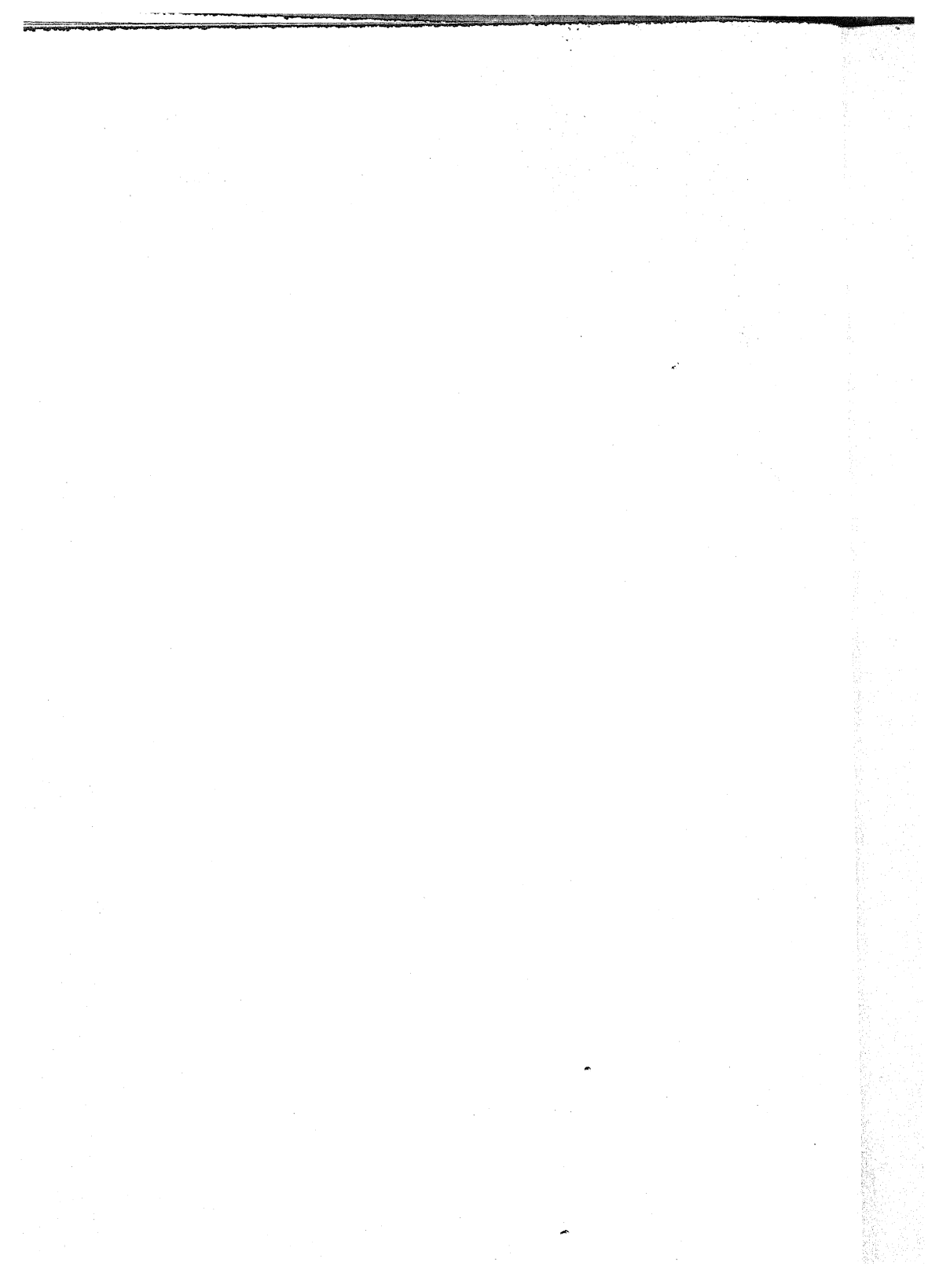
The only recreation he allowed himself was walking: 'When I was younger,' he says in his notes, 'I always liked walking better than any other form of exercise. I used to walk to Boar's Hill at least once a week. I took a holiday in the Lake District once with Mr. Mayhew,¹ and once alone. He and I got lost in a fog by the Three Shires Stone, and wandered on till we eventually came to a farmhouse. I asked the women there to "flaə t'koud off a quaət o' milk". She made us come in, and gave us a very good tea. After that one of her boys conducted us back for some distance through the fog, to put us on the way to Langdale Pikes where we were staying.' On another holiday he was walking in the Yorkshire Dales, probably when staying in his old home at Windhill. Mr. Butler Wood—formerly Librarian of the Bradford Free Library—writing to him in 1926 recalled 'the time when Mr. Seth Craven and yourself came over to Newby near Clapham to see me when I was spending a holiday there. I remember we went to Clapham Caves. I have in front of me a photo of you and Mr. Seth Craven sitting against a wall smoking furiously. Those were good old times!'

It was with Mr. Winter senior that he first went to Madonna di Campiglio in the Southern Tyrol. This was his favourite resort in August, whenever he took a real holiday. In his dictated notes he says: 'I went there two or three times with Mr. Winter, and once with Professor Napier, and walked hours

¹ The Rev. A. L. Mayhew, for many years Chaplain of Wadham College and Lecturer in Hebrew. He acted as Treasurer of the English Dialect Society, and subsequently for a time assisted on the staff of the Dialect Dictionary.



HOLIDAY GROUP, MADONNA DI CAMPIGLIO
J. W. with Herr Winter and his son Carl



a day. At certain points up the mountains were huts containing provisions—smoked ham, biscuits, cigars, &c.—you put the money for what you took in a box. The key of the hut was given you at the inn where you stayed the night before. The time I went with Professor Napier we met a gentleman from Frankfurt at the inn where we were one night, who invited us to join him. He asked his guide—called Giuseppe—if he would carry my knapsack for me, and he did so for a fortnight, and would not accept anything for it. Giuseppe advised me not to eat anything whilst walking. During the day he would not allow me to eat more than a bit of bread soaked in a mountain stream. I found it answer remarkably well. I ate a meal at night. The food at the inns was very good, and we spent very pleasant evenings. Once we watched a peasants' dance. It was not really an inn, rather a farm where you could put up for the night, a place connected with some great landowner. It was a very beautiful sight—milkmaids and cow-boys all in the "Tracht" of the district. They sang and yodelled. When not dancing the young men sat together on one side of the room, and the girls on the other.' Another story of Giuseppe the guide was told me by Mrs. Napier. Joseph Wright was actually younger than Professor Napier, but he looked considerably older by reason of his stouter build and his beard. On this occasion Professor Napier was striding on in front up a steep climb, together with the guide, when the latter observed Joseph Wright coming along rather heavily some way behind, and said: 'Der Herr Papa kann nicht so gut laufen' [= 'Your Papa cannot walk so fast']. This, no doubt, was before Giuseppe had enforced the bread-and-water rations. The photograph of Joseph Wright with Mr. Winter and his son Carl taken at Madonna di Campiglio probably belongs to his last holiday there in 1895. I have the letter which Mr. Winter wrote saying he was going out there on August 1, and how delighted he would be if Joseph Wright would accompany him. He complains that he has had no letter for a long time, but adds [the original is in German]: 'I heard that you are increasingly busy

over the Dialect Dictionary, and so I left you as far as possible in peace, and sacrificed myself and Julius Groos. So long as you have not undertaken too much! Divide et impera! Wisdom lies in moderation.'

The Deputy-Professor of Comparative Philology was only required by statute to give twenty-four lectures a year. Joseph Wright, however, did not abide by the minimum number. In 1893 he wrote to Professor Holthausen that he had 'made it a practice to give forty-two'. The list of subject-matter which he gave me is as follows: 'Historical Greek Grammar, and Historical Latin Grammar (each course two terms); Introduction to Comparative Philology; Comparative Germanic Grammar; Gothic Grammar; Greek Dialects; Italic Dialects.' Further, he said: 'The subject being such a great one, and the requirements of students so various, I used to take a large number of pupils privately.' He did a great deal of teaching in his own study, taking two or three men at a time, and sometimes one alone. He believed in 'personal interest' in the pupil, and also thought it 'good to introduce young men to books on the subject'. The notes add further: 'I only retained students who meant to work; the others gradually dropped off. They found they had to work for me, or not be with me. I had that system to the end. No Oxford College would send men to me unless they meant to take the subject up thoroughly.' On the whole, he considered, students suffered from being 'overtaught', with the result that individual effort was lessened. He would dissuade his own pupils from attending a large number of lectures, and would seek to encourage them to work for themselves as much as possible. He even boasted that his pupils would *not* have much written down in their note-books at the end of one of his lectures or classes. To show what his pupils thought of his teaching I cannot do better than quote from letters I received in March 1930, when the minds of all who had known him turned back to old memories. His first pupils in Oxford were the women students, so I quote them first: 'You will not consider these few words from a Home

Student of over forty years ago an intrusion. . . . The name of "Dr. Wright" has always meant to me earnest work, and thoughtful kindness, from the time he introduced me to Dr. and Mrs. Winternitz of Prague; and such genuine helpfulness that you may remember I did not hesitate to write to him on behalf of a stranger a very few years ago'. 'My memory keeps returning to the days when in that queer little lecture room off Pusey Lane,¹ Dr. Wright used to make all his classes so vital that no one could forget what he taught.' 'I was one of the last class of women whom he took in the old room in Alfred Street, and I have never forgotten—and shall never forget—the impression he made on us, or the combination of strength and kindness that we found in him.' 'He was so inspiring and so patient. It must have been a trial to one of his powers to teach commonplace girls like myself, and yet he never made you feel that he thought you a fool.' 'I shall never forget the stimulating atmosphere of his classes, and how he set our minds working and kept them on the alert searching for knowledge that he expected to find in us, while he linked it all together and made even dead languages live again.' 'He had a talent for enlivening his classes by humorous and witty remarks. . . . He has left so many "Geisteskinde" that the world can never forget him.' A woman student, who became a tutor at Royal Holloway College in 1894, wrote to him (Dec. 1895): 'You show a kind heart to us women folk, and it does us lots of good. . . . I wish I had big genial views of life like you.'

When circulars and newspaper paragraphs were proclaiming the editorship of the proposed Dialect Dictionary, an old pupil, who had been a contemporary of mine at Lady Margaret Hall, wrote:

Birmingham. Oct. 31st, 1894.

In a very, very humble spirit, I ask if I can be of any slight use to you in your dictionary work—I mean as far as what Miss Lea used to call 'manual labour' is concerned. After your last pulverizing letter, I feel even diffidenter than I

¹ Formerly called Alfred Street, off St. Giles'.

should have felt before, and that is saying a good deal. But you know, do you not? that I shall always be pleased to do even the smallest of things for you after all you did for us in our Oxford days. I have never quite got over my feeling of awe and alarm consequent on your thundering out 'Corporal punishment's the thing!' and when you fell upon me to slay me, even though it was by pen and ink, the old feeling returned and I wished the floor would open and swallow me. However I am recovering slowly, as is evidenced by a strong desire to justify myself. . . . All they thirst for here is lectures. Everybody, down to my girls, 'wants to know', in the most unnatural way. They are people after your own heart. . . .

It must have been amongst the non-workers who 'dropped off' that the legend grew up that 'Dr. Wright liked to see his pupils sitting round him in tears'! When he became a candidate for the Deputy-Professorship, among his testimonials was one signed by six of his women students who had gained First Class Honours in Modern Languages and English between June 1888 and June 1890. It must be noted in connexion with these figures that the total number of women students in Oxford at that time was extremely small; and that these two Schools were not then University Degree courses, so that they were not taken by any men undergraduates. Mrs. Johnson and Professor Arthur Sidgwick, the Secretaries of the A.E.W., said in their testimonial: 'There has been but one opinion among his pupils as to his teaching powers: that it would be impossible to find a more thorough, clear, or methodical teacher, nor one with more enthusiasm for his subject. A high testimony to his power of inspiring his pupils with a like enthusiasm is the fact that no less than four out of a comparatively small number have since continued their philological studies, and are already doing a certain amount of original work.'

Men students were equally grateful to their old teacher. One of them wrote (March 1931): 'I took up Comparative Philology as a special subject in Classical Moderations, and

went to Professor Wright's lectures. There was only one other member of the audience. The subject was too dry for most people. Yet neither the dryness of the subject nor the smallness of the audience damped the Professor's ardour in the least. He lectured with as much zest as if he had been expounding the beauties of poetry to a crowded hall. When the other member of the audience dropped out he continued to lecture to me as if I was many. His enthusiasm was infectious and carried you through the arid mazes of long and short *a*, long *e*, and short *e*, as easily as through the greener plains of meaning and the life of words. He enjoyed himself and made you enjoy it with him. You felt he loved language, and also loved to see everything fall into its place in a consistent system.' Professor Strachan—of Birmingham University—wrote: 'I expect you will find that Professor Wright was known and loved in some unexpected quarters, but you have always known that he was loved by his students. And I shall always count myself happy to have been one of them.' A country vicar, in a letter to Joseph Wright himself (Nov. 2, 1928), said: 'It was my great privilege to come in contact with something greater even than Philology—your personality.' A former Rhodes Scholar from America, in a letter to me (Jan. 30, 1931), said: 'It would be difficult to express the debt I owe to Professor Wright. . . . If there had been nothing else of interest in Oxford, it would have been worth the time and effort spent in study in England just to sit at the feet of so great a scholar. . . .'

Joseph Wright's interest in his students did not cease with their University career, if so be he could do anything to encourage them, or promote their success in after life. Many were the tributes paid to his memory in gratitude for help of this kind. I can only here quote a few of them: 'I do not forget that it is to Professor Wright that I owe my return to Oxford as a member of the teaching staff, and my chance of a University career.' 'For myself, I know that I have lost a very true and very dearly loved friend. I know that any success I have attained since my student days has been in great measure due to

him; he was a wonderful and inspiring teacher, and more than that, a most generous and loyal friend.' 'To the Professor I owe my very existence as a philological student, and everything I have ever accomplished was due to his teaching and encouragement. He will always remain for me the ideal teacher, and the position and hopes for linguistic study in Oxford are just the result of his work and example. I took part of my lecture this morning—as there was a large audience—to try to explain this.' Others too, who had never actually been his pupils, found in him a stimulating friend: 'It is a real grief to me to know that I shall never be able to come again to Professor Wright for encouragement and help; but I shall never forget all that I have received from him. He was one of the very few people in Oxford who would encourage one in one's work even if one was not academically qualified to undertake it; and because everything had been possible for him, he made one feel that it was worth trying to do the almost-impossible.' 'May I express . . . my gratitude for help and encouragement on many occasions during the last thirty years. The Professor's memory will always give us younger philologists new heart to face our difficulties.'

The collection of twenty testimonials which Joseph Wright was able to produce in support of his candidature for the Deputy-Professorship in 1891 amply suffices to show that his outstanding genius and scholarship had already been recognized by his teachers in Germany, and by his friends and colleagues both at home and abroad. Chief among his supporters was Professor Brugmann, the great originator and leader of the 'Junggrammatiker' School. He referred to the frequent intercourse he had had with Joseph Wright in Leipzig, when they had discussed scientific problems together, and pointed him out as a master of the newest philological principles and methods of research. Professor Kluge¹ laid stress on the excellence of the written works Joseph Wright had produced,

¹ Professor of the Germanic Languages and Literatures at the University of Jena, later at Freiburg-in-Breisgau.

and then said [in German]: 'But your special recommendation is that you have studied the actual life of language in popular dialect. Things that you told me years ago about the Yorkshire dialect you were studying were surprisingly fine results of penetrating research, and with regard to many points I have very keenly regretted not being able to mention these results, which are so interesting for the history of English Sounds, because they were not yet published.' Dr. James Murray said: 'I know no one in England so fully acquainted with the state of the science at present, and the problems which lie before us in the future. . . . His great strength is in the general Comparative Philology of the Indo-European Languages, including especially the light which this sheds upon the form and history of the classical languages of Greece and Rome; and it would be a great thing for the interest of classical scholarship in Oxford that this subject should be placed in his hands.' A Welsh scholar, Dr. Gwenogfryn Evans, spoke of having consulted him on 'various points touching the phonology of Welsh, a subject wellnigh totally neglected. Though Dr. Wright has not studied Welsh, yet so complete is his mastery of Aryan phonology that I have never consulted him in vain.' His friend Professor Napier, who had known him well since 1888, wrote: 'There is scarcely a single branch of the Indo-European family of languages to which he has not, at some time or other, devoted his attention. . . . There is no need for me to speak of the excellence of the books Dr. Wright has already published. I may say that I have seen a large portion of the manuscript of his forthcoming Gothic Primer, and I believe that, when printed, it will be the best introduction to the study of Gothic, not only in English, but in any other language.' Dr. Sweet wrote: 'I have for many years watched with interest and sympathy the extraordinary industry and perseverance with which you have pursued the study of Comparative Philology. I do not know that any Englishman has a greater knowledge of it than yourself.' The book of testimonials concludes with one from Dr. Winternitz: 'I have had ample opportunity of

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admiring and profiting by his profound knowledge of the principles of Comparative Philology and especially of its minutest details in the Classical and Teutonic Languages. . . . In the course of my studies which, during the last years, have chiefly been concerned with Vedic literature, I had frequently opportunity to ask Dr. Wright's opinion on Sanskrit etymologies, on difficult points of Sanskrit grammar, and on such questions of Sanskrit phonology as can only be solved from a comparative point of view, and my difficulties have always been cleared up by his lucid explanations. . . . From my constant intercourse with Dr. Wright, I can testify perhaps better than anybody else to his love for work (I know no harder worker than Dr. Wright) and to his unbounded enthusiasm for his subject. He possesses the thoroughness and conscientiousness of the German scholar, combined with the practical sense of the Englishman, which make him foresee all the difficulties that the learner is likely to meet with. No wonder, therefore, that his powers and his success as a teacher—as is acknowledged on all sides—cannot be matched.'

In two of the letters to Professor Holthausen, previously quoted—Dec. 18, 1888, and Jan. 17, 1889—Joseph Wright expressed his opinion that the 'writing of various reviews and small contributions to text-critic' was *not* the way to earn recognition and promotion. The thing to do was to produce good books. Very early in his career he had begun to preach this doctrine. He never left off preaching it, when called upon to give advice on the subject. He was of course doing a great deal more teaching in Oxford than he had done in Germany, nevertheless he was continually working at new Grammars. In the Preface to his testimonials he mentions the two Primers—viz. a *Middle High German Primer* (Jan. 1888), and an *Old High German Primer* (May 1888)—which he had published 'since coming to reside in Oxford', and says further: 'I have also nearly finished the manuscript of a Gothic Primer, which has been accepted by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press. Besides these books I have written the article on English

Dialects for Paul's *Grundriss der germanischen Philologie*, and have prepared and printed, at the special request of Professor Skeat, a specimen of an English Dialect Dictionary on historical principles.' The article on English Dialects appeared in 1890. It was reprinted in a second edition of the *Grundriss* in 1901, with a footnote by the editor saying that he had repeatedly written to ask the author if he wished to revise or supplement the work, but could get no answer whatever to his letters. The article (which is written in German) consists mainly of a full and detailed list of the 'most useful and most reliable' dialect dictionaries and glossaries extant, arranged in systematic groups. In very many cases the writer adds his opinion as to the value of the collection, showing that he was more or less reviewing each of the works tabulated. In the opening paragraph he says: 'The enormous mass of dialect words which in the course of the century has been collected and registered will always remain an invaluable source of information for English etymologists. Nevertheless, among the countless dialect glossaries which have been compiled and published, there are relatively few of really significant worth to the scholar in the domain of sound-laws and the history of the English language. The reason for the deficiency may be found of course in the circumstance that most of the compilers possessed only an inadequate phonetic training or none at all, and were therefore not in a position to be able to define the exact pronunciation, even with moderate accuracy.' Certain existing dictionaries of 'Provincial English', he says, are not to be relied upon 'where it is a question whether any given Old English word still survives in modern dialects' . . . because 'no difference is made between words which actually appear in living dialects, and those which can only be shown to exist in Middle English or Early New English'. This introduction to the following bibliography concludes with the statement that these deficiencies 'will shortly be remedied when the English Dialect Society, which has already done so much towards rescuing from oblivion a mass of priceless dialect material, shall have carried out its

proposed plan of publishing a comprehensive Dictionary of all the Modern English Dialects'.

The *Gothic Primer* was first published in 1892. A second edition came out in 1899. The *Historical German Grammar* did not appear till 1907, but he had planned it, and was working at it 'all the summer' in 1888, and onwards, as may be seen from his letters to Professor Holthausen. The *Windhill Dialect Grammar*, which was printed in 1893, was the first Grammar of its kind in England: a scientific study of a living dialect intended to be useful to philologists. Professor Holthausen noted in the later testimonial he wrote in 1901, that it had received most cordial recognition from competent judges in Germany. Joseph Wright had heard and spoken this particular dialect from his childhood, and had then set himself to study it from the standpoint of the newest and most scientific philology. He maintained that living speech was in many ways of more value to the philologist than the written word of dead languages, and this was his first contribution in support of the theory. On the title-page he gave as his motto:

Nur das Beispiel führt zum Licht;
Vieles Reden thut es nicht.¹

and he sent the book forth with the simple dedication: 'To my Mother'. He had 'for years' been collecting material for his *Historical Greek Grammar*, and in 1893 when he had seen the *Windhill Grammar* through the press, and it was finally 'off his hands' he returned to this task. The actual output of these years is not representative of the creative work upon which he was engaged, because during the latter part of the period under consideration in this chapter, his time was increasingly absorbed in preparing the way for the coming *Dialect Dictionary*. The *Greek Grammar* ultimately had to be laid aside, and it was not finished and published till 1912.

Joseph Wright, as he says of himself in the notes I have quoted, was a great 'buyer of books'. He spent very considerable sums on books, even in Germany, and at the beginning of

¹ 'Example only leads to enlightenment, much talking does not achieve it.'

his Oxford life, when money was short. He frequently said: 'I could never afford to use the Bodleian. Time is money. I *bought* the books I needed.' As far as I can remember he only once went to the Bodleian Library, and that was when we were planning our new house in 1904, and the architect wanted us to see a technical book containing large-sized pictures of Georgian houses. I have found among his papers a mass of receipted bills for books bought between 1891 and 1894, when he had an assured income as Deputy-Professor; at first mostly grammars and philological works from Germany, and then in 1894 chiefly old dictionaries, dialect glossaries, and other second-hand books obviously tools and materials for the Dialect Dictionary. By this time he possessed a large library, and his study at No. 6 Norham Road was surrounded by well-filled book-shelves.

In March 1894 he was made M.A. by decree of Convocation, and in November of that year he matriculated as a Non-Collegiate member of Oxford University.

His thoughts and aspirations were now mainly centred on the great work of his life: the English Dialect Dictionary.

CHAPTER FOUR

ROMANCE

I. ELIZABETH MARY LEA

THE precise date when Joseph Wright and I first met is fixed by an entry in a very prosaic diary of mine, which I kept from about 1882 to 1894. It was on October 16, 1888. I was a second-year student at Lady Margaret Hall, and he was my new Lecturer.

When I came up to Oxford in 1887, I had pictured myself humbly threading my way through cloisters and quadrangles where the feet of scholars had trod for generations past, to sit and listen to lectures in historic Colleges whose very names I had revered all my life. The change to reality was a sad blow. My subject being English¹—at that date not a recognized Degree course, and therefore only taken by women students—all my lectures and classes were under the auspices of the Association for the Higher Education of Women, briefly known as the A.E.W. It was not till the year 1894 that English Language and Literature became a Final Honour School for the ordinary Oxford Degree, and the first examination was held in 1896. I went to the New Schools to hear Professor Napier on certain afternoons every week, but apart from that I always frequented the Rooms belonging to the A.E.W.

Miss Wordsworth—now Dame Elizabeth Wordsworth—in her *Glimpses of the Past*, gives an original Lecture List of the A.E.W., and then says: 'The lectures began by being given in a room over Mr. Marlowe's, a baker's shop at 35 Little Clarendon Street.' In a footnote is added: 'At a later date the premises occupied by the A.E.W. were rooms in Alfred Street which belonged to the Pusey House; the largest of which had formerly been a Baptist Chapel, and was not without traces of

¹ 'As far back as 1880 the University had instituted special examinations for women, one of which was an examination in the English Language and Literature of a pretty high standard.' Vide *The School of English Language and Literature*, by C. H. Firth, p. 35.

its original use.' The old name has been altered, and Alfred Street—leading off from St. Giles—is now called Pusey Street, and the old Rooms were pulled down about three years ago, and the site absorbed into the garden of Pusey House. But in 1887, if you were—as I was then—a woman student not working at a subject set for a manly Degree, you went down Alfred Street as far as the cobbler's shop on the right, and then you took the turning opposite, to the left. It was an obscure and narrow roadway, where the Corporation carts, screened from the public eye, could collect the rubbish from the back-garden gates of the St. John's Street houses. Coal might perhaps arrive that way, but it was primarily a dustbin avenue. Here, on the left, was a little door in the wall, over-arched by a semi-circular iron bar supporting a gas-lamp, with the uninviting superscription 'District Room'. You opened this door and dived under some clothes-lines across a space where a few depressed hens wandered about among derelict cabbage-stalks, and presently you found yourself in a small and dingy room, set out with chairs and desks and a black-board. Nothing could have been more dreary and commonplace, yet, looking back now, over the expanse of more than forty years, I would not have exchanged those gloomy haunts for all the hallowed cloisters and storied halls in Oxford. There it was that Destiny came to meet me, bearing in her hands the one great crown of woman's life.

The entry in my diary for October 16, 1888, runs: 'Went to Dr. Wright's Anglo-Saxon lecture, where he asked "elementary" questions, which I couldn't answer. I felt emboldened though by the presence of all the new people.' Joseph Wright, on his side, with his characteristic rapidity of decision, had meanwhile settled the question as to who should be his future wife.

Now, seeing that I had not dropped suddenly from the skies into that Lecture-room, I may perhaps digress here from the main subject of this Biography to explain who and what I was, and how I came to find Romance in a lodge in a garden of

clothes-props. But before entering on the history of my parentage and childhood, I should like by way of apology to give yet further reasons for including these colourless back numbers in the biography of Joseph Wright. Whether or not they justify the inclusion, I leave to the reader to decide. He can, if he prefers, take warning, and skip several pages from this point onwards.

When I first started this Biography Joseph Wright was still with me, and we worked at it together. He supplied me with material from his own recollections, and I put it down in writing. But since he left me, the whole scheme of the book has changed its aspect, or rather, as I see it now, it must include a very great deal more than I originally intended. It must give a picture of Joseph Wright, not as he would have painted it himself—for he was the last person to blazon forth his own greatness—but as he appeared to one who was his wife for nearly thirty-four years.

From an outside point of view—as the following pages will show—the circumstances and surroundings of Joseph Wright's birth and early years and mine could hardly have been more dissimilar, yet our union was as perfect as married life could well be. It was not that our respective idiosyncrasies were swallowed up in our love for each other, but we found that each dovetailed into the other in the little things of life as well as in the big things, in our habits, our modes of thought, our general attitude towards everyday existence. Certainly my lines had fallen in less toil-trodden places than his, but like him, I had had no part or lot in the world of gaiety and excitement, of external pomp and show; and we both of us clung to the same kind of goodly heritage, the traditions of a 'simple, God-fearing home'—to use a favourite phrase of his own. Herein, I think, lies to some extent the explanation of the extraordinary similarity of outlook on life which became so manifest to us both in 1896, the year of our engagement and marriage.

Further, the history of how he fostered and encouraged the

germ of ability I possessed for linguistic studies is an example of what he was ever seeking to do for any young student with whom he came in contact. The magnitude of his own achievements acted as an incentive to a humbler brain, because over and above all shone his sympathy and kindness of heart, and his readiness to give sound, practical advice. The interest he took in the efforts of a beginner was in itself an inspiration, and out of the abundance of his own knowledge he would give with unfailing generosity the help which would sustain and develop good work once begun. As Professor Max Förster wrote of him, 'he took a delight in helping'. Such then are my excuses for introducing the personal narrative which follows.

I was born on October 10, 1863. One of my earliest recollections is that we had been taught to add our address to our names, in case we might get lost in the street. Hence my name, as I had learned it, was Elizabeth Mary Lea, Trinity Parsonage, Bow Road, London E. When my father's curate asked me one day what my name was, I suppose I thought a section of it good enough for the likes of him, so I replied, 'Trinity Parsonage'. Thus I was born a true Cockney, within sound of Bow bells, but Joseph Wright never thought I spoke at all like one. He maintained that my 'vowel-system', though mixed, was mainly of a northerly stamp. The reason for this was that my father was a Worcestershire man, and my mother came from Lincolnshire. Our nurse, though a Londoner by habitation, was by extraction Scotch. I can recall my mother telling me not to say *moi* for 'my', or *lidy* for 'lady', but I cannot have picked up these pronunciations inside the Parsonage nursery.

My father, Frederic Simcox Lea—he made a great point of the final *c*, not *ck*, of his first name—was born on Christmas Eve 1822. He came of a long line of Kidderminster carpet manufacturers. He was never sent to a Public School, nor indeed to anything beyond a small dame's school in his earliest years. As soon as he was old enough he was put into the family business, where he rose to a position of authority. He

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had no mind, however, for an industrial career, and at the age of twenty-four, having saved enough money for the purpose, he informed his father of his intention to leave the business, go up to Oxford and take a Degree, and then become a clergyman. He matriculated at Wadham College in 1847. He passed Responsions, and then proceeded to work for his Final Schools. In 1851 he took a First in Greats, and his B.A. Degree. He was ordained Deacon in the same year, and Priest in 1852. From 1853 to 1856 he was a Fellow of Brasenose College, and he took his M.A. Degree in 1854. After holding two curacies in succession, he was in 1855 appointed Perpetual Curate of Holy Trinity, Stepney, and for the next seventeen years he devoted himself heart and soul to the needs of this parish. He enjoyed the work, and always maintained that the East End of London was not as black as it was usually painted. He was a prominent member of Sion College, which has recently celebrated its tercentenary. The Secretary kindly furnished me with the following particulars: 'Your father, the Rev. Frederic Simcox Lea, P.C. of Holy Trinity Stepney, was President of the College in 1871, and his coat of arms is here in a stained glass window. He served the office of 4th Assistant in the Court during the years 1866-67, and was Junior Dean of the College from 1868-70.'

My grandfather, Thomas Simcox Lea, was made Sheriff of Worcestershire in 1845. I can only remember him as a very old gentleman, who once bestowed on me some sweet biscuits out of a cupboard in the hall of his big house. Some time in the early 'forties he had bought a house at Astley, which was then called The Hill, and is now Astley Hall, well known as the country seat of England's ex-Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin. It is about two and a half miles from Stourport, and some seven from Kidderminster. Constable, as a young man, painted a portrait of my grandfather sitting on a bank, under an oak, with a lowering sky in the background. As the story goes, my grandfather said: 'Why did you paint me, a careful, family man, sitting under a tree in a thunder-storm?' 'Sir,'

replied Constable, 'when everybody has entirely forgotten *you*, this picture will be valuable for *my* thunder-storm'.

It was then at Astley that my father prepared himself for his Oxford days, reading in the summer-house in the Long Vacations. It was there, too, that he came to know my mother. One of his sisters had been sent to a London boarding-school, called Great Campden House, a school of much repute amongst Old Evangelical families. Here she made friends with my mother, Elizabeth Catherine Clark, a clergyman's daughter from the village of Harmston, near Lincoln. When Anne Maria Lea brought her schoolfellow—a singularly lovely girl—to stay at Astley in the summer holidays, my father, then an Oxford undergraduate, at once fell in love with her. They became engaged in 1848, and after writing to each other every day for seven years, they were married on December 11, 1855. The reasons for this long interim were partly because the lady's parents thought my father held rather dangerously 'High Church' views learnt at Oxford, and partly for the more practical reason that they did not wish their daughter to marry a curate, so that my father had to wait till he was presented to a living. I have been told that my grandmother took a special journey, unbeknown to her prospective son-in-law, to hear him take a service and preach a sermon, in order to satisfy herself that his religious opinions were not on the road to Rome. It is a matter of constant regret to me that my father, when an old man, burned all his and my mother's love-letters. Both were good letter-writers, and far too serious-minded to waste ink and paper on mere billing and cooing. I can well believe that those letters contained much that would be of great value now concerning life and thought in the middle of last century.

As material for the history of those bygone times, I will here quote some 'old memories' written out for me in 1900 by my aunt, Anne Maria Lea, describing her and my mother's school, Great Campden House. My own personal interest in them arises from the fact that I trace therein certain elements which eventually made up the fabric of what I proudly term my

Early-Victorian, Old-Evangelical, Clergyman's-Family background:

I have in my jottings that G.C.H. had been a ladies' boarding school for 60 years in 1820.

Mrs. Stewart was the then Lady Principal, and her pupils were the pick of the aristocracy. The Campden Ball (on Mrs. Stewart's birthday) was a great event of the London season, and for 3 weeks beforehand all lessons gave way to dressmakers, milliners, and the Court dancing Master Mr. Jenkins, who boasted that he taught the Princess Charlotte, who by his account was often very naughty!

Mrs. Teed was brought up as a half-boarder, and when Mrs. Stewart was too old to carry on the school Mrs. Teed was asked to take it in hand.

Religion in any form was ignored in those days, and Sunday visiting was the rule.

The Carved Schoolroom was licensed for service, and Mr. Parker engaged as Chaplain, I think at £200 a year. Mrs. Teed went to some week-day Lectures by Mr. Bradley, a clergyman at Clapham (afterwards published I think), and became an earnest Christian woman, longing to teach her girls what she had learnt, and to train them for better things.

In this she was greatly blessed, and titled girls began to beg off the Sunday visiting in which they were left *quite* free to please themselves by Mrs. Teed.

As time went on, she felt it hardly consistent to teach 'ball-room dancing' and gave 6 months' notice to parents that she would give it up, but that Mr. Jenkins would still teach all postures, steps, and deportment in every way. It was a *sore* trial, for the school was her only maintenance, and she had made herself responsible for Mr. Parker's stipend.

Every one of the girls was taken away, but she reopened with every bed full, with those whose parents wanted their girls brought up as 'Christian gentlewomen', tho' of course they were not for the most part of high rank.

All this I heard from time to time from Mrs. Teed herself. She positively forbade any memoir or record of her life to be published, and I believe destroyed all materials which would have been useful, and the race of 'faithful Campdenites' is fast dying out, so that I am glad the rising generation should know something of her wonderful work.

We have now got from the Library the 'Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala' and are much amused to find that his mother *née* Simon must have been at school at Campden in old Mrs. Stewart's time. They used to have a Coach brought to the door, and Mr. Jenkins the Court dancing master taught the girls to get in and out, and the French Refugee who is spoken of as teaching French was still doing so in my time, Monsieur De Rabandy, we called him, but I believe he was a Count in his own country.

But the *most* amusing thing is that Sala coolly announces the house was 'turned into a lunatic asylum'. Such I suppose was the world's idea of a school conducted on Christian principles, minus dancing, just as 'Paul, thou art beside thyself' in old days. . . .

Your Mother and Aunts had been at a very nice school in Derbyshire, but it was given up, and Mr. Clark consulted my Uncle George as to any good school to which he could send them. I had gone in January 1842 to Great Campden House, on Mr. Havergal's recommendation, and this, I believe, decided the question. For at the Easter quarter Mary, Lizzie, and Susan Clark appeared on the scene and were told to take some notice of me! They were tall, stately, and used to good society; poor little me had been a country harum-scarum allowed to play boys' games with your father and our boy cousins Arthur and Walter, and was being *very* slowly 'licked into shape'. Of course the older and more advanced girls were more suitable as their friends. But they were good and kind and friendly. . . .

After I left school Mary and Lizzie came to stay at Astley several times, were greatly liked by all at home, and so the

ROMANCE

ndship was really begun. And I often stayed at Harmston, Mary and I exchanged long and frequent letters.

But when your father and mother were attached and ended the friendship slipped from various causes—your mother's love and affection were never changed to the very last. . . .

Old memories crowd round me as I write. I can see the old schoolroom and the 3 walking up it. . . .

I cannot recall that my mother retained any special affection for the famous Mrs. Teed. All that I can remember hearing her was that she used to walk through the class-rooms where the poor girls had to sit at their lessons on hard forms, saying, 'acks, backs, backs, young ladies!' to such as were not keeping to her standard of deportment; and that she used to read all letters received by the girls, so that my father, when writing to his sister, took a delight in crossing and recrossing his pages in order to try the patience of the lady Head. The teaching was sound and thorough. My mother was the household encyclopaedia in all questions of history and geography, and a good scholar in French and German, though after she was married she had no time to pursue her girlhood studies.

There were seven of us children in that East London Parsonage, four boys in succession, and then three girls. I was the eldest girl. My mother was a splendid housekeeper, and years in advance of the century in all matters relating to health and hygiene. Plain living and high thinking, thrift and simplicity were the standards of life set before us by our parents, and by our faithful nurse, Elizabeth Jane Monro, who came to live with us in 1858, and never left us till she passed on in 1917 to the better world whither her old master and mistress had preceded her. Next to our mother we loved our devoted nurse, who was then and always one of the family. Her age was a mystery we could never solve, any leading inquiries were met by her reply, 'I am as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth'. She liked us to realize that she had renounced the

world for our behoof. We understood that she belonged to 'the poor branch of the Monro family', and had a clan of remote and grand relations of the name in Scotland. We grew up with a firm belief that, but for a succession of babies in this our home, she would have thrown in her lot with a dashing young red-coated officer whom she had met and danced with at an Artillery Ball in the dim past. I believe this was pure legend, but it provided food for the young imagination. There was also the wondrous tale of how she had once held open a gate for the Duke of Wellington, and how, though she had not liked the peremptory way in which he had commanded her to do him this service, he had turned round on his horse and said 'Thank you' to her. The reflected glory which then thrilled us is an abiding memory to-day.

Cromwell's maxim, 'Trust in God, and keep your powder dry', might be said to be the rule of the road in my old home. My mother tucked her children up in bed at night with the texts, 'I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest: for it is Thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety', and 'Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil', but she also taught us that 'Heaven helps those who help themselves', and we had to learn to be practical. 'A woman should be a good nurse, a good cook, and a good needlewoman' was her dictum, and to us she was always wisdom incarnate.

There was not much money to spend, and my parents were determined by hook or crook to give us one and all a good education. To this end my father, after a hard day's work in his thickly populated London parish, would sit up most of the night writing articles for the *Saturday Review* to pay the elder boys' school fees, whilst my mother would be patching and mending our clothes by the light of one candle because she would not afford two. My father never smoked, and to the end of his life he ate nothing beyond dry bread and salt for his breakfast. He was so overworked that he could not stand the chatter of children, so we had to 'be seen and not heard' when

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he was in the room. I can remember sitting on a stool on one side of the fireplace with a picture-book on my lap, and a small sister likewise occupied on a corresponding stool, whilst our parents were having their six o'clock tea in the Parsonage dining-room. When we were considered old enough to have our meals with them, on no account were we allowed to talk at table. Long after I was grown up it was still an effort to me to be conversational at meals, so ingrained was the habit of silence. My sisters and I were taken every day by our nurse to walk in Victoria Park. We used to walk past rows of very respectable little houses, with muslin curtains, and the ornament off a wedding-cake under a glass case in the parlour window. Our sole excitement was to run under a railway arch when a train was thundering over the top of it. We wore our hair cut short—a labour-saving scheme, not the dictate of fashion—and strained back from our foreheads under a semi-circular comb. I remember how I admired and envied the other little girls in the Park who had long hair all crimped and fluffy from being put into damp plaits at night. Once a passing stranger asked me if I was a boy or a girl! The flight of sixty-odd years has failed to wipe out the memory of that cruel affront. It was not till we had left the smuts of East London for the purer air of Somerset that I was allowed the luxury of long crimped hair.

My father was much too busy to allow himself time for recreation of any sort, and even my gifted and beautiful mother had no social entertainments, except the 'working-parties' attended by the worthy ladies who helped in the parish. Dining-room tea was provided on those occasions as a break in the afternoon. We never went to children's parties, and we only had cake—or jam—on Sundays. I remember one red-letter day when I had twopence of my own, when I was allowed to go to a neighbouring shop and purchase an egg. I thought it would be good for my nurse, as she had not been well. She shared that egg with three little girls round the nursery tea-table, so the actual benefit to herself was small. Sweets were unknown to us,



E. M. LEA
Aged four

except when Great-aunt Louisa came to pay a visit. Somewhere in the depths of her voluminous skirts she carried a store of sugar-plums—the little, old-fashioned sort, pink, or white, with a caraway-seed at the finish. History related that once upon a time a venturesome swain had laid his hand on his heart, and prayed Great-aunt Louisa to marry him, whereupon she had twirled a mop in his face. When I last saw her she was sitting erect in a four-post bed, a stately lady still, like an ancestral picture, with her face framed in the white frills of a large nightcap, from under which peeped neat rows of grey curls. Hers was a ruling spirit to the last. When near her end she ordered her nieces to bring black-edged paper and envelopes to her bedside, while she dictated to them the names of such persons who were to be informed of her demise. One would like to know if she thought of the rejected suitor. Perhaps time and sugar-plums had mellowed her pride, and at least she would have him know she had never given her hand to a favoured rival.

A daily governess taught us lessons in the mornings. She began with my brothers, and when they were all away at school she went on with my sisters and me. Her name was Miss Drury, and she wore a lace cap, otherwise I remember little about her, except that she once asked me what a lady friend of my mother's had said when I saw her. I replied: 'She asked me if I liked you.' 'And what did you say?' queried my governess. Honesty compelled me to proceed, so I told her my reply was: 'Not much.' 'And that', said the lady, with some asperity, 'after I had given you such a nice paint-box!' It was verily 'a nice paint-box', and I have it still, but she should not have asked such searching questions.

In the summer we were all taken to my grandfather's at Astley. There was a 'mile walk' round the gardens and paddock fields, which seemed an immense distance. Once when my nurse had rounded a corner out of my sight I gave myself up for lost and shed tears of despair. I must have been very young then, for my grandfather died in 1868, and his widow the

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following year, consequently my numerous maiden aunts left Astley, and we never went there again. We were now taken for summer holidays to Alverstoke, a small and wholly unfashionable sea-side place near Gosport, to give us a breath of fresh air away from East London. A curious little reminiscence came back to me recently when reading Thomas Hardy's *Woodlanders*. In his introductory paragraphs before the episode of the setting of the old 'man-trap', he states that these instruments of torture had gone out of use by about 1840. It must have been in about 1870 when I beheld, nailed to a tree, a dreadful Notice which said: 'BEWARE of Man-traps and Spring-guns.' We were all of us out blackberrying at Alverstoke, and I had ventured into a small wood. I boldly pushed forward, till presently I espied what was in reality a rusty old chicken-coop, probably once the home of a hatch of pheasants, foster-mothered by a farmyard hen. I made sure that this was a 'man-trap' and beat a hasty retreat, my courage sustained by the excitement of having a really startling discovery to relate to the rest of my family.

The long strain of parochial work, especially during cholera epidemics, was now telling on my father's naturally strong constitution, and in the year 1872 he was ordered by his doctor to give up East London and take a country living. He was very anxious to get back to his native county, but he was obliged to take whatever offered. So we migrated first to a small village in Somerset. It was actually two villages coupled together, under one church. We lived beside the church in Dundon village, and Compton was about a mile away. A one-by-one stone-flagged path across the fields, along which the inhabitants of Compton came to church, formed the only causeway possible for a nurse and three little girls to frequent in the mud of winter. About half-way we could count on finding a certain friendly cow, who would eat apples out of our hands. There was a fine peal of bells to listen to on Sundays, and a wonderful yew-tree in the churchyard, hollow inside, big enough to hold several children at once. During the service various new and surprising

things happened to engage attention. All the Sunday School children would get up from their seats in the chancel to greet my father as he walked past them to the vestry to change his surplice for a black gown before the sermon. The girls curtsied and the boys pulled their forelocks. Then my father disappeared through a hole in the wall of the nave, and by some mysterious staircase he came out again into the pulpit. Owls lived in the church tower, and hooted round us at night, and dropped dead mice in the garden. There was just one shop, hard by us, in the Dundon village. You could buy soap and pins, calico and sugar, matches and bacon, but it always smelt of the tallow candles which hung by their wicks in clustering bunches. Our nurse called them 'tolly-dips', and they lighted us to bed. Certainly we were very far from the madding crowd, but never having known it, even in London, we did not miss it. The postman who brought letters from the outside world kindly sat down in the porch and waited to see if he was wanted to carry back any immediate replies to them. If the weather was specially cold he was given mulled elderberry wine to cheer him. When my father could not journey into Wells to have his hair cut, it was done for him by a local sheep-shearer with his shears. Beside the garden was a large orchard, and though the apples were intended for cider-making, they were large and succulent, much too good to serve for cider only. A long row of elder-bushes at the bottom of the garden provided far more berries than were needed for the postman's wine, and it was a new joy for town children to make a lovely purple squash of them in dolls' cups and saucers. In the fields there were plenty of blackberries in their season, for the natives believed them to be poisonous, and the village children were taught by their mothers not to touch them. Best of all were the delights of hay-time, when my mother would take us to spend an afternoon at the Snook family's farm. (It was important to say Mrs. Snook, and not Snooks, which would have turned a grand name into a vulgar one.) To ride on top of a load of fresh hay, from the field to the rick-yard, to see cows milked,

and actually drink the milk warm out of the pail—one can even now recall the thrills of childish pleasure! To get to this land of promise you had to go through several fields divided by canal-like ditches, locally termed 'reans', which you crossed by a narrow plank bridge. My younger sisters were too terrified to walk the plank and had to be carried in turn by my mother, but once at the farm the perils of the way were quickly forgotten.

We were only one year at Compton Dundon, for in 1873 my father accepted the offer of the Brasenose living of Tedstone Delamere. It was actually in Herefordshire, but close to the borders of Worcestershire. The Rectory was much larger and more suited to a big family. The Somerset parishioners were loath to part with my father, so much so that they refused to lend their farm-horses to take the furniture vans to the railway station. They said they were glad enough to help to fetch him, but they were not going to help to send him away. My second sister and I each had as a present from Somerset a beloved cat. Mine was called Dinah, after a famous prototype, whilst my sister's treasure bore the commonplace name of Tibbie. Dinah had run through one of her nine lives when still in her kittenhood, before she was given to me. She fell down the well in her cottage garden and was rescued in the bucket. Though always a spendthrift, she managed to make her remaining lives last over a goodly number of years. We could have no animals at all in London, so that the entry of these two cats into our home-life began a new epoch for us.

Tedstone Delamere never seemed so remote and primitive as Compton Dundon, though at first Worcester was our nearest railway station, twelve miles distant. Later the railway came to Bromyard, and that was within walking distance, four miles by the fields and about five by road. There was no village, not even a public-house, only scattered cottages in twos and threes, a few isolated farms, and the church away by itself, not even on the high road, quite ten minutes' walk from the Rectory. The whole population of the parish was some 150 souls. The squire and his grown-up daughters were our only neighbours.

To get to the station with luggage we had to hire a vehicle from Bromyard, for, to the end of our twenty years at Tedstone, we never possessed a carriage or a horse.

The Rectory garden was very large, rambling off up a long drive in one direction, and down a 'dingle' in another. It had a pond, various trees adapted to young climbers of all ages, and a spacious orchard, where the pigs and poultry took their open-air exercise, and where stood the stack of faggots necessary for heating the brick oven wherein the family bread was baked every week. The gardener, who from his youth upwards had belonged to the Rectory garden, could neither read nor write. Perhaps that was why his eyesight was so keen that he could see a fox running across a field some miles away on the far side of the brook valley, much too far distant for him to shout directions to the huntsmen in pursuit, so he had to have the day off to go and help them. The pigs were his real pride and joy, but next to them he loved his vegetables. We—or rather, he, as monarch of the garden—took so many prizes at the Bromyard Flower Show each year that the envious named it 'George Bullock's Show', for indeed it was chiefly a vegetable Show. Our pickling cabbages were surely the world's best! 'G. B.' always planted two long rows of them, so that he could have a good selection to choose from when the great day approached. I presume that the pigs lived afterwards on the 'also ran'.

Attached to the church was a real old Parish Clerk, the type that knew all about every grave in the churchyard, and without whose loud Amen no service could be fitly conducted. Some of the verses of the Psalms might be rather too long and difficult, but with a brave leap he would head us all in at the finish with fine solemnity. He wore his hair in the style which is acquired by clipping it round a basin fitted on the head. He did not 'hold with' doctors, and only rarely patronized one who lived at Tenbury. He walked there to consult him: it was about nine miles each way. He was also the village blacksmith, so he knew all that there was to be known about the whole countryside for many miles round.

When we all left London my mother took upon herself the task of giving my sisters and me daily lessons, but we now needed more teaching than she had time to give, so a year or two after we came to Tedstone a resident governess was engaged. She had never been a governess before, and had no cut-and-dried methods, but she was a remarkably clever woman, and what she had learned she could teach to children. My mother taught her German, and she taught me. I began to learn German as a birthday treat when I was thirteen, and when I went to school at fifteen I was quite up to the standard of the other girls of my age, in German as well as in all the ordinary school subjects required in those days. Indeed, my mother sent her daughters to a boarding-school, not to learn lessons, but to meet other girls and make friends, lest we should grow up to think our own little habits and ideas unique and infallible. Lessons with our governess occupied two hours every morning and one in the afternoon, with an additional half-hour's music-lesson. At twelve o'clock she took us for an hour's walk, or we played by ourselves in the garden. As to our lesson-books, I can only now recall the outstanding ones: Mrs. Markham's famous history, where two priggish children ask questions at the end of a chapter; the *Child's Guide to Knowledge* which had on the first page the question: 'To what three diseases is wheat subject?' Ans. 'Blight, mildew, and smut'; and, lastly, the spelling-book which began with 'An', and ended with 'Anti-latitude-arianism'. It was a fat book, and I had to learn a page or two at a time, to be questioned thereon by my governess as I lay flat on my back on the dining-room hearth-rug, that position being supposed good for my very long back. We learned to commit dates to memory, to spell, to do sums, and conjugate French verbs, and what was more important we learned to face drudgery, to shoulder responsibility, and to go without things we preferred, and put up with things we disliked. There is always that to be said for the old-fashioned methods of teaching children. Every week we had to learn the Collect and a hymn to repeat to my father on Sunday. He

chose for us good, time-honoured hymns, since he had a fine scorn for some more modern ones. He used to quote as an example of the latter type:¹

An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat and spake unto the three,
'Your Lord doth go to Galilee'. Alleluia!

It even now surprises me to see people in church studiously conning their hymn-books for the words of old familiar favourites such as 'Awake my soul', or 'Great God, what do I see and hear?'

In 1879, when I was fifteen, I was sent to a boarding-school at Malvern, where I was one of twenty-five boarders. It was, even then, rather an out-of-date type of school. The girls walked out in 'crocodile' formation, in threes, to avoid pre-occupied conversation between two friends. The walk lasted one hour. When we were sent into the garden we were only allowed to walk on such paths as could be covered by the eye of a teacher. Nothing was left to the honour of the girls. If a teacher was not always present they were expected to get into mischief, so of course they did whenever possible. My early letters home show how 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confined' I felt at first, with so little outdoor exercise, and under so much supervision:

May 8, 1879. 'My dear Mamma, I hope I shall get on pretty well here though I feel very wretched and harassed at times, especially this afternoon. The governesses are all very kind though Mdlle looks as if she could be very cross. The other girls are very kind and if I can get into the way of the lessons soon I think I shall *perhaps* like school. We have no time to ourselves at all. We have generally $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour to go in the garden after breakfast and also after dinner a walk from 11 to twelve all the rest of the day till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 lessons (except time for meals). I think that is plenty of lessons.' [Apparently I had no time for ordinary punctuation when writing letters.] In a later

¹ *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 130.

letter I wrote: 'I don't go out in the garden after breakfast any morning because I have to practise.' May 15. 'We went a walk this morning along a road just under the hills, there was a very high wind and a nice slope of grass below I found it quite a restraint on my feelings to walk solemnly in a row.' 'I have to lose a "conduct" mark today because I did not bring to Class a book that I ought to have brought. We have 3 marks for "Conduct", 6 for "Order and Punctuality" 6 for "Neatness" if we do not lose any. We lose 2 if late for breakfast, 1 if we leave things about in the bedroom, or leave the drawers untidy and such like things.' We obeyed rules, but secretly among ourselves they were a subject for mockery and jest. My young friends now will hardly believe that any school could seriously set down in its code of laws: I. 'No meddling endearments allowed. Real affection preferred.' II. 'No little notes written, or other mean subterfuges resorted to.' However, my sisters and I had such a healthy home-life for body and mind that the lack of fresh air, and proper training of character, made no impression on us.

Except for French and German, the teaching in all subjects was very poor and inadequate. But 'Janet'—as our Head Mistress was popularly called—talked in polysyllables, and had a majestic figure and carriage, all of which made a favourable impression on parents. She never impressed the girls with either respect or 'real affection'. We secretly laughed at her pomposity, and were bored by the ceremony of having to kiss her at the foot of the front stairs on Sunday nights. Current report said she had once remarked that she 'disliked the nomenclature of Dickens'. If we wrote badly in note-books she would affix her signature to the words 'Penmanship unsatisfactory'. On a certain page in my 'Register', or mark-book, I once wrote '3 weeks to the Holidays!!!' To this 'Janet' appended: 'This is out of place in an exercise book'. She had absolutely no sympathy with young minds. There is a certain verse in the Psalms which always reminds me vividly of my schooldays. When I hear it—as I did yesterday in that beautiful

little country church in Old Marston village, reminiscent of my Herefordshire parish church—fifty years slip away behind me: 'The minstrels go before, and the singers follow after, in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels.' I see the picture of 'Janet's' twenty-five boarders going up the front stairs to bed on a Sunday night. (It was a special Sunday ritual—on week-days we used the backstairs.) In front went the gaunt and stern form of the English mistress, and behind the careworn French lady. The singing and timbrels have no counterpart in my picture, we seldom played at anything, and our teachers never sang, at any rate not for joy of heart, for they had none of the amenities of present-day life on a school staff. They had long hours and small salaries, and as we were never allowed to be alone, they could never be rid of us. The poor French lady succeeded in making us learn pages of rules—in French—about the use of the subjunctive, but she continually wore a harried and hopeless look, the result of having to listen all day to our hideous mutilation of her mother tongue. There was a white-haired old lady who came in by the day to take part in the teaching of general subjects. She wore a cap, and in the afternoon when we were doing 'preparation' she put a large handkerchief over her face and went to sleep. One day when she was discoursing to us on the various scales and names of thermometers, to cover my ignorance under a cloak of silliness, I said: 'Oh, well, I expect they just wrote down numbers on bits of paper, and shook them up in a bag, and then drew lots.' Whereupon the old lady rose up like a major prophet and rebuked me for being 'a scoffer'. Her indignation was perfectly genuine; the drawing of lots was to her a sacred institution because it was found in the Bible, therefore, to make fun of it was to be guilty of sin and wickedness. If she had explained to me her point of view I was of an age to understand it, but to be branded as 'a scoffer' cut me to the quick. She seemed the embodiment of injustice and cruelty, and for weeks afterwards an involuntary shudder of repulsion ran through me whenever I met her. The incident sounds ludicrous now,

but it was to me then terribly serious. I still have the long letter my father wrote to me saying: 'You were not in the least approaching even the boundaries of anything "sacred" in your suggestion of this very secular and everyday process.' We were taught English Literature by a dreary and disappointed curate, with a long grey beard. I expect 'Janet' secured his services as part payment for the admission of his two daughters as day-boarders. If he had any other qualifications for the post they were obscurely hidden under a bushel of dullness. Science—that is, the watered-down elements of it given to us in colourless doses—was administered once a week by a retired Major, presumably of the Volunteer Forces. In my day he was drawing his inspiration from some handbook on Geology. I made spasmodic efforts to give a lighter touch to the notes which we had to write out tidily for him after each lecture. We had been hearing the names of fossils, so I wrote: 'The ammonite may vary in size, from the size of a nose-ring to that of a bicycle-wheel.' When my paper came back to me it bore the following criticism: 'I do not know the size of a nose-ring, as I have never seen one. In alluding to a bicycle-wheel, you should state whether you refer to the front wheel or to the back one.' (It was, of course, the period of the 'penny-farthing' machine.) Thus did my effort towards brighter Geology fall flat under the pen of the honest Major. But I had my revenge, secretly, on the English Literature side. One night when the youngest of the mistresses came to put out the lights, instead of finding five nicely-behaved schoolgirls tucked up in their beds, with their frocks and stockings in neat piles, behold the bedroom was a stage! Three Witches clad in red dressing-gowns, with streaming locks, and long bare arms, were 'hand in hand' going 'about, about' a coalscuttle, while, in heroic attitudes on the nearest bed, stood Macbeth and Banquo: 'What are these, So wither'd and so wild in their attire?' I had calculated on the audience recognizing Art for Art's sake, and she kindly did. I remember the scene well, though I have forgotten all that the old curate told us about the

meaning of 'aroint', or what a 'rump-fed ronyon' was supposed to be.

Both my parents had been brought up to look on dancing as a dangerous, if not actually a sinful, pastime, but my mother, with her wide common sense, determined that my sisters and I should learn dancing at school as a form of healthful bodily exercise. I disliked the dancing-class, because I could not master the intricacies of quadrilles and the Lancers. I was extremely awkward at any sort of 'steps', and when the dancing-mistress hauled me out of the ranks to practise a polka or a mazurka with her in the middle of the room, all my friends giggled. I was head and shoulders taller than my instructress, and I had anything but a 'light fantastic toe', so that it took me half my time to avoid trampling on the lady. On these occasions I wondered why she had glittering specks among the golden hair upon which I looked down. I did not know then that she was poor, and afraid lest schoolmarms would cease to employ a grey-haired woman. I think I did pity her the day when, in my elephantine prancings, I trod an ornamental button off her shoe. She taught us besides a few maidenly gymnastic exercises, and how to come in at a door, shake hands with her, and then take a seat, gracefully, as befitted 'young ladies' of the period. At home we none of us went to dances, either then or afterwards, distances were too great, and we had no fine evening dresses. I have never been to a dance in my life, nor felt it to be a deprivation.

Now that we lived permanently in the country, our home-life as a family was unbroken by visits to the seaside or elsewhere. When we were all seven at home, during holidays, we had plenty of fun where we were. We took long walks, we played tennis, in the winter we skated. There were chickens and ducks to tend, and at all seasons the garden provided occupation suited to any age or taste. In the long winter evenings my father read aloud to us—Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli, and the like—whilst my sisters and I sewed. Later, when my father's sight was somewhat weaker, we had instead to play

a rigid game of whist with him. But to the end he always read to us, morning and evening, at Family Prayers, a chapter of the beautiful English prose of the Authorized Version of the Bible; the Old Testament in the morning and the New at night. This in itself formed no small part of our education. We had ample resources, time never hung on our hands, and we never thought the country dull, or pined for town excitements. But I must not forget here that we were blessed above many children of to-day, in that we were a large family. In a home where the family is large, and means small, useful virtues grow up unawares. In childhood it is the pleasure of it which strikes one most, in later life one sees the richer blessings. A friend told me once that when she commended somebody for having an unselfish character, the reply was: 'That's no credit to me. I was one of sixteen.'

I left school in 1882 and settled down quietly at home. I kept up some reading of French and German, I arranged the flowers, and generally filled the part of eldest daughter, doing nothing worthy of record. I acted as organist in church on Sunday. It was an extremely small organ, with only one manual and six stops, and the choir consisted of a mere handful of children, boys and girls. I took them through the hymns for half an hour before the afternoon service on Sundays. The parish clerk and the congregation would have thought it savoured of 'popery' if we had tried to chant the Psalms or responses. Thus the duties of organist and choir-mistress were very light.

In trying to recall the early part of my life, it is in my home surroundings that I trace the sources of the real abiding influences. My schooldays remain as a series of incidents, amusing now, but tedious or vexatious then. A few pleasant girl-friends remained, but otherwise the School left no stamp on my existence, either for good or ill. The only thing I can say about it is that I have always regretted that I could never look back on my School with the affection and reverence I have often seen and envied in other girls and women. Many years

after I was married, I was talking to a lady at an Oxford dinner-party about my difficulties as a student in coping with the weekly essays on English Literature, demanding an extent of reading impossible to cover in the time. As an instance of this, I said that in my first term I was told one week to criticize Addison's views on *Paradise Lost*, and I owned I had never before then read Addison's *Essays*, or *Paradise Lost*. 'Curious', remarked the lady, 'only the other day I met a girl who had come up to Oxford like that, without having had *any* previous education.' The furious indignation I felt at the moment, and which graved the remark on my memory, was not on behalf of my School. I rose up in arms to defend my parents and home. Though the home that counts most in my life was an isolated country rectory, my father was by no means of the proverbial type one hears spoken of in Oxford, 'the country parson' that swarms up to Convocation in response to the bugle cry of 'the Church is in danger', bent on obstructing some new scheme for University reform. He was an excellent talker, and the conversation we were accustomed to hear between our parents, or when some friend or relation stayed in the house, was in itself educative. There was no parish gossip or shallow criticism of our neighbours. My father was greatly interested in folk-lore and dialect, and would expound to us superstitions he had come across in his pastoral visits. Those were days when country folk would not lock the door of the house where any one lay dead; and if it was the master of the house who had passed away, they would go and 'tell the bees'. We heard of any new dialect word he had picked up, and he was fond of puzzling out the etymology of place-names. Thus long before I met Joseph Wright I had begun to be interested in the language of the country-side. Then, too, it was from my father's talk that we learned many things about Church and State. He had known great figures of his time at Oxford and in London. We used to hear about the Oxford Movement, and of the stir made by 'Tract No. 90'—concerning which he would add the story of the bookseller who wrote to a would-be purchaser: 'We

regret that we cannot supply you with a tract entitled No Go.' We also heard a good deal about elementary education in pre-School-board days. From an ecclesiastical standpoint, I suppose my father would be accounted a Broad Churchman. He certainly had a brotherly attitude towards Dissent, perhaps because it was in his blood, but more because he took a wide-minded view of Christianity, and set little store by forms and ceremonies. It was a favourite dictum of his that the office of a clergyman should be that of 'minister' to his people, and not of 'lord and master'. He preached simple Christianity and uprightness, and sought to spread knowledge of the Bible, rather than to enforce the observance of doctrine and ritual. And—last but not least—there were the practical advantages we gained from a simple, country up-bringing; both indoors and out we learnt to see things and do things. I always like to say I was taught to act on the principle contained in the maxim, 'If you want a thing done, do it yourself'.

From 1882 onwards I was leading a very easy and pleasant life, though uneventful, and rather useless. The great turning-point in my existence occurred at the end of 1886. On December 23 of that year Miss Sophie Weisse came to stay for a fortnight at our remote Rectory home. She was the elder sister of a Rugby schoolfellow and friend of my youngest brother. She had often shown great kindness to the latter, and now my mother felt she would like, on her side, to show this yet unknown lady some hospitality. Sophie Weisse was then about thirty-five. A born teacher, and altogether a great personality, she had made her own way by teaching from the early age of sixteen. Her subsequent school at Northlands, Englefield Green, is too well known to need further description here. I was at once strongly attracted by her. She took my heart by storm, and I was conscious of a compelling force for good in all her influence over me. She told me I had brains and was letting them rust away in idleness. My two younger sisters had now both left school, and there was obviously not enough to do either in the house or the parish for three grown-up

daughters. She did not urge me to leave home, or do anything contrary to the wishes of my parents, she simply made me feel that I *ought* to learn something more, and aim at more profitable employment of my time and such talents as I possessed. (It will be seen later how she again took a prominent part in my personal history.) I then, by her advice, approached my father, and asked him to let me join some Correspondence Classes. To my intense surprise, after thinking the question over, he said that if I was seriously minded to continue my education, he would send me up to Oxford to Lady Margaret Hall. A clerical friend of his had had daughters there, and had given the place a favourable recommendation. I had always looked upon my father as an ardent disciple of St. Paul in the matter of the subjection of women, but now he was of his own accord opening for me gates of independence. Hitherto I had had no money allowance, but now he told me he was ready to put £50 a term in the Old Bank at Oxford for my use. The term's fees for Lady Margaret Hall were then £25. My Lecture fees, paid to the A.E.W., ranged from £3 10s. to £5 10s. per term. (I have beside me the account-book which shows everything I spent during the whole of my course at Oxford, even down to such items as a halfpenny toll at Iffley Mill.) The goodly balance to my credit at the end of each term sufficed later to give me many extra weeks in Oxford after I had 'gone down'.

On May 27, 1887, my mother and I went for the day to Oxford to see Lady Margaret Hall and the Principal, Miss Wordsworth. It was settled that I should take an entrance examination, and, provided that I passed this, I should come up in October. These entrance papers were sent to me to do at home at the end of July. I had six papers in all: Euclid, Arithmetic, French and German grammar and translation. On August 19 I had the satisfaction of hearing from the Vice-Principal that I had passed, so, on Monday, October 17, I took up my residence as a student at Lady Margaret Hall.

To complete the picture I have tried to paint of my early life and surroundings, I quote here two letters, one from each of

my parents. These show, without further words of mine, the spirit in which they sped me forth on this new venture. First, my mother's letter:

October 18. 1887.

Your welcome letter came this morning, and we hope for another tomorrow that we may hear of your reception and prospects.

I am thankful for your safe and uneventful journey, and that you seem in good spirits to begin your new life—it is a grand thing for you—and you must feel ever grateful to your Father, and chiefly to your Heavenly Father, for your life and health, and this new blessing of enlarged means of improving yourself and thereby of greater usefulness to others. I will not ask questions as you will know all we want to know. Your Father asks me many more questions than I can answer about the house, etc. He is extremely interested in everything . . . We rejoiced in the lovely sunshine for your journey—the country here was far more beautiful than I can describe . . . Do not forget daily Bible reading, and pray for us at home.

Your ever loving Mother,

E. C. LEA.

Tedstone Delamere Rectory, Sapey Bridge, Worcester.

October 19th, 1887.

MY DEAR LIZZIE,

Your letter is like one of Tom's: I have read it through three times, as I read his: and shall read it again: and I begin to realize that you have actually entered on the Oxford life. The 'name over the door' is especially typical: and yet perhaps there is a difference: for 'Mr. Lea' is of a Don—the 'man' is 'Lea' if one, 'F. S. Lea' if more than one. So 'Miss' should by analogy be of the 'Donna': yet I suppose you are not barely surnamed.

Another vivid Oxford touch is Miss Tait's piece of paper in the photograph frame. We used to put these notes where they were sure to be seen. I am very much pleased at Miss Tait's

calling—if you ever see her, and can find a chance to, tell her of my love and reverence for the Archbishop—Bishop as he was to me all through his London Episcopate &c.

The water-colour in my study looks, I believe, straight from my Wadham window over to Lady Margaret Hall. There was no Norham, and no Museum, then, and the small house is one just beyond where the footpath along the 'Keble' side of the Park (of course there was no 'Keble' then), comes out into the Summertown or Bicester road. I want to know how L.M.H. lies as regards the road northward from Wadham. I suppose your way into Oxford—i.e. to the Schools, Bodleian &c—lies southward along that road between Keble (on the west) and the Museum (east) then between St. John's & Trinity Gardens (west) & Wadham (east). . . .

This is perfect October Term weather, such as in sunset-skies & foliage my water-colour (Dr. Codrington was the artist) represents.

Oxford to me was the opening-out of my life: so, I trust, it may be for you. But you will find, as I found, that the more your horizon of thought & knowledge expands, the greater will be felt to be the vast region beyond. Your Mother says that you are going in for 'English Literature'. I think you will want to go outside that limit. The American who was afraid to go out of his Hotel (in England) at night lest he should get to the outside of the island without knowing it and fall over into the sea was a prophet in his way, and there was a truth wrapped up in his conceit.

Do not trouble yourself about not knowing how to set to work. Go to your lectures: take it for granted that the lecturer knows what he is about, and take the best notes you can. Never mind whether you understand the lecture or not—*that will come*, as my Mathematical Tutor told me: and it did. In my time a College Lecture meant, on the face of it, listening for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour to a lot of undergraduates construing wrong. But for all that, even in the dullest lecture, there were the tutor's corrections, & notes to make.

Now, you have lectures to listen to; & the lecturer, if he is experienced, knows the blunders into which his audience are likely to fall, and guards against them by anticipation. We had some such lectures in my time—some in College, some by the Professors.

However, the special benefit of the Oxford life is that you learn, if you use it worthily, the Oxford *ἦθος*. This is *ēthos*, and is untranslatable. It is mental & moral habit—tone—culture (highest as compared with higher), and a great deal besides. There is a great element of reverence in it: without reverence the product will be the 'prig'. I don't quite know that reverence *for the past* can be directly cultivated in the Norham region; but when you can get leave & a companion, go past Wadham & All Souls, down the High, round Magdalen Walks (if they will let you, & if not, then) from Magdalen into Christ Church Meadows, with Merton, Corpus, & Christ Church to look at: & then get into the High again between Corpus & Merton & past Oriel. Then you will see what the 'sermons in stones' are, which teach how the Spirit of God has been guiding the learning, & so the teaching, of the past—& that 'reverence for the past' means seeing God in History: i.e. Our Lord in the ordering of man's life—: I think this truth comes out in visible symbolism more at Oxford than anywhere: for Oxford is not a dead ruin, like Olinda at Pernambuco—Oxford is alive as it always was alive, bigots, senior fellows, prigs, & blazing 'jerseys' notwithstanding,—and it will live: 'Dominus Illuminatio mea.'

Very affect^{ly} y^r father,
F. S. LEA.

The days when a woman student was looked upon as 'a blue-stocking' are now so long past that one has to explain the epithet to the present generation. When I went up to Oxford I was told that undergraduates—the word then, and for long afterwards, signified men students only—spoke of Lady Margaret Hall as the 'Red, White, and Blue'. The original building

was a very ordinary white brick villa, to which—before my time—had been added an extension built of red brick. The 'Blue', of course, was inside. There were in 1887 twenty-five students in the Hall. The 'third-year' seniors happened to be a very stiff and exclusive set. With the exception of Miss Annie Sellar, who afterwards became my greatest friend, they were all much younger in age than I was, but in dignity of standing they were many generations above me. We juniors called them 'the Oligarchy'. Amongst them was Gertrude Bell. I cannot, however, claim any reflected glory for having been a contemporary of this famous lady, for probably she hardly ever spoke to me.

The Women's Colleges at that date were practically only Hostels, all our work was arranged for us by Mrs. Arthur Johnson, the Secretary to the A.E.W. I had decided to take English for my Final Examination, but as a preliminary, I must pass what was called the 'First Examination for Women'. I possess a parchment certificate which records: 'In the Examination held the 13th day of December in the year 1887 Elizabeth Mary Lea satisfied the Examiners in French, German, Arithmetic and Euclid', signed by Henry T. Gerrans, Secretary to the Delegacy. As I write now, thinking of the Taylor Institution as the centre of Joseph Wright's University activities, it interests me to note at the foot of my old time-table: 'Place of Examination, Taylor Building, St. Giles.' Mrs. Johnson informed me that my papers for the Hall Entrance Examination showed a sufficiently high standard for the First Examination, so that except for a little further work at arithmetic and the two Books of Euclid, I was, in my first term, to give my time to English. I did keep up my French and German, but without official supervision.

The English Honours course for Women was just then undergoing radical changes. Whereas the 'Language' part of it had hitherto been merely an empty name, Professor Napier was now giving lectures on Germanic and Old English Philology, and Historical Grammar, and some knowledge of these subjects—together with certain texts in Old and Middle

English—had become obligatory. There was still, however, in my first year, no class-teaching in Old English at all. That was to come later. Nearly all my lectures were in the afternoon, for there were no Professors of English Literature, and we sat at the feet of benevolent historians, willing to devote a few spare hours to the cause of women studying their native tongue. Tutors I had none. It has ever been to me a source of the utmost pride to remember that my pastors and masters were all scholars of name and fame—Professor Napier, Professor York Powell, Professor Firth (now Sir Charles Firth), Mr. O. M. Edwards, Dr. Joseph Wright. Our lecturers recommended books we should read, we wrote essays which they corrected, and returned to us with suggestive notes and criticism. In the Hall I was given help and advice by 'second-year' students from their own experience. I often think too much is done for the modern girl. We were obliged to learn to work for ourselves, and to stand on our own two feet. It was a difficult but invaluable lesson. I would not, if I could, change places with a woman student of to-day, neither in her work nor in her play. To the girl of to-day, Lady Margaret Hall would seem like a nunnery as it was then, with its strict rules and the 'chaperon' demanded by Mrs. Grundy at every turn. But we were very happy; we had come there to work; our numbers were small, more like a family than an Institution, and we had, above all, the lasting privilege of having Miss Wordsworth for our Principal.

My father wrote me several letters in my first term, some of which are perhaps worth quoting for their reawakened memories of Oxford as he knew it in the 'forties of last century, and for their academic advice to me.

October 29th. 1887.

... I recommend you to join the Architectural Society—at least if it is not so dismal as it, or its namesake, used to be. It had a room down Holywell: shared I think with a Musical institution: & all the walls were covered with 'rubblings' of brasses—one seemed to be in a temple of chimney-sweeps.

We said 'Holywell', as we said 'the High', 'the Broad', 'the Turl', 'the Corn', and '*St. Old's*' (not *St. Aldate's*)—other 'streets', if there were any, we called streets: there was 'Beaumont Street' but that was on the way to 'Worcester College, near Oxford'. But practically 'the Turl' & all but the two sank into inferiority:

I am the Dean of Ch. Ch., Sir;
This is my wife: look well at her:
She is 'The Broad': I am 'The High':
We are 'the University'.

is strictly in accordance with historical tradition. Have you seen Dr. Liddell? He is very stately.

Shrimpton's is, or was, on the South side of the Broad a few doors below the Turl—i.e. west of Parker's. I am glad you go to University Sermons & appreciate the procession. You seem to me to have been in a seat in the South Aisle, where ladies used to be. East of the pulpit, in the nave, were the B.A.s, west, the Masters: opposite, the Heads & Doctors: over whom were the undergraduates in the North Gallery, who were also in the West Gallery.

Now over the Nave pillars on the South side at the spring of each arch is an Angel: and all the Angels have shields, except the Angel over the pulpit. He has no shield, but slightly spreads his hands; & the effect is very beautiful as seen from the floor of the Church, which is the position whence he was meant to be looked at. He was never meant to be studied from a gallery, and from the opposite gallery where undergraduates abide—if you can ever mount the stairs on a week day when the Church is empty—you will see.

This Angel, tradition reports, once had a shield like the rest: but when he first heard a University Sermon he threw it at the preacher's head: & he appears with his hands just in position after discharging it.

My High Church friends used to hold the tradition in a slightly altered form: they said that it was on the occasion of the first *Protestant* Sermon in the University pulpit.

I hope you will be able to go into Wadham, & see the Hall & Chapel & gardens. I ought to have written 'Chapel' first, of course: where you will find the little whale who used to look at me as I sat in the junior freshman's corner, this term 40 years ago—he has mild blue eyes.

As both my Chiefs—Thorley of Wadham & Watson of Brasenose—are bachelors though they are of my standing & nearly of my own age, I cannot exactly ask them to introduce you to their Colleges: but I hope somehow you will get to know them. Wadham gardens are very beautiful in the October Term: & the old College grave-yard, or lawn lying between the Chapel & library with the Cloister opening upon it, gives one of the most beautiful effects in College architecture.

Very affect^{ly} y^r father,

F. S. LEA.

Dec. 5th. 1887.

We all admire your L.M.H. notepaper: crest, motto, & all. 'Ex solo ad Solem'—well, I hope you will, from Miss Weisse's report of your room: only not quite 'to the garret', as you are not quite 'from the basement'. At any rate Lady Margaret does not approve of the Byronic feminine career, 'Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.'

This quotation, you will observe, is meant to 'lead up to' Byron; who as you probably know instructs you to 'believe in Pope'. And yet in some ways Byron is far above Pope. You *cannot* read 'The Dunciad': it is unreadable, intolerable. But Byron's 'Dunciad', or rather his advance upon it, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers', bitter as it may be, stands on a far higher level, both of poetry and refinement. There is scarcely a line (I will not say there is not a line, for there may be one or two) which I could not read aloud to your Mother & sisters: & all the while Byron is praising Pope as his instructor & model.

But the early part of the 17th century was—what shall I say?—piggish. There is virtue in a pig-sty, or to be got out of

it. G. B. would accept the first clause of the alternative, and your Mother the second. But it isn't a nice place to live in.

Swift, a great friend of Pope's & a brilliant writer, was a pig as gross as ever G. B. hung up by the snout & weighed in triumph.

I hope your friend Miss Jackson, 'who is going in for Honours, & so is *safe to pass*', will remember the old time-honoured fallacy, & not be misled by it, or into it. It was the great swells—the scholars of promise, the lights of the Final Schools, who used to get ploughed for Smalls—they thought they could 'take in' Euclid or Logic by the light of nature,—& the Examiners didn't. By way of propitiating Nemesis, I would advise all Honours-young-ladies before going in for what now answers to Smalls, humbly to say the Multiplication-table to each other.

As for yourself, read your books, go over any specially hard problems once or twice besides the general reading, & never mind the Examiners. You are sure to do very well, & what the Examiners may think is a secondary consideration. I went in for, or rather read for, Smalls in some trepidation: but when I actually went into the Smalls Schools their smallness appeared to me in the clearest light, and I had no fear whatever. I knew I should get through as soon as I saw the papers, & so will you.

But I do not recommend that 7.45 train the next morning: you should get a good night, & be as lazy as L.M.H. allows: 'ad solem' anyhow is not possible till after 8 o'clock on that morning.

I forgot when I wrote to you last to tell you that the Bishop of Chester's substitute in the University Pulpit had revived a venerable 'Joe Miller' (in the phrase of a past English generation—in modern American slang it is 'Chestnuts'). The man ought to have known the old story—'Art thou he that should come? &c.' But the incident shows that these old stories very often all have been founded on fact.

I don't understand your 'rouge' & 'evening costume' at the play. I thought you were a φύλαξ or Greek guardsman in a helmet, & should have been prepared for burnt cork.

My memories all come back with your description of getting into the Cathedral. It is a 'Pusey Crush' over again. I suppose it was at the main South door, where they open, or opened, half the door first, & then could not get the other half open for the crush. 'I hope you are not very much hurt, Sir' said an old gentleman up from the country to me on one of these occasions. The path of wisdom lay by a little door in the cloister a little further East: you got in quietly: had to stand, it is true, but you had no ribs broken.

Very affect^{ly} y^r father,
F. S. LEA.

December 12th, 1887.

Examinations out of term-time are like Ladies' Colleges: a thing unknown to the Oxford of my day. It was very pleasant, staying up in Vacations *to read*: men all got on one staircase and dined etc. in each other's rooms.

You will find ways of making the best of it: you will have your 'new people' housed: and this is my advice for tomorrow: the day before the examination begins:—Don't 'read' at all: give an 'entertainment' if you can, and especially if you can secure any of the 'new people' come up to matriculate at L.M.H. Get in things from the confectioner's—over and above the 'plain living' of 3/6 per day, and adjourn the 'high thinking' which 50 years ago was associated with the 'plain living' in the theory (I am not quite sure about the practice) of the Oriel Common Room. It is the worst of winter examinations that you cannot lounge out of doors, as I did in preparation for my Greats, or as you now say 'Finals'. I have on my shelves now the little MS. book of 'hard words' which I took up Shotover way with another man, and we lay on the grass overlooking Horspath and at unfrequent intervals tried each other with the contents. I am rather astonished to find that I must have thought 'amphisbaena' an easy word: for it is not in the book (I write it in Latin, but it was Greek in my 'books')—The next time I heard of the creature was when Tom found it crawling

about the other side of the world, and I knew it was an old friend.

But you cannot take a long walk tomorrow, and the air is raw besides. If the men are mostly gone down you may get about Oxford—I should go to the Union: but that you cannot. Anyhow don't read and don't let your friends read.

'Mrs. Johnson' plays the part of the traditional College Cook excellently. We used, you know (I don't mean I, for I didn't: it was the pass men, and the fast men, and the slow men) to spend much of our valuable time at breakfasts and wines abusing the 'lectures' and the Dons generally in their capacity of teaching machines. It was not very wise, but 'men' did it, you know, *in-college*. Not the thing among out-college men: a man who broke that rule was a cad.

Well, the Cook was sent for by the Vice Principal, or Sub-Warden, or whatever the title in that college was,—
'Mr. — I am sorry to have to tell you that the young men complain of your dinners: they say that they are not fit to eat, and . . .'

The Cook: 'Well, now, Mr. Vice-Principal, those young men will say anything. Would you believe it, Sir? That's just what they come and say to me about your lectures! Don't you mind it, Sir, any more than me.'

So, nowadays, the 'girls' go to Mrs. Johnson.

I am interested about Mr. Harrison, your 'old man' against whom '*a* Mr. Parker' arose. That indefinite article is his revenge, for surely Mr. Parker is the inheritor of the great Architectural as well as book-selling name. But for Mr. Harrison,—can he be, yet I think he must be, the Gold Poker? indeed, the one solitary survivor of those ancient and stately dignitaries, as I now see with deep sorrow? For there were Three Gold Pokers in my day, and they represented the great Faculties, Divinity, Arts, and Law. Medicine was fain to hang on to Arts, both in Gold and Silver Pokerhood. And now (my last Calendar is 1883, mind you bring home this year's) Divinity has no Silver Poker (what does the Vice-Chancellor?)

and Medicine succeeds to the honour. And W. W. Harrison, M.A. of Brasenose is the only Gold Poker left, and he represents Divinity and Law. It is very melancholy.

Harrison the Gold Poker is probably not so old as I am by a year or two (B.A. 1848) and he was a very good looking young M.A. The greatest and most dignified of the trio was George Valentine Cox of New, who died some years since, much obituarized. He was Schoolmaster of the New Choristers.

But Oxford with no Gold Poker left except Harrison of Brasenose, and he trembling before Mr. Parker of the Architectural Society throwing 'loose stones' at his head is too much for me, and I am

Very affectionately your father,

F. S. LEA.

P.S. Never mind the examiners. There is an old examiner whom I used much to fear: he comes to Hereford in a brown wig: he is about 80: and he wore the same, or a, brown wig at Oxford 40 years ago.

It is clear from my terminal reports, and from entries in my diary, that neither my teachers nor I found my work at English Literature hopeful or inspiring. My 'Collections' reports said: 'Both knowledge and style defective', 'critical remarks are extremely weak, and she makes some bad mistakes', and the like. The diary records: Jan. 17, 1888, 'Despaired over my work', Feb. 9. 'Got thoroughly muddled over Addison paper.' Apr. 30. 'Went with — to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Firth to have my collection paper looked over. Mr. Firth kindly, but said my paper was not exact enough, and told me to cultivate composition. Felt a bit discouraged.' June 15. 'Mr. Firth's lecture. He walked back with us to talk about reading in the Long. I was morbid and cross, and said I did not want to read anything, being discontented with my style of work.' The lectures I really enjoyed were Professor Napier's, though much of them I could only put into a note-book, in faith and hope that some day I should understand what I was writing down.

He set us no papers, and so gave us no collections or terminal reports. Like Joseph Wright, he had had his training in Philology in Germany. He was extraordinarily clear and precise, and wrote all his philological forms on the black-board, or gave us copies of neatly tabulated lists which we could take home and keep. I remember now being thrilled by hearing what the name 'Canterbury' meant; and exactly how when 'a certain woman cast a piece of a millstone upon Abimelech's head', she 'all to brake' his skull; and why we are told that Jacob 'sod' pottage instead of *boiling* it. His detailed notes on the Beowulf and on the set texts in Middle English were models of scientific accuracy and method, and formed a storehouse of wealth to me when I became a teacher myself. Professor York Powell's lectures on Middle English were not linguistic at all. My notebooks and interleaved texts are scrap-albums of jottings concerning social life and manners, notes on historical allusions, and illustrations of medieval dress, armour, and weapons. He seemed to be an inexhaustible mine of information of this kind. We often digressed into a wild wilderness of puzzling names belonging to heroes of 'the Arabic Renaissance'. Who they were, or to what they gave new birth, I have never known to this day. I could not spell or pronounce their names, so I asked no questions of my lecturer. He was an impressive figure, big and broad, wearing a black velvet coat, and a loose red tie. He was supposed to lecture to us at 2.30, but he was always late, and sometimes he never came at all. It was bad enough on a hot summer afternoon to have to sit and take notes in that stuffy little room, but to wait there for a lecture that failed to materialize was a grievance that the lapse of forty-odd years has not wholly obliterated. He was very shy of us, and hurried away in silence when his lecture was over. He was stopped one day, at the end of term, by an American friend of mine. When she joined us again, she remarked blandly: 'I observe as a trait [with the final t pronounced] of the English character, that an Englishman will not stand still to be thanked.'

II. STUDENT UNDER JOSEPH WRIGHT.

It was in October 1888, when Joseph Wright had been appointed to the staff of the A.E.W., that serious class-teaching on the Language side of the English syllabus began. It was the beginning of a new era for us. We had never been severely questioned before. Joseph Wright was then barely thirty-three, but he wore a very long and massive beard, and looked at least fifty to the timorous damsels seated in front of him. He called us 'Madam', and chid us if we were five minutes late. 'Madam, when it comes to be your wedding, you will be late. The bridegroom will be there, and you won't be in time; and he won't wait!' is one of his sayings well known to succeeding generations of his pupils. On our papers he wrote in large letters 'Not enough', or he would strike out whole answers; and—sorest blow of all—he sometimes added in the margin the awful word 'Horrid!' I never attained to his highest mark of approval, which was 'Thank you'. We had to learn to be concise as well as accurate, for if our papers tended to be long and diffuse, we were told that he 'didn't want a family Bible!' He gave us these classes twice a week—Tuesdays and Fridays—on Old English Grammar and Sweet's Reader. He must have taught us the first day not to say 'Anglo-Saxon', for I notice this term is never repeated in my diary. He was very generous with his time, and gave us good measure pressed down and running over the statutable hour. I read in my diary: 'Dr. Wright's lecture, at which, as usual he kept us late'; and again: 'Dr. Wright's lecture from 12 to 1.30.' He did not give us any paper-work to do for him till the third week of term, by which time we were expected to have learnt something. It was immediately after I had sent in my first paper that I received my first letter from him. It was a great surprise to me. I had been up a whole year, and not one of my teachers had ever addressed a personal letter to me, or ventured to criticize my work thus in the manner of an indignant schoolmaster, albeit with a kindly heart for the weaknesses of small boys! Here is the letter:

DEAR MISS LEA,

16 Kingston Road. Oct. 29, 1888.

I am returning your paper by this post in the hope that you may possibly find time to look it through *carefully* and to think over the *serious* mistakes it contains before Tuesday.

In the scientific study of languages, it is just as important to strive after *absolute accuracy*, as it is in Mathematics or any other branch of science. I always expect all answers, whether verbal or written, to be *very exact* and to the point, because it is only by adhering rigidly to this principle that students can learn anything from me which will be of lasting benefit to them.

Please don't let the result of your first paper discourage you. Perseverance and patience form great factors in study. After pointing out to you in this way once for all how important it is to be *very accurate*, I feel sure your written work will be quite satisfactory in the future.

I have preferred to write to you rather than to feel myself obliged to say much about these things in class on Tuesday.

Two of the other students' papers are equally bad.

Yours truly,

J. WRIGHT.

The corresponding entry in my diary is as follows: Oct. 29. 'Letter from Dr. Wright. Read Sweet and O.E. Grammar, after Dr. Wright's letter of abuse of my paper, a letter which caused general amusement.' I then and there gummed the document on to the fly-leaf of my note-book, where it remained for the next two years. Great was my joy and satisfaction when I found it a few weeks ago, in this year of grace 1930, stored away under lock and key in an old forgotten desk.

The numbers attending the Old English Class rapidly dwindled. Girls, who had no leaning towards 'the scientific study of languages' quailed under the eye of Joseph Wright, and drifted off to other less arduous paths of learning. I quailed too, but I was determined not to retreat. I felt that he had me already in his grip, and though I often deliberately put aside my Old English Grammar, and vowed to myself that I

would *not* give so much time to it, I realized that I was being taught as I had never been taught before, and that under this new teacher I was learning not merely a subject set for an examination, but learning how to work at no matter what subject. All my Literature work improved, though I gave fewer hours to it than before. I was by no means cowed by the letter, as is evident from the next entries in my diary: Nov. 2. 'Dr. Wright's lecture, much more pleasant than usual'; Nov. 9. 'Dr. Wright's lecture, much nicer than on Grammar days'; Nov. 13. 'Dr. Wright's lecture, whereat he was much more agreeable, quite a reformed being.' I worked my hardest. It is true that I became increasingly interested in the subject, but there also arose in me a definite fighting spirit. I meant to stand up to this new teacher, despite his great strength, and not let him catch me tripping if I could possibly prevent it, though he did set traps in our way. He once asked the Class: 'Are the nouns belonging to this Declension masculine or feminine?' I answered 'masculine', others hazarded 'feminine'. When we had all answered in turn, Joseph Wright said calmly: 'You're all wrong, they are *neuter*!' Many years afterwards I told him I had always had a grudge against him for that ill-gotten victory. I argued that he had to all intents and purposes committed himself to one of two alternatives, and who were we that we should presume to think our teacher in the wrong, and that there was a third possibility? His reply to this was: 'But you never forgot the right answer, and that was the main thing.' So he had the last word after all. I can remember what a satisfaction it was when he asked me one day the meaning of my surname Lea, and I could tell him the correct answer when he was expecting to have to tell it me himself. My self-confidence in his presence was on the increase. One day he was telling us that had the English language preserved the old form of the plural of the word *day*, we should now say *daws*, and not *days*. He then asked us to tell him in what Modern English word we could see the normal development. I promptly responded: 'Jackdaws'! It remained a mystery to me how I

escaped with nothing worse than a benevolent elucidation of the word *dawn*. A straw shows which way the wind blows, but I was not looking for the quarter of the wind. He gave me no open meed of praise that term, so his report on my work, which came to me via Mrs. Johnson during the vacation, was a pleasant surprise. 'Collections. Dec. 1888. Old English. Term's work: very good. Coll. Trans. $\frac{100}{100}$, Gram. $\frac{122}{125}$.' The two Old English Classes a week were to be continued through the following term.

In those days, unless a Lady Margaret student had special permission to come up earlier, the regular day for assembling was the first Monday of Term, and never the previous Saturday. I came up then on January 21, 1889, and next day, according to my diary, I attended 'Dr. Wright's lecture as usual'. Apparently, as was his custom, he said nothing to me in Class about my work, or any aptitude I might possess for philological study. But the following day, after an entry, 'Mr. Edwards' lecture on Macbeth, with an appalling set of questions,' I record: 'Letter from Dr. Wright suggesting that I should turn my mind to editing books for the E.E.T. Soc., which gratified and stirred me.' I make no apology for quoting these early letters in full, they are so characteristic of the writer. I only wish I had preserved more of them for insertion here.

DEAR MISS LEA,

16 Kingston Road. Jan. 22, 1889.

I hear from Mrs. Johnson that the time given on the printed list for the Friday lecture, is a misprint. It ought to be 11 not 12. I should be very thankful if you would kindly tell the other students.

Could you perhaps sometime this term give me information upon the following points?:

- (1) Is the Examination of prime importance to you? Do you intend to go in for the examination under the old or the new Syllabus?
- (2) Have you any wish or desire eventually to do some original work in Old-English (*alias* Anglo-Saxon)?

If it is possible—i.e. if you have the inclination—, I am rather anxious that you should edit eventually for the Early English Text Society an O.E. MS. which is here. You would be expected to give all the MSS. readings together with an introduction, notes, and complete glossary, and perhaps translation. It would, of course, be a serious piece of work, and would require much *time* and *patience*, but Prof. Napier (with whom I discussed the subject in the holidays) and myself would give you any amount of help in the work, provided you decided to devote that amount of energy to the work which is characteristic of 'John Bull' when he sits down to work in earnest.

You would learn much by such an undertaking.

Yours sincerely,

J. WRIGHT.

Nobody had ever told me before that I had any special capabilities for anything, with the exception of a gracious aunt who thought I arranged flowers better than anybody else. Members of a large family never pat each other on the back and extol each other's cleverness. I can recall that I was profoundly 'stirred'. At the same time, out of a curious perversity, the full meaning of which I was only to fathom many years later, I maintained to Joseph Wright that Literature was preferable to Philology. The naked truth appears in my diary, I was really 'still low about my Literature', finding 'the amount of reading' it involved 'appalling', and condemning my essays as 'all twaddle'. Definitely conscious of the guiding influence and encouragement of Joseph Wright, I worked at Old English with steadily growing zest. On February 5 I received a second letter from him, emphasizing his wish that I should do some 'original work'.

16 Kingston Road, Oxford. Feb. 5, '89.

DEAR MISS LEA,

The translation of the battle of Maldon I referred to last week is to be found on pp. 192-204 of Freeman's 'Old English History'. I write to you because it is no use talking about it in

class, as the other students are not far enough advanced to be able to appreciate the 'joke'. Read the translation through, or at least part of it by Friday, and then give me some 'hint' as to your idea of '*English*' exact scholarship. Everything in its place, but when the time comes I will draw your attention to more 'startling' things as soon as we have finished the other pieces. I do this to draw your attention to the almost utter absence of *exact* scholarship of O.E. in England, and to encourage you in the suggested work.

Yours sincerely,
J. WRIGHT.

In my Report on 'Lent Collections 1889', he again gave me good marks, and he pronounced my term's work '*Very* satisfactory'. The benefit of his teaching was also reflected in my Literature work, for there I was said to be 'rapidly improving'. I wrote in my diary: April 9. 'Collections report, with OE. collection papers—pleasing, much better than I expected, which was exciting.' A still more significant entry follows, under the same date: 'Paper from Dr. Wright asking me to collect dialect words. Papa interested, wrote a paper on it for me to send to the man. Also a paper on Lea which I didn't like having to send, however I did, with as curt a letter as possible.' A curiously self-conscious note, which bears out the truth of certain reiterated statements in Joseph Wright's later letters during the time of our engagement, and proves the accuracy of his psychological insight. Unfortunately I did not keep this letter of his. I must have destroyed it in pursuance of my constant endeavour, from now onwards, to convince myself, and demonstrate to Joseph Wright, that the ground on which he and I came into contact with each other was the rational and prosaic field of Philology, and that any approach on a more personal footing was inadmissible on either side. I find in one of my 1896 letters to him a passage which says that my plan was to burn his letters if he had sat up to write them in the middle of the night, or if he had signed them

'yours ever'. More than half his early letters must have come under one or both of these two categories, for out of forty-eight entered in the diary as received, only twenty are extant.

It is a task full of interest to me now to try to trace and gather up the first scraps of evidence that fell across my path pointing to that devotion to English dialects which culminated in the great work of his life, the Dialect Dictionary, a work in which I—even I—was ultimately privileged to co-operate. He had certain anecdotes which he introduced in his class-teaching, intended to arouse in our minds the right kind of attitude towards country words and idiom, and lead us gently on to a knowledge of their linguistic value. There was the story of the Yorkshireman taking a Sunday-school class 'down South', who said: 'Now boys, I can't teach you while you are quiet', which illustrated the northern use of *while* in the sense of *till*. Or again, there was the tale of the two men who were disputing as they walked the point whether it was right to say *either* and *neither*, or *eether* and *neether*. They agreed to ask the first man they met, and to abide by his decision, and he replied: '*Awther* will do.' Joseph Wright's hold on a class was so rigid that he purposely relaxed it with some joke, or instructive little tale, in order not to overtax the attention of his pupils. He allowed us, as it were, to stand at ease for a few moments now and again, taking care, however, that even these moments were not wasted. He enjoyed raising a laugh, but even so, the joke interlude might often prove to have been his chosen time for implanting some seed of richer worth perhaps than the ostensible lesson on hand.

In the Summer Term of 1889 the Old English Classes were discontinued, and instead he held a Gothic Class once a week, which of course I attended. My diary records nothing more about it than 'Dr. Wright's lecture' with monotonous regularity. On May 29 I received a letter from him 'asking me again whether I mean to do "original work" on leaving Oxford'.

16 Kingston Road, Oxford. May 28, 1889.

DEAR MISS LEA,

'Wer viel bedenkt, wird wenig leisten' says the German proverb.

I wrote on Jan. 21st asking whether you would be willing to do eventually some original work. Since then my opinion has by no means changed as to your being able to undertake such work, provided you were willing to devote the necessary time to it. I quite agree, as you then remarked, that it is a 'matter that requires a good deal of consideration'. May I therefore ask you to kindly inform me sometime soon whether you have considered the matter over?

I myself have neither a keen silent insight for the aptitudes of others, nor am a prophet in spite of myself. If one may be pardoned for making a slight parody on two of the questions asked in English last year (Honours papers), but I venture to conjecture that your strong side is and will always be the linguistic and not the literary side of English. No doubt you already know and feel for which of these two sides of language you are best fitted. Great excellence in both is simply impossible in the present advanced state of knowledge. And however one limits his subject he may well exclaim with *Ben Preston*:

Wa! wa! pæfekʃn nivə did
Tə Adm'z bānz bilən;
Ən liuk ət moətlz wen jə wil,
Jəl find ə sumət rən.¹

Yours sincerely,
J. WRIGHT.

Though the following letter is not about me or my work, I add it here for the sake of giving every one remaining. It must have been a reply to inquiries I had made on behalf of a friend who was taking her Schools that June. She had worked entirely on the lines of the old régime, and was now frightened by the

¹ Well! Well! Perfection never did To Adam's children belong; And look at mortals when you will, You will find a something wrong.

prospect of a stricter adherence to the syllabus in the coming Examination.

16 Kingston Road. June 4, 1889.

DEAR MISS LEA,

I am afraid you might have misunderstood my remark about *this* year's examination in English. Candidates will, of course, have the old syllabus. The thing is that the syllabus has hitherto not been fully carried out. E.g. it plainly says: *papers will be set on English literature and its history to 1820*; hence the necessity of a paper on English literature in general apart from set (prescribed) books. This can't be considered an encroachment, but simply a carrying out of the LAW.

(2) It also says: 'on the *philology* and *history* of the English language'. Now the time and trouble which you have already devoted to this part of the *syllabus*, must have convinced you long ago that this is really a very serious piece of work which cannot be got up in a very short time. That the paper this year is being set and examined by a specialist (Prof. Napier) in the subject, ought to be welcomed by *serious students* at any rate. The long and short of the matter is that any lecturer who is thoroughly interested in his subject, has a right to see that justice is done to his part of the syllabus.*

The examiners in English are: Prof. Napier, Mr. Morfill, and Mr. Saintsbury.

Yours sincerely,
J. WRIGHT.

* In this case O.E. (alias Anglo-Saxon) and the philology of the language. It's impossible for a student to know much about the philology, who has not got up the O.E. grammar and read some texts.

Apparently I wrote to him again in July, begging for information about the papers done in the Schools by this same friend. She had always been regarded as 'a safe First' in English, but had come out with a Second Class, much to her own disappointment and that of all her friends. This she attributed wholly and solely to the new stress laid on the Language side of the Examination. The proverb about the

'ill wind' can have rarely proved truer. My readers will, I hope, be as thankful as I now am for the very ordinary chain of circumstances which led to the writing, and the preservation, of this very valuable letter:

DEAR MISS LEA, 16 Kingston Road, Oxford. July 25, 1889.

I am sorry your letter could not be answered by return of post. I only returned late last night from a *dialect* excursion to Somerset where I have been since last Friday. The dial. of Wellington has some very important sound-laws.

I am very sorry, but it is quite impossible to comply with your request as regards the marks of Miss Edwards' papers. No University examiner would convey to candidates either directly or indirectly the number of marks obtained on the papers. However it would not, I hope, be regarded as a breach of trust on my part if I tell you confidentially that Miss Edwards did not do a single paper *brilliantly*. Her answers to the Mid. Engl. papers and the paper on the Engl. language were neither better nor worse than her answers to the other papers. In fact she got a rather *poor* second. There was this year less room for *romancing* on questions than has hitherto been the case, and I am hoping there will be still less room next year.

Miss Edwards had evidently never been drilled in the art of answering papers. I should feel very sad indeed if you could not at the present moment almost clear the paper on the Engl. language. You have had nearly every question in my papers and the lectures. I detest Examinations, but I should very strongly advise you to devote a good deal of attention to O. and M.E. it will 'pay'.

Doctors would say that my digestive organs are very good, but I have not yet—a long time—been able to mentally digest your letter of May 30th. 'Manual labour etc.' is difficult to digest. Literature is a very important study and I always have unbounded admiration for anyone who devotes himself thereto provided *he is cut out for it*, herein lies the secret. Such being the case, what interest should I have in constantly trying to

persuade you to devote your chief attention to the linguistic side of language? If you are not studying for mere pleasure, but are really hoping and intending to leave something behind for the benefit of future generations, then I say, as I have often said, you will never be able to accomplish much in *literature*. You are not at all cut out for this kind of work. No doubt you enjoy literature, but the point is whether you could ever produce anything lasting on the subject. I say no. This is by no means a hasty conclusion on my part, but one which has gradually forced itself upon me. Here is an example of the converse of your case: Miss Jackson is passionately fond of and very strong on the linguistic side of German, yet I am always hoping that she will some day devote herself to the literary side of the language, as she is well fitted by nature to make a good mark in that line of work. It is no good to kick against nature, though we all do it more or less. 'Man know thyself' is a very old saying, yet herein lieth the secret of all successes. Pray don't think I am becoming either sentimental or frivolous; life is too short for either. It is however the plain duty of all of us to ask ourselves the plain and simple questions:—What am I best fitted for by nature? How can I best benefit my fellow men? And last, but unfortunately not always least—What field still remains to be ploughed and is it desirable—all other things being equal—for me to enter that field? Such are the questions we ought to ask ourselves if we really mean to be useful and to leave something behind beyond a mere name on a grave-stone in some country churchyard.

Thank you for your kind mention of Miss Jackson and Miss Wardale, whom along with Miss Scott, I shall miss very much next term. They were all three such good workers in my little sphere of work. It is rather sad, yet I am bound to say: Here endeth the generation of good workers, now that I have lost these three students. As for myself, I am gradually coming to the conclusion that English people regard anyone who devotes himself seriously and earnestly to philology and the historical development of languages, as at least eccentric if not quite a

lunatic, while Engl. dialects are regarded as mere vulgarisms, to possess a knowledge of which is a sure sign of bad breed and defective education.

I am afraid my letter is not 'quite to the point', but the opportunity was too tempting not to make use of it. I have long wished to speak quite plainly and openly regarding your work.

Yours sincerely,

J. WRIGHT.

My use of the phrase 'manual labour', to which he here refers, is stamped on my memory, because he brought it up one day in Class: 'What did you mean by saying the study of Philology involved too much "manual labour"? I thought "manual labour" meant working with a wheelbarrow.' I replied: 'I meant the labour of handling big dictionaries.'

During the whole of my third and last year I did no class-work with him, but in my final term he often gave me informal help and advice. He used to come to the Hall once a week to teach two English students, and he established a plan of remaining after the hour was over in order to see me and clear up my philological difficulties. I read in my diary entries such as: May 2. 'Dr. Wright explained certain OE. passages to me'; May 3. 'Letter from Dr. Wright offering to help me in my revising.' This is the letter:

16 Kingston Road, Oxford. May 2, '90.

DEAR MISS LEA,

Pray don't forget that you are quite at liberty to send me any difficulties you may meet with in the revision of your work in my narrow sphere: viz. the O.E. texts and the History and Philology of the language. The best plan will be to send me your list of questions on *Friday* mornings (i.e. for me to receive them then), we will then discuss them when I finish with Miss Thomson and Miss Tufnell. Next Friday I will draw your attention to some special points in Chaucer and Piers Plowman which you ought to have at your 'finger ends'.

Don't be anxious as to what the result of the Examination

will be, and above all things be careful not to over-work yourself during the term; you have been a good and faithful worker and you will certainly reap your meet reward.

Yours sincerely,
J. WRIGHT.

In spite of his exhortations against over-anxiety, I wrote, May 9, 'Dr. Wright—hints on Chaucer and Piers Plowman, depressing'. I remember him saying cheerily: 'I suppose you know all your Chaucer well?' 'Indeed I don't,' I told him, 'only to-day I discovered that I had no notion how Chaucer could have two distinct forms of the adjective *sweet* in the first few lines of the Prologue.' 'You don't know *that*!' exclaimed Joseph Wright, 'you've killed me!' I felt horribly depressed, literally, as from under the weight of a flat-iron. But I survived to give him further horrifying surprises: May 16. 'Dr. Wright on Beowulf, etc. shocked again at my ignorance.' He told me that he and Professor Napier were both counting on my getting a First, which naturally added to the depth of my despair. I fancy now that the addition of Professor Napier's name was mainly camouflage, to cover some of Joseph Wright's own personal interest in my fate in the Schools. Professor Napier had seen me constantly at all his lectures, but he could only have known anything about my work at second-hand through his friend Joseph Wright. Be that as it may, all that I could do to help matters was to keep the hopes of my family at a strictly low ebb—a Third at the best—and plod on with my revising. I remember sitting in St. Mary's during the University Sermon one Sunday, with a black satin muff on my knee. It had a wide bow of ribbon, of many layers, on the top. Ever and anon these bows assumed a nightmare face, as of pages of Clarendon Press annotations to 'set books'. I shook them back into ribbons, only again to see them haunt me and taunt me with textual notes. In those days the horrible system had not been invented whereby the unfortunate candidate for Schools is made to take continual trial trips, called 'time-papers',

all through her last term, till she must wish the day of her birth had never dawned. We had no tutors to devise systems. When the Examination day—Joseph Wright spoke of it to his pupils as ‘the Day of Judgment’—came, we asked the Chapel harmonium-player to give us the hymn ‘For those at Sea’, and we launched forth on the main in our own boats. I say ‘we’, but this is a figure of speech in my case, for I was the only candidate for the Honour School in English that year. Joseph Wright in after years was fond of saying: ‘It cost the University a considerable sum to examine my wife.’ The fee of £2 10s. which I paid would not do more than cover the cost of printing the ten papers, if that. The questions seemed pleasantly personal, as if the Examiners were breathlessly waiting for my individual opinions: ‘What do you think Shakespeare intended by the witches?’ When I look at this and other literary questions marked as answered by me then, I wonder what has become of the little I ever knew about the English classical authors. At all events, I managed to get my First, so Professor Napier and Joseph Wright were relieved from their anxiety, and the latter told me triumphantly: ‘You got about ninety per cent. on your Language papers, and only just *scraped* through on your Literature!’ I knew, of course, that my success was entirely owing to him, therefore I did not begrudge him the satisfaction of his ‘I told you so’. To the credit of Lady Margaret Hall be it said that, small as our numbers were, we gained four Firsts that year. I sat for the Examination in the Divinity Schools, together with other women candidates for unrecognized subjects such as French and German. My desk was beside one of the large old windows looking out on to Exeter College garden. I never forget the sense of academic calm conveyed by that peaceful scene. The sunshine and the silence of that garden, and the solemn figure of Mr. Boase pacing slowly up and down, were all so comforting. It was one of the mental pictures of Oxford that I carried away with me when I ‘went down’ in the summer of 1890. It did not take the Examiners long to wade through my performance, and there

was no 'viva', so the news of my Class came by post on June 27, only three days after the last paper.

A letter from Joseph Wright, dated May 29, shows that already before my Schools, I had more or less consented to try my hand at some work such as he wanted me to undertake.

DEAR MISS LEA,

16 Kingston Road. May 29, 1890.

I was pleased beyond measure to hear this afternoon that you are inclined to take up some piece of serious work after your examination. There are several things you might do, but I was really too weary to talk about them when I saw you, as I had already been talking from 10-1 this morning and from 3.15 to 6.45 this evening. I shall be so pleased if you definitely make up your mind to do some original work; for considering the amount of interest I have hitherto taken with the work of women students, the results—I don't count examinations for anything—have been very small indeed. As soon as your Examination is over we will fix some definite piece of work.

For next Friday you would find it useful to *ask* me about any grammatical points that can possibly turn up in the pieces set from Sweet's Ags. Reader. Don't bother about *Plummer's* Ags. Chronicle. As you know, there are obvious reasons for my not being able to suggest any points.

Yours sincerely,

J. WRIGHT.

Meanwhile, no doubt, he did his utmost to harden my resolve, for by July 12 I had definitely promised to do his bidding. At once he was ready with a suggested piece of work, and offers of practical help, as will be seen in the following letter. Its real value lies, however, in the 'digression' on the important place of modern dialects in linguistic studies.

DEAR MISS LEA,

16 Kingston Road, Oxford. July 12, 1890.

I am very pleased indeed to hear that you really mean to settle down to do a piece of serious work. How would the following suit you:—*A complete grammar of the phonology and*

accidence of the Northumbrian version of the Gospels? This is a piece of work which has not yet been done, although scholars have been looking forward to the appearance of such a grammar for the last ten years at least. Cook, the translator of Sievers' grammar, promised to do it many years ago, but it is very doubtful whether he has any real intention of doing it now. At the time he promised to include in his grammar all the Northumbrian documents.

The gospels have been edited by Kemble and Skeat—Pitt Press, Cambridge. To make such a grammar of the gospels as I mean, would require much time, patience and 'manual labour'. It might interest you to know that Miss Wardale has already begun to make a similar grammar of the O.H.G. version of the Psalms.

I am perfectly certain that you are thoroughly competent to undertake the writing of such a grammar; and as the number of books of reference required would be very small, there would be no necessity of your residing in Oxford. It would be waste of time for me to enter into details as to what books are indispensable for the work, and the manner in which you ought to set about it, until I hear what your opinion of the proposed work is.

There are several other things I can suggest if you don't like this. But this is the best—though the most difficult—and most important. You know how pleased I shall be to put you in the right way of writing the grammar and to give you any further necessary help and to help you with the reading of the proof-sheets, but more about all this as soon as I hear from you again.

Try to learn as much Dutch as you possibly can while you are at the Hague, you will find it useful. Tell me when you come back if you are able to give me a proper analysis of Dutch *v*.

I too was pleased that you got a 'very good First', though I knew perfectly well from the very first term you worked with me that you were sure of it, whenever the day came. Oh! how few students know how to stick to the 'point' and to omit what they don't know without making 'shots'! You and Miss Jackson

were always free from this vice, you may perhaps call it by another name, but I call it a vice. You have often heard my definition of a good answer.

You will, no doubt, be pleased to hear that Miss Cayley got a First and Miss Birley a Second. Miss Jackson got distinction all round. And she frightened the examiners last year with too great an amount of accuracy in Old German and Philology. It is truly wonderful that so great brain power should exist in so frail a body. I have often wished, though she would probably be very shocked if she knew it, that she were reduced to the dead level of making her own way in life, and of relying entirely upon her brain power for making a career in life. As it is, there is no probability of her settling down to do a piece of serious work, beyond a piece of dialect work—which in her case will be purely mechanical, as she does not know any dialect,—a subject in which I am very much interested. I have never had an opportunity of pointing out, and of making you understand how important English dialects are for the thorough understanding of the historical development of our own dear mother tongue. Their value cannot possibly be overrated by those who have seriously devoted their attention to the subject. Would that you too could or would contribute a 'widow's mite' to this all important subject, for depend upon it, it will be soon too late! All such work is a work of love, but it is by no means a question of 'Love's Labour's Lost'. In this field of work the harvest is very great, the reapers are few, and I often feel very sad, yes very sad indeed, that English people and English philologists will find out when it is too late that many points relating to English phonology will for *ever* remain unexplained by means of the dialects.

I am sure you will be surprised to hear that Miss Sorabji—whose home is thousands of miles from here—has already rendered considerable help in this way, and that she is this vacation making collections by way of help in this grand and glorious cause.

It is Sunday evening—my best time for correspondence—I

am afraid you will think I have become very sentimental, but I will return to the 'point' after such a long digression.

Surely the paper on Monday June 16, 9 A.M.-12, and two of the other papers must have convinced you that your real strength lies in language and not in *twaddle*, or in other words in definite and fixed knowledge and not in drawing from *imagination simply*. I hope you now see, feel and realize the difference between a real knowledge of literature and the Schund as we call it in German, which is expected from candidates. I shall do what I can to have this examiner removed for the future. Many of the questions were very indefinite and admitted of various kinds of answers 'je nachdem'.

I shall be here all the Vacation as I am seeing through the Press a Gothic Grammar I wrote some time ago. They have just appointed me to a lectureship in Teutonic Philology here, and I have announced to read next Term on Gothic, M.H.G. lyrical poetry, and Historical German Grammar.

In conclusion I congratulate you most heartily.

Yours sincerely,

J. WRIGHT.

This was the precursor of several others containing instructions to a raw beginner. They form a clear example of the pains he would take to help a pupil to produce something to show that previous study had not been fruitless. Not only did he stimulate the beginner with words of encouragement, but he would give time and thought to explaining the necessary technical details of workmanship from his own unlimited experience. There probably never was a scholar better versed in methods of scientific grammatical study, at once time-saving and exact. And in this, as in most things, he was mainly self-taught.

DEAR MISS LEA, 16 Kingston Road, Oxford. July 20, 1890.

You will no doubt be pleased to hear that Prof. Napier is delighted to hear that there is some prospect of your settling down to some original work. He too is of opinion that the

proposed grammar is just the kind of work you can best do with credit to yourself and others interested in the welfare of your work. He said at once 'I hope I may be of some use to her in the undertaking'; so that what with the encouragement and help from one and another of us, you may safely settle down to the work at once and rely upon our clearing up difficult points for you.

If I might venture to give you advice, I should decidedly say that it will be best to begin the work before you go to the Hague—life is short!

When you really get into the work, it will not be so 'stupendous' as you think. It will, it is true, take much time and patience, but that is the case with all serious work.

There will be no need for you to have anything to do with the MSS. The newest editn. of Skeat and Kemble (Pitt Press, Cambridge. 30/-) is thoroughly reliable. Seeing that you do not know Latin, it is very gratifying to hear that you can get help at home in this part of the work, for you will no doubt often have need of it.

The only book which is absolutely necessary for you to possess at the present is the text of the Gospels. The next thing is to make slips of *all forms* occurring in *one* of the gospels, and the best for this purpose is St. Mark. You may safely omit collecting *all* the examples of prepositions and conjunctions. But be careful to collect all forms which deviate from the *normal spelling* of the North. dial. The same applies to auxiliary verbs. Enclosed are a few specimens, but my slips are rather too large for your purpose. Buy very cheap and thin paper and have them cut by a bookbinder so that two of my slips make *three* of yours. As soon as you have got together all the slips for St. Mark, and arranged them, you will find that the other gospels will not take so much time; for then you will have already got the skeleton for the grammar which only will require to be filled in.

It will take some little time to get the slips to St. Mark together and for the present there will be no need for you to

think about the eventual arrangement of the matter, we will consider this at a later stage. Do you think it would be possible for you to come to stay at L.M.H. for a day or so sometime next term? In this case both Prof. Napier and myself would have an opportunity of giving you oral advice and help in the matter. If this is not possible, I don't mind 'a bit' coming to Worcester for a day sometime before next term begins to put you in the way of making the right use of the slips.

I feel sure you will do your utmost to 'turn out' a piece of really scientific and useful work, and there is reason to believe that if Prof. Napier, Skeat and myself use our influence, the Pitt Press would publish the grammar as an Appendix—of course in a separate form—to the North. gospels.

Are you quite clear as to what you ought to do for the present?

I will conclude with a speech which implies much in the land of its birth—*Die Junggrammatiker sollen leben!*¹

Yours sincerely,

J. WRIGHT.

16 Kingston Road, Oxford. July 28, 1890.

DEAR MISS LEA,

I am sorry not to have been able to answer your letter sooner, but I have been very busy the last 10 days with looking over the German Local Examination papers.

It would be impossible to give you a definite answer to Question (1), but judging from enquiries which I made last year in Germany and from Americans who have been here from time to time, I should decidedly say that there is little chance of Cook writing the Old Northumbrian Grammar, which was to include *all* the O. Northumbrian monuments. I don't think there is the least reason to fear that you will be anticipated.

(2) Yes certainly paragraphs 150–168 will be quite enough for your present purpose. As soon as you get the slips for

¹ Long life to the Young Grammarians!

St. Mark, we will settle while you are here about the manner in which you ought to make use of them.

(3) Your slips ought to include all words (and all forms of the same word), but there will be no need whatever for you to copy all the prepositions, conjunctions, and aux. verbs unless they occur with *different* spellings*.

I am glad to hear you will be able to settle down to the work at once. You will, I am sure, find the work very interesting as soon as you get into it.

Yours sincerely,
J. WRIGHT.

* i.e. various.

16 Kingston Road, Oxford. July 31, 1890.

DEAR MISS LEA,

Prof. Napier who has had a good deal of experience in the manipulation of slips, suggests that it would be handier afterwards when you come to sort the slips if you write the O.E. at the left hand top corner; the Latin gloss at the right hand top corner; and the book ch. and verse say at the left hand bottom corner. I think this is an improvement, and I should therefore strongly advise you to adopt it. If you have already made some slips I should not re-write them.

Yours sincerely,
J. WRIGHT.

16 Kingston Road, Oxford. August 13, 1890.

DEAR MISS LEA,

It is of the very greatest importance that *all* words containing an *accent* over the vowel should be carefully copied on to slips just as they occur in the text. In all other cases (i.e. where vowel length is not indicated in the text) you will find it most practical in the 'long run' *not* to mark vowel length *on your slip at all*.

As soon as you have got your slips together for St. Mark—on the above plan—you will find that the sorting of the slips will not be so difficult as you might possibly think just now.

I am sending you by book post two grammars which have lately appeared, the one on O.W. Saxon, the other on O. Northumbrian, the latter of which has only just reached me. They are both *very good*. From either of these you will easily gather the manner in which such a special grammar like yours is to be arranged. May I ask you to return them in the course of two or three weeks as I may be in want of them? Lindélöf deals with the same dialect as you, and you will no doubt find his book the more interesting, though you will easily learn from either of them the method to be adopted as soon as you get your slips ready.

Now that I find out that you are really in earnest about the work I reproach myself every time I think of it that I did not do more for you while you were here. I will however try to make up for any 'shortcoming' when you are here next term.

At the end of this month I shall be together with Dr. Sweet for a few days, and he will I am sure be so pleased to hear that you are making such a grammar.

Let me hear from you *frequently* how your glorious work is progressing, and don't think for a moment that you will be giving me any 'bother' in any questions you might ask about it.

Yours sincerely,

J. WRIGHT.

P.S. I hope I am quite clear!

With this letter of August 13, 1890, the series ends. I have none now extant for nearly a whole year, so that for this space of time I have only my memory and the diary as a basis for the further history of what Joseph Wright had so bounteously godfathered from its infancy, and which he now styled my 'glorious work'. After working at home for three months, I paid a visit to Oxford at the end of October, for the purpose of seeing Joseph Wright to talk over various 'difficulties' with him. I went to stay for ten days with my good kind friends Mrs. Wood and her daughter Hilda. Immediately on my arrival, Joseph Wright 'came to tea and talked shop with me'.

One of the ways in which he greatly helped me at this period was by procuring for me introductions to scholars who would, he said, be interested in my work. I fancy he usually primed them in advance with a glorified account of my powers, and the wonderful things to be expected of my budding genius, if properly guided in the right direction. And when Joseph Wright took upon himself to tell people what they ought to do, they did it. Thus it was, that during this visit, I came into personal touch with Professor Napier. I had 'sat under' him for three years, but had never yet spoken to him. I wrote in my diary of Nov. 6: 'To the Bodleian, quaking with shyness, to meet Professor Napier. Walked with him to his house near Cowley. Found him very nice and friendly—talked about the Grammar. He promised all sorts of help.' But Joseph Wright's efforts on my behalf did not stop here. He was paving the way for me to become a teacher in my subject as a further step in my training, and, unknown to me, he was devising devices for procuring me a post in Oxford. With this object in view, he had already arranged that I should coach a woman student in Old English by correspondence. This I did between October and December, and was much thrilled on receiving the sum of '£1 11. 3 as my fee for coaching her. My first earnings!' I can see now that I was being nourished and brought up on true Yorkshire lines, under the hand of Joseph Wright. I was to be a wage-earner, and not an amateur. The next entry in my diary points to the further stage in his plans for my future. Dec. 21, 1890: 'Letter from Dr. Wright saying he had recommended me to another correspondence pupil, and also making a private and confidential suggestion about my feeling willing some day to lecture at Oxford—a very exciting letter'. Unfortunately, this must have been a 'yours ever' letter, or illumined by the midnight oil, for it has been destroyed. My answer was apparently non-committal, for the diary contains no reference to it, and then on February 12, 1891, Joseph Wright—who never relinquished a project on which he had set his heart—returned to the charge once more: 'Letter from

Dr. Wright offering to propose my name to the Association as his successor in October for teaching Old and Middle English in Oxford. Papa said only "will it pay?" and no more. Few slips [i.e. work on my Grammar] being too much distraught by Dr. Wright's letter. Compiled reply to letter.' This compilation was merely a request for more information, probably intended as a means of gaining time for arriving at some decision. The response was not long delayed. Feb. 17: 'Letter from Dr. Wright telling of money prospects of lecturing at Oxford, and also from the point of view of my having made no decision as to the scheme.' My father's attitude was by no means a mercenary one. His argument was perfectly sound: 'You have a home in which you can live; if you like to go and live in Oxford you must earn enough to keep yourself, there is no reason why I should pay for the teaching of other people's daughters.' Joseph Wright's letter satisfied him: the financial prospect was good enough for my needs. This was not the real crux. The question whether to take the post or not had become a serious problem in my own mind. On the one hand, I was strongly drawn to Oxford, as to no other place on this earth; I loved my subject, and I had good reasons for believing that I should love teaching it, and prove successful in so doing. At the same time, I felt that the whole scheme had been engineered by Joseph Wright, and I resented the feeling that he was acting master of my fate. I remember comparing myself inwardly to a performing bear, with Joseph Wright at the other end of my chain. I resolutely hugged this conceit, and wrote to decline the proposal. Five years later he said in one of his letters to me: 'We sometimes say "no" when there is a strong latent "yes" at the bottom', and this was a striking example of the truth of his assertion. My refusal was a great blow to him, nevertheless he remained undaunted, and went steadily on, patiently weaving the web of my destiny in accordance with a pattern of his own designing. ('I have any amount of perseverance', he says of himself in one of his later letters.) The result was that my teaching in Oxford was merely postponed for two years. In

reality I was trusting to his help and guidance very much more than I would acknowledge to myself, and it was the last thing I should dream of disclosing to anybody else, least of all to him. Reviewing my young self at this distance of time, with my aged matronly eye, I should say I was really a very shy and diffident maiden, but so jealously guarding my own most cherished aims and ideas that it gave me a somewhat haughty mien. I see myself going about, as it were, clasping tight hold of Mrs. Grundy with one hand, and carrying a barge-pole in the other.

On May 20 of this same year, 1891, I again paid a visit to Oxford. My diary treats largely of Joseph Wright and his helpfulness. May 21: 'Interview with Dr. Wright who was very kind and generous in helping me over the Grammar.' May 23: 'Dr. Wright came to help me with the Grammar and was very kind—proposed that I should write to Professor Skeat, and offered to make enquiries at Cambridge for an opening for me!' May 26: 'Compiled my letter to Professor Skeat (by the advice of Dr. Wright)! Dr. Wright came and for nearly two hours explained hard words to me . . . and so I left my beloved Oxford, after an *intensely* enjoyable visit.' I went home and worked continuously at my Grammar, under the auspices of Joseph Wright. His next letter now extant is dated July 6, 1891. It was the first direct intimation I had had that he felt 'hurt' by my rejection of his Oxford scheme.

DEAR MISS LEA, 16 Kingston Road, Oxford. July 6, 1891.

... As soon as you have finished the *stem* vowels, the next thing will be to treat the vowels in other than stem syllables. And these you will have to divide into *two* classes:—(a) the vowels of medial syllables, (b) the vowels of final syllables. In arranging the consonants it will certainly be the best to start from the primitive Germanic consonant system. My opinion is that you will find the consonants and the accidence *very* interesting. Phonology corresponds to Pure Mathematics and Accidence to applied (mixed) Mathematics, and speaking mathematically,

he who knows his pure mathematics is exceedingly interested in the applied M. When you come to work out the Accidence I think you will find that there is 'many a nut to crack'.

I am glad you find the German edition of the O.E. grammar better than the American one. You know my dictum: 'it is better to live on dry bread and buy the best literature than to feast on "fowls" and buy trash.'

I am very pleased to find that I shall be here when you come to Oxford. I shall be in Oxford until the first week in August (7th) and shall return at the beginning of September to furnish No. 6 Norham Road, I am sick of occupying a corner in another man's cage, so I have just decided to have a whole cage to myself.

Miss Harris and Miss Whitelaw—a splendid woman in *brain* power—have got a first.

Yours ever,
J. WRIGHT.

P.S. Confession is a good thing both for the body and soul, the fact is that I have not yet mentioned to Prof. Skeat and Dr. Breul that you would be prepared to go to the Halls there if there were a suitable opening. I shall see Prof. Skeat in the Vacation and will talk the matter over with him. I know you will not mind my saying it, but I was very much hurt that you did not accept my proposal to come here.

Yours ever,
J. WRIGHT.

In September I was once more back in Oxford, and this time for nearly three weeks, staying with the same friends, near Lady Margaret Hall. I arrived on September 7, and on the following day occurred a—to me—noteworthy incident in the history of my early meetings with Joseph Wright. I have never forgotten it. I give it here as I recorded it at the time: 'Dr. Wright called at about 10.30 to ask me to come to the Bodleian to be introduced to Professor Sievers! Talk over the Grammar. Mrs. W., H., and I went to the Bodleian to interview the great

man. Dr. Wright and he met us in the Schools Quadrangle. Sievers very kind and friendly. H. suggested to Dr. W. to take us to St. Giles' Fair. Tableau. Sievers and I ahead, Dr. W., Mrs. Wood, and H. behind, going along the Broad to the Fair. Immense joke, "shies" at coco-nuts, ninepins, etc. H. and I and the spectacled Professors, Dr. Wright eagerly treating us to many pennyworths—no more learned discourses—great "screaming farce"! For the benefit of those of my readers who are not familiar with the city of Oxford, or who only know it during Term-time, I may explain that St. Giles' Fair is one of the very old country fairs still surviving. Many attempts have been made to suppress it, but it remains hale and hearty, increasingly so, as a matter of fact, for with the invention of new noise-making machinery, the din of the Fair waxes ever greater. Charabancs and the motor-bus bring more and merrier holiday-makers to add to the crowd of country folk who jogged into the provincial metropolis in the carrier's tilted cart, to forgather with their town relations, and buy fairings for the children. The Fair lasts two days, and is held on the first Monday and Tuesday after the first Sunday in September. All traffic through the length and breadth of St. Giles' is stopped, and the grey walls of St. John's College are blotted out by gaudy erections, grown up like mushrooms in one night. Doubtless the College Bursars sit comfortably behind darkened windows and listen to the music of the merry-go-rounds, for can they not hear in its strains the chink of the money rolling into their coffers, cast in by the showmen who rent their 'stands' from the College on which they so blatantly turn their backs? The *élite* of 'North Oxford'—the 'West End', to use the London phrase—take their families to the Fair in the morning, so that there was nothing remarkable in our attending the Fair as onlookers, but what was striking was the sight of two Professors in black coats and wide-awake hats shying at coco-nuts! Professor Sievers was the author of the Old English Grammar which had been my infallible book of rules ever since I began to learn the subject. I had hitherto always

thought of him as an abstract authority whom one spoke of as 'Sievers', as one said 'Shakespeare', without any attributive title. It was a great event to meet him in the flesh. I cannot say that he shone in the coco-nut field on this occasion, but then he was so completely thrown into the shade by Joseph Wright. The latter was a dead shot with his powerful left hand, and I was not the only admiring bystander, for presently quite a crowd gathered round us, and the heart of the showman must have sunk within him as he contemplated the growing heap of nuts beside the hero of the moment. His store of nuts would have run out, and his 'bank' shown a deficit, if many customers came along possessed of such skill as that of Joseph Wright.

Some years later Joseph Wright again figured at a booth in the Fair, this time, not in person, but on a film. It must have been one of the very earliest productions of the kind, when the cinema was in its infancy. In a dark tent, at an unfashionable evening hour, a film was shown presenting the work-people streaming out of the Clarendon Press at dinner-time, Joseph Wright leaving his Dictionary Workshop amongst them, hastily filling his pipe, as was his wont, for smoking was prohibited within the precincts, and not a moment of freedom must be lost. The lady assistants, taking a little evening recreation at the Fair, hailed with delight this unexpected item in the series of pictures shown. But I am straying away from my diary for 1891, and its recorded evidence of the part Joseph Wright played in shaping my life's history in those days. So important a figure was he that I even chronicle as an outstanding feature in the day's trivial round: 'expected Dr. Wright, but he never came.' Happier days quickly followed. Sep. 14: 'Dr. Wright came to tea and explained words to me afterwards. Dr. Wright suggested I should write to Professor Sievers about the two words which puzzled Professor Skeat! Composed the letter.' Sept. 15: 'I went, by the advice of Dr. Wright, to call on Miss Toulmin Smith.' Sept. 19: 'Found a note from Dr. Wright, wrote an answer, and went to deliver it', and then later the same day: 'Interview with Dr. Wright at 5 o'clock tea. The

latter abused me, and patted me on the back, and gave me explanations of words', an amusing jumble of happenings in one interview! It reads like the same admixture of pills and jam that his first letter to me contained, when he pointed to my 'serious mistakes', yet bade me not be 'discouraged' for that the early efforts of other young things were 'equally bad'. He always somehow made it plain that my ultimate good was his chief concern, and that I could rely on his leadership as safe and sure. My excuse for disinterring so many stray bits from the short and simple annals of my existence previous to my marriage in 1896 is, as I have pointed out before, to show how the dominating personality of Joseph Wright became more and more completely, as time went on, the main guiding influence behind all that I did. I hardly recognized it even then, and often stood up against it when I felt it—as I thought—encroaching on my own individuality, but I see it now as a psychological fact nevertheless.

A second Professor whom I met for the first time during this visit was Professor Rhÿs. On September 2 I set out to 'go through the ordeal of calling on a new Professor. This time, Professor Rhÿs, by order of Dr. Wright, to ask for an explanation of *celmertmonn*. . . . The Professor took me into his study and hunted up books. Tea in the drawing-room. . . . "The Celtic Scholar" Dr. Whitley Stokes, appealed to by Professor Rhÿs—all very kind—very exciting.' I remember being much struck by Dr. Whitley Stokes as a very learned and dignified, and withal charming and benevolent, old gentleman, whom I was proud to have met. Doubtless this tea-party was amongst my memories when I left Oxford the following day, and wrote in my diary: 'Arrived at Weston, feeling quite dreary to think that all the delights of Oxford were over.' My days of mourning were soon over, for after little more than a month at home I returned to Oxford. Whether or no this was 'by order of Dr. Wright' I cannot tell, as the intervening correspondence by letter has been destroyed. It would seem that I had some qualms over the project, for on the eve of my departure I

wrote, Oct. 25: 'Letter from Professor Napier, a very charming little note to say he would be glad to see me. Very cheering when I was feeling low at the thought of this venture of mine in going to Oxford.' I took up my quarters in a boarding-house in Park Crescent, where I remained for a couple of months. Here I 'began an attempt at the real MS. of the Great Work', and Joseph Wright frequently 'came to help me, and was very kind', staying sometimes 'an hour and a half'. My 'elegant letter' of thanks to him before I left 'took ages to compose'. It was 'by Dr. Wright's desire' that I introduced myself to Mr. Mayhew during this visit, whom I was afterwards to know among the workers on the staff of the Dialect Dictionary.

In my diary for the following year, 1892, the name of Joseph Wright appears with even greater frequency. I corresponded with him regularly over the Grammar, and about the middle of May I went up to Oxford for ten weeks. This time I engaged lodgings in the Woodstock Road, opposite Somerville College, 'which seemed likely to be very nice'. However, a serious drawback arose, incredible as it sounds in these more enlightened days. Mrs. Arthur Johnson had kindly asked me to stay with her for a day or two whilst seeking for rooms, so I suppose I hearkened to her word the more diligently because she was then my hostess, and thus exercised more effectively the sway of the A.E.W. over my doings in Oxford, although I was of graduate standing. May 20: 'Mrs. Johnson said that when I was alone in mere lodgings Dr. Wright could not come to coach me! Horrors! So I went to consult Mrs. Wood, who was most nice and kind, but agreed that it would not do, and offered me the use of her dining-room. Came back and told Mrs. J.' May 23: 'Went to Mrs. Wood's and waited in the dining-room for Dr. Wright. He came soon after 5 p.m. and talked long about Zürich, etc.' This was a first step in his new scheme for me, namely, that I should take a Ph.D. Degree at a foreign University. He continued to press it upon me, till I ultimately acceded to his wish, though it never materialized, owing to the success of his other yet secret plan which

reached a desired climax in 1896. But to return to Mrs. Wood's dining-room. Joseph Wright came regularly once a week 'to talk Grammar with me', and I must have been absolutely unscrupulous about taking up his time, for I was constantly compiling 'lists of questions' to lay before him at these lengthy sittings. I note that on June 22 I met him at the 'Masonic Fête' in Worcester College Garden, on the day of the Encaenia: 'Lovely afternoon—very grand party, band, fine dresses, D.C.L. robes, strawberries and ices... Saw the Woods, Dr. Wright, and others—delightful time.' I have in his 1896 letters his own much more romantic reference to this meeting. It might have cheered him perhaps if he could have known that I never even met him in the street, or inside a tram, without registering it as an event in the day. On July 7 comes another passage of arms with Mrs. Johnson, as the representative of the laws of propriety. I was only ignorant, never actively rebellious, so she could claim an easy victory every time, and I found means for getting all I wanted in the end. 'I was to have gone a drive to Garsington with Mrs. Johnson and her mother—then came a note from Dr. Wright asking me to tea to meet Dr. Sweet and his wife, so I had to go to Mrs. J. and back out—unfortunate as it was. Mrs. J. objected to my going alone to tea, so I called on Miss — who knew them, and got her to promise to come. . . . Miss — came, and we went to the tea-party. Professor Rhys was calling there. Dr. Sweet shy. Mrs. Sweet small and delicate, but pleasant of smile. Tea in the dining-room. Sweet fell to talking of my Grammar, and became less shy, and *very* nice—quite sorry was I to come away. Thus did I see the one Professor I had hankered to know.' It was during this visit to Oxford that for the first time I coached a pupil otherwise than by correspondence. For this I gleefully received a cheque from Mrs. Johnson for £1 17s. 6d.

On October 21, in large capital letters, and with many exclamation marks to indicate joy and satisfaction, I wrote in my diary the words: 'Finished my Grammar'. Joseph Wright was busying himself as to ways and means of getting it printed and

published. I went up to Oxford for a fortnight in November, when he came to see me at Mrs. Wood's, 'to talk about the fate of the Grammar'. He had no intention of allowing me to remain idle, for I found him already full of plans for 'new work for me'. The Grammar, he told me, would probably be accepted by the Editor of the *Anglia*—a German philological journal. Professor Napier also gave me a great deal of practical counsel and help at this time. I went to see him at his house on Headington Hill. He had been looking over my manuscript, and now advised me to cut it down in parts, as it was 'too long for the *Anglia*'. He further 'proposed I should work at the Andreas which he had intended doing, and partly begun, but would give to me, and superintend—very exciting this. Then after inviting me to come again on my return on the 8th, he escorted me back, with much interesting talk—specially at the end, just before I got into the tram at Magdalen, when he spoke of my teaching Middle English here "if we were working together"!'. In the light of later knowledge I see behind this little episode the master hand of Joseph Wright. It is more than probable that he had divined the cause of my previous refusal to accept a teaching post in Oxford, and he was now gently preparing the way for a similar proposal that should come, as it were independently, from another source.

The two following letters show the 'fate of the Grammar' decided, a matter, which by good fortune, I then thought vital, so that these valuable references to Joseph Wright's own Windhill Grammar, and to the Dialect Dictionary escaped destruction. The Grammar duly appeared in the *Anglia*, and the Editor subsequently paid me £6 16s. 6d. for my contribution.

6 Norham Road, Oxford. Dec. 3, 1892.

DEAR MISS LEA,

I had a post-card from the publisher of the *Anglia* on Tuesday, in which he asked how much space your Grammar would occupy when printed. I wrote back saying that it would occupy about 100 pages.

He did not say expressly that the Editor would accept it, but it seems to me highly probable that he will, seeing that he has written to make enquiries about the probable size of the article. I am very pleased to hear that Prof. Napier is reading over your MS.

Term is drawing fast to an end, and I am very glad of it as I am pretty well worked out. So far as I know at present I shall stay all the vacation here and try to make a serious beginning of my Comparative Greek Grammar which will be a rather heavy piece of work (about 500 pages when printed), but if all goes well I hope to finish within two years.

I wish I knew what could conveniently be done with the material for the 'big' dial. Dictionary, which I have in hand (nearly a *ton* of slips—12 large packing cases—all alphabetically arranged), the older I get the more clearly I see that I shall never be able to devote the necessary time to the editing of the material.

Yours sincerely,

J. WRIGHT.

DEAR MISS LEA, 6 Norham Road, Oxford. Jan. 17, 1893.

I am very sorry not to have been able to write sooner, for I suppose your Grammar has been ready for press for some time now.

After much delay I received the enclosed post card by this post from which you will see that the editor of the *Anglia* will no doubt accept the Grammar. In my letter to the publisher—whom I know very well—I pointed out fully the exact nature of the work, so that your best plan will be to send off the Grammar AT ONCE to the editor. I will then try to arrange for its being printed sooner than in May or June.

Frisch *daran*, die Weil' man *kann*.

Wer viel bedenkt, wird wenig leisten.

And all the rest of the 'wise saws and modern instances'; in which there is after all a certain amount of truth.

My book—which is dedicated to my dear mother—will be published next Friday. I have been collecting the material for it for a great many years, so that you may imagine how glad I am to have the book off my hands at last. I will send you a copy if you think it will interest you.

I sorely need a few days' holiday away from Oxford, but it is useless to go away in this weather, so that I shall 'toil along' until the Easter Vacation.

Yours sincerely,

J. WRIGHT.

He must have sent me a copy of the Windhill book at once, for I was reading 'Dr. Wright's new book on his native dialect' ten days after receiving his letter.

And now his cherished project, which I had so recklessly overthrown in 1891, was on the eve of realization. I quote first my diary. April 9, 1893: 'Letter from Dr. Wright telling me that he had paved the way for me to get the Oxford lectureship which would shortly be formally offered to me!' Here is the letter, it reached me at Vevey in Switzerland.

6 Norham Road, Oxford. April 5, 1893.

DEAR MISS LEA,

Off to Switzerland for three weeks! Happy (!) woman, three weeks here, a month there and x weeks somewhere else. I have just returned from a ten days' holiday and feel very much ashamed of myself for having been idle for so long a time, but I was almost obliged to go home as my mother has been ill, and I wanted her to have a change of air, so we have been to the sea side for a week.

Now that you have just had a definite offer of a post from some other source, I might as well explain at once that I was agitating here on your behalf the whole of the last term, and I may safely say that there is every reason to believe that you will be formally asked in the course of the next month to undertake the teaching of *all the O.E. and coaching therein*. The matter is to be definitely settled at the first meeting of the Educational

Committee, and Mr. Sidgwick told me this afternoon that he did not think there would be any difficulty in getting you appointed for the work, especially as I have made ample provision for Miss Wardale, who is to take the whole of the M.H.G. and the history of literature off my hands. In fact I am hoping that she will some day be able to take over the whole of the Old German work. In fact you ought to be particularly grateful to Miss Wardale for the ready manner in which she has fallen in with my proposals. She seems to agree with the proposed change in every way, and I am very pleased, as she was always 'with us'. Draw your own conclusions from the last two words, and show me in your next letter that you have understood 'with us'.

I cannot enter into details just now, but the so-called Association for the Higher Education of Women in Oxford has just this last term undergone a very material change in every respect. The change is for better in every way. There is now an Educational Committee which arranges the lectures etc.

As soon as the affair is settled, your best plan would be to come up here some time during the summer term in order that I might give you some help as to the best way to prepare your lectures for the October Term.

Yours sincerely,
J. WRIGHT.

Without any attempt to disguise the fact, I was now all eagerness to get the post, and found the delay of 'the Oxford authorities' in deciding the matter 'very tiresome and disappointing'. At last, on June 15, I received a 'letter from Dr. Wright saying the Oxford appointment was now almost certain—very pleasing this'.

6 Norham Road, Oxford. June 13, 1893.

DEAR MISS LEA,

Just a line to say that the question of your appointment as lecturer in O. and M.E. will be *definitely settled this next Friday*. The delay has been very great, but it was inevitable for the

purposes of success. Had it come on sooner there is some reason to think that the female portion of the Association—the only source of opposition—would have outvoted the *men*!! I won't mention any names of these enlightened (!) women, but I am happy to say that the name of Mrs. Johnson does *not* figure amongst them. More about details at some future period, for the present it will be enough to say that you will be appointed, according to the information I had this evening.

When you come up you ought not to lose any time in calling upon Mr. Sidgwick and to thank him for all the trouble he has taken on your behalf.

The amount of trouble he has taken in the matter is really wonderful.

Yours sincerely,

J. WRIGHT.

On June 22 came a 'letter from Mrs. Johnson—more or less the official announcement of my appointment'. I paid a visit to Oxford shortly afterwards when Joseph Wright 'looked over my lecture notes and gave me much good advice'. Professor Napier likewise did much towards 'sustaining me in my sea of work and schemes, all so new and bewildering'. Surely nobody could have had better friends in need! I only hope I showed them some fitting gratefulness, though when I think of all they did for me then, and later, I feel deeply conscious that the debt of thanks I owed to those two can never have been paid. But for them the three years of my teaching on the staff of the A.E.W. could not have been the thoroughly happy time of congenial work that they proved to be. I cannot vouch for what my pupils gained from their teacher, but I know I learnt a great deal, and gained much in training and experience from mine. Almost every Sunday, and often on a week-day besides, I used to go to Professor Napier with a sheaf of 'difficulties'; and all my lecture note-books are full of the scholarly comments and explanations he gave me to eke out and emend my own material. Sometimes, indeed, he lent me his own Lectures to

copy. Walking through Mesopotamia to Headington on a Sunday afternoon I not infrequently met Joseph Wright, which always brought a blush to my cheek, due to my anxious wish to appear unconcerned. But even so, it had not occurred to me to suppose the meeting other than accidental. I never stopped to converse, nor did he offer to turn and join me on my way. He wrote letters to me occasionally, but I have only preserved the following one. The Editor of the *Anglia* had sent me several 'offprints' of my Grammar and Joseph Wright had given me a list of distinguished philologists and others to whom he recommended me to send a copy. Evidently I had forwarded to him the letters they wrote to me in response. I have the packet now, with the letter he mentions from Professor Sievers.

6 Norham Road, Oxford. Nov. 24, 1893.

DEAR MISS LEA,

I have read the enclosed with much pleasure and satisfaction; especially the letter from Sievers which will give you a good idea of the enormous value of detailed investigation similar to yours. My most sincere hope is that you will continue the good work you have begun. You will not have much spare time for original work just now, but when once you have thoroughly got into your Association work, you will have ample time for undertaking further original work on your own account. There is nothing which would give me more pleasure than to hear that you intend to take the Ph.D. degree some day. Don't forget that your O. Northumbrian Grammar would count for something in the matter.

Be of good cheer, toil zealously, and always remember that hard work is a genuine cure or preventive against most of the 'ills' and 'aches'—real or imaginary—to which the human heart and *frame* are subject. Now that you have fully realized where your strength lies—it was pointed out to you many years ago—don't attempt the impossible. But although your gifts are *grammatical* rather than *literary*, be generous towards the tastes of other people. We can't all be good grammarians, nor all good at literature. In this work as in all other, a division of

labour is necessary, where neither the former nor latter class of students is 'first or last', but both are on a *level*. What we grammarians ought to pray for is: *toleration*, but we can never hope to get it—and quite rightly—unless we are generous in our feelings towards other studies.

Yours sincerely,
J. WRIGHT.

It is a splendid example of his wise and fatherly counsel to me. Even the solemn upbraiding, which he feels to be necessary, has no sting in it. What could be more gratifying than his 'we grammarians'—the disciple on the same footing as the master, and liable to the same temptations to excess of zeal? Other friends were more harshly candid. Nov. 28: 'A. told me I was too hard on my pupils, which on top of Dr. Wright's sermon on "toleration" made me feel rather bad.'

Financially, Joseph Wright's prophecy about my post was amply justified. As a result of my labours the A.E.W. paid me a cheque for £43 8s. 6d.: a sum considerably above my modest expenditure for the term. In the following term I earned £57 16s. 8d. I may mention in passing, that, as my father had died in September, my mother and sisters had left the old Rectory home in Herefordshire. The new home to which I now went for the Christmas Vacation was at West Kirby in Cheshire, a healthful, but otherwise not particularly attractive, spot on the estuary of the Dee.

My diary for 1894 contains little that can lay any claim to a place in this Biography, and it comes to an abrupt close in November of that year, when I was threatened with a kind of writer's cramp, and gave up all unnecessary writing. In January I sent Joseph Wright a bound copy of my Grammar. In a short Preface I had written: 'It is with much pleasure that I take this opportunity of expressing my sincere gratitude to Professor Wright not only for suggesting the work, but also for so constantly assisting me throughout its progress; and to Professor Napier to whom I am indebted for almost all the explanations

here proffered of the difficult and obscure words in the text. Indeed but for their sympathy and encouragement the work could never have been accomplished.'

Very occasionally I went to tea with Joseph Wright, always accompanied by a chaperon. He had learned wisdom by experience, so when writing to ask me to come, he now extended his invitation to some elderly lady of my acquaintance, out of respect to convention. He never had the pen of a ready writer for fashionable missives, because he was too downright and honest, and conventional phrases were never 'in his line'. I remember being amused when I read his invitations: 'Will you and some other elderly lady come to tea with me?' Another funny habit was his use of the phrase, 'I shall be thankful', where other people would write—or say—'pleased', or 'glad'. It sounded more serious, and withal more humble than the occasion warranted. However, it so belonged to him that I came to like to hear it, and should have been sorry if he had ever lost it.

My lodgings in my first term as a Tutor had been in Museum Road. The rooms were small and sunless, and I was not very comfortable there, for more reasons than one. The landlord spent his time hiding from his creditors, who used to come—mostly in the evening—demanding their money. I could hear the debtor in the kitchen below telling the handmaiden to say he was 'out', and then the angry voice of the disappointed creditor at the front door when he received the message. There was, too, the episode of the upstairs lodger styled 'Mr. Smith'. He called and engaged a bedroom for a week, paying for it handsomely in advance. At once numbers of letters began coming for him by every post. Then he appeared, with a new toothbrush as his sole article of luggage, stayed two nights, and vanished, leaving behind him a heap of ashes where he had burnt envelopes and telegrams in the bedroom grate. I was given every detail of the mystery as it unfolded itself to my landlady. 'Mr. Smith' had advertised in the *Exchange and Mart* that he had for sale at the address which for the time being

was also mine, two second-hand incubators at bargain prices, and a number of pullets of attractive age and quality, good value for the money quoted. Confiding persons, through the medium of the post, hastily sent him money orders, which the landlady, by the aid of a powerful lamp, estimated all told at about £20. 'Mr. Smith' walked the streets of Oxford all day, cashing his gains at various Post Offices, and before any one discovered the fraud he had decamped, none knew whither. My crowning discomfort arose when some ladies at a tea-party told me horrid tales about my impecunious landlord, whose bold and truculent demands for money from his wife's lodgers had scared my predecessors. I came home from the tea-party and sat behind a locked door. When I next wished to emerge from my sitting-room the door would not unlock, and the landlord—who really seemed a genial and harmless person—had to come and set me free. Albeit, I was 'thankful'—in the ordinary sense of the word—to get away from Museum Road. After the Christmas Vacation I settled down in a nurseryman's house in the angle between the Banbury Road and Parks Road, on the site where the Engineering School now stands. One of the advantages of my new dwelling-place was that I could sometimes see, passing below my window, the burly form of Joseph Wright, with hands crossed behind his back grasping an idle walking-stick, as he strode to, or from, his Lectures at the Taylor Institution. One day I actually made bold to invite him to come to tea with me, and of course he came. (Mindful of etiquette I had duly provided myself with a chaperon!) I had never poured out tea for him before, and did not know, that when the tea-cups were small, like Dr. Johnson, he drank many cups of tea in succession. I was pouring out a late edition from an exhausted teapot: 'Thank you,' said Joseph Wright, 'that will do.' Myself, humbly: 'I am afraid it is rather weak.' J. W. 'That's why I said I did not want any more.' On another occasion I asked him specially to meet my friend Miss Weisse. He made a great impression on her, which deepened as she came to know him better. Almost from that first meeting she

used to say: 'Dr. Wright is a poet, all the more so because he is unconscious of it', and I lived to learn that she never spoke a truer word. No doubt I told him then how it was really she who sent me up to Oxford. It was a fit culmination of the part she had played in 1887, that in 1896 she combined the offices of fairy godmother and guardian angel over my engagement to Joseph Wright.

The only remaining letter written by him between now and June 1896 is a very important one concerning the Dialect Dictionary. I give it here as part of his correspondence with me. His later letters give his reasons for wanting *me* above all others to be interested in this his greatest undertaking, and show how he explained my coldness, and lack of any responsive sign of enthusiasm, which was so hurtful to him at the time.

6 Norham Road, Oxford. June 5, 1894.

DEAR MISS LEA,

I have just had a specimen of my proposed dial. dictionary 'set up' and send you a copy, which will doubtless interest you. I am in correspondence with the best publishers in Great Britain upon the subject. I discussed the subject with them very fully last week in town, and the chief representative of the firm is coming to see me this next week. Although the work will take up many of the best years of my life, yet there is no one else who can do it, and it would be such a pity if our dialect words should not be permanently registered ere it be too late. But the work shall not prevent me from writing several other books I have been pondering over for many years.

Yours ever,

J. WRIGHT.

Sir Charles Firth recently found among his papers a letter written by Joseph Wright to him in 1895, which he has kindly handed over to me. The controversy with which the letter deals has wholly passed from my memory. It may be that I never knew anything about it. Probably Joseph Wright heard that the A.E.W. was on the war-path against two of his former

pupils, and he rose up as their champion. He may indeed have urged it upon Professor Firth that he should espouse our cause,¹ and act as authoritative mouthpiece on our behalf. The latter had written to Joseph Wright asking for an exact statement of facts wherewith to confound the politics of the A.E.W., and this is the reply to the request. I give the letter in full, not only because it contains his own account of some of his methods in teaching, but because it shows how extremely generous he was towards the women students. Moreover—and this is what gave me such a thrill of satisfaction when the letter came into my hands—it is the first evidence I have seen of Joseph Wright as a fighter. He always said he ‘loved a fight’, and when he was forced by age and oncoming weakness to retire from University life, he was fond of saying that what he felt most was having ‘nothing to fight’.

6 Norham Road, Oxford. Nov. 25, 1895.

DEAR FIRTH,

It is rather difficult to give a good answer to your question about the ‘Paper Work’ in connexion with the Association Lectures: (1) because all subjects cannot be put upon the same footing with good results, and (2) different lecturers adopt different methods to arrive at the same results.

During the many years I have lectured to the Association I have tried several plans:

I. In former days I used to set the papers, and go through and correct them at home, and then discuss them in *class*. After much experience I came to the conclusion that this plan was most unsatisfactory from the student’s point of view, because it used to take up the whole hour in discussing the papers and there was no time left to find out whether the students had carried out the instructions given in the previous lecture.

II. I gave up method *one* and adopted the following method. I set the papers as usual, corrected them at home and then went to the Halls and discussed them with the individual students.

¹ Professor Firth was a member of the A.E.W. Committee, and as such took up the cause of the two language teachers in question.

This used to cost me at the very least 12 hours a week for which I never received either pay or even thanks. I am now speaking of the days when I had the teaching of O.E., O. Germ., and Gothic.

Method II answered splendidly from a student's point of view and I continued it for some years, but it left me without time to prosecute my own private studies in Term time. For very obvious reasons I was duty bound to abandon this method at the beginning of 1891 to the great disadvantage of the students. At this time or thereabout I handed over the teaching of O.E. to Miss Wardale and then later on it passed into the hands of Miss Lea. When Miss Lea was appointed to the teaching of the O.E. I handed over to Miss Wardale the 'History of Old German Literature' and all the 'Middle High German' as well as all the private teaching therein together with any private help students might require in Old High German. I am very sorry to trouble you with this ragman's roll (to whose reign does this refer? Under what circumstances did it take place? And what is the Mod. Engl. equivalent? A question for the History Sch.), but it is necessary to understand method III, which is divided into two headings like a *Sermon*.

(A) O.H. German. I set the papers as usual, go through them at home and tell the students if there is anything they don't understand in my corrections they *must* ask Miss Wardale, because we cannot possibly spend time in Class in discussing papers if we are to finish our part of the syllabus in the prescribed time—*One year*.

(B) Gothic. As the amount students are *obliged* to learn is very small, I have kept up the plan of Method I, i.e. to discuss the answers to the papers in Class, but it resolves itself into mere cramming and putting the students up to the points they are likely to be asked in the examination. In short it is mere instruction with an end in view (examination) but it is anything but education—the true end of University education.

I have heard from more than one source that the Association are about to censure Miss Lea and Dr. Wardale—mark the

distinction, the only woman in the whole history of Higher Educ. of Women in Oxford who has taken a decent degree. And there are two other women who will take the same degree very soon.

What other Oxford Schools can show such good results as ours? Count from 1888 the results in Engl. and Mod. Lang. and other Schools, and they are not in it.

I am writing here in the name of Napier and myself and we hereby express our great disgust (mark the strong term) that the Educational Committee should even have entertained the idea of *censuring* the teaching of Miss Lea and Miss Wardale. They have both acted in the best way they considered for the interest of the students placed under their charge. I thoroughly endorse the plan they have adopted, and if the Educational Committee think otherwise, my services to the Association are no longer required. I feel strongly upon this point.

Yours ever,
J. WRIGHT.

III. ENGAGEMENT

Somewhere about this time—it must have been after I left off keeping a diary—I remember going to call on Joseph Wright's mother, when she was staying with him in the Norham Road house. I have no clear recollections of her then, though I believe I saw her twice. I little knew that she, with her keen Yorkshire eye, was taking stock of me as a prospective daughter-in-law! According to a tale told in Windhill, Mrs. Wright said after I left the house: 'She seemed to be at 'oam, for she 'ad 'er feet on t'fender.' The friend who related this added: 'Professor Wright, will of course, understand this expression; it signifies much in Yorkshire, showing that people are not only welcome, but that they are members of the family circle.' Joseph Wright told me afterwards, in one of his letters, that she had been 'satisfied' with me, and I was proud of the testimony, though I marvelled that she should think any mortal woman good enough for this her son who was more to her than all the world beside.

In the Summer Term of 1896 Joseph Wright was making up his mind that the time was now come when he might bring to an end his years of silence. By hard work and stern self-denial he had reached a position which would enable him to provide for his mother for her life and make a home for me. The extracts from his love-letters, which I shall presently quote, will show how even in this one great moving passion of a man's life he made natural feeling subservient to reason and chivalry, in short, to all that he held to be summed up in the word Duty. He had never said anything to me which might not have been broadcast, had the B.B.C. been in existence then, so confined to 'shop' talk had been his intercourse with me. Things were to be different now. He invited me to tea, together with a friend and pupil of mine, the wife of an American doctor. In honour of the occasion Joseph Wright had bought at the most expensive china-shop in the town a pot to hold a flowering plant, to adorn the centre of his tea-table. He 'paid seventeen shillings for it', and I 'never took the least notice of it'. I was indeed unaware of its existence till I saw it and heard its history after we were married. He was disappointed over the failure of this effort, but undismayed. Before I left he even hazarded some complimentary remark about my personal appearance. I think he said he had always liked my eyes. Anyhow, I bristled with haughtiness, and, on leaving, I carried my head so high that I bumped it against a book-case by his study door, and had some ado to keep up the dignity of my exit. On the way back to my rooms, Mrs. Krauss commented on my cold, and even icy, behaviour.

And then, without any further preliminaries, he made the big venture: he wrote to me on June 1 and asked me to marry him. The letter was short, and to the point, unadorned by any flowers of speech, just a plain statement of solid fact. He had lived for years with this one idea, till he had become so familiar with it that it just did not occur to him that any prelude or elaboration was necessary when laying it before me.

Hereby hangs a tale—a long one, and a weighty one, in

truth the tale of our two lives together. Mrs. Browning—when she was still ‘E. B. B.’—says in one of her letters to ‘R. B.’: ‘I for my part value letters (to talk literature) as the most vital part of biography.’ To keep such back she says is ‘a wrong and selfish principle’, and that: ‘because we should all be ready to say that if the secrets of our daily lives and inner souls may instruct other surviving souls, let them be open to men hereafter, even as they are to God now. Dust to dust, and soul-secrets to humanity—there are natural heirs to these things.’ She goes on to say that whilst she fully sympathizes with ‘the shrinking back from the idea of publicity’ yet she deems it ‘natural weakness’. The question whether or not I should give to the world in this Biography what Joseph Wright wrote only to *me* is one which I have pondered over for many months past. I have often wished I had dug up the correspondence out of a Tutankhamen sepulchre, and then there would have been nothing to think about except how to blow a flourish of trumpets loud enough to herald such a glorious discovery. My first intention in going through Joseph Wright’s love-letters was just to quote from them the many interesting references to his early home life, and especially to the close intimacy between himself and his mother; details about the progress of his great work, the English Dialect Dictionary; and any casual remarks on things in general. All this has a value as coming from a man of his mental stature, but to give this and no more would be to keep back the best. Finally I decided that, cost what it may to lay bare my sacred and secret treasures, I ought to let other eyes behold and see something of this wealth of goodness and beauty and truth which otherwise would have remained hidden for ever. It was granted to me that I should know the inner life of a great soul, and be blessed by its pure radiance. The greatness of Joseph Wright is not so much in what he did—though he grappled with, and carried through, Herculean tasks such as few could have achieved—but in what he *was* as a man. To write of him, and yet withhold what I alone possessed, the knowledge of his high ideals of Love and Life, ideals which he

humbly followed to his last moments on earth, would be giving but a faint shadow of a real presence. I should be withholding a tribute of honour I would fain pay to his memory, and lessening the light of example he set to the world. Moreover, a sentence in one of his letters now sounded in my ears like a message to me from beyond the grave: 'When we two become old, and life is on the wane, it will be our *duty* to hand down to future generations the life and experience of two kindred souls.'

The theme of love has fallen on evil days. It is so much the fashion now to set it forth in print and on the stage as a base and ugly emotion, or at best a bauble lightly to be taken up, and as lightly discarded; a subject for baneful jesting and contemptuous mocking. In the story I have to unfold, love is seen at its highest and noblest, a mysterious and abiding force, which nerves hand and brain, and links earth to heaven; ever growing more and more spiritual, lifting man and woman above material ills and the tedium of everyday life, creating an atmosphere of unclouded peace, which does but become clearer when all else crumbles in decay. Even a poet such as Robert Browning comes down from the heights to rhapsodize about kisses and lips, and be interested in his own headaches and their causes and remedies. In Joseph Wright's love-letters there is nothing of this; underlying them throughout is what I have called his gospel of Work. He brings no garlands of roses, no exquisite lays, as tokens of his love, but like the knights of old he has made himself 'worthy' by doing heroic deeds. He toils to gain an answering love, and when he has attained what he sought, he accepts it as a pledge that shall inspire him to put forth yet greater strength, and accomplish more Work in the world at large. He sets out to find happiness, not to use it for selfish ends, but that it may enable him more fitly to fulfil the duty of service. He looks forward to marriage as providing the right fulcrum for future energy, and not merely a haven of rest after the exceptionally hard and toilsome days of his youth and early manhood. When a man's love has been conceived in this

lofty spirit, and has grown to unplumbed depths before it is allowed utterance, it breaks like a bewildering flood upon the woman at whose feet it is poured. She is carried out of the shallows of her ordinary life hitherto, and knows not where she is, nor what is before her. Thus it was with me, especially when a second letter came, revealing a tenderness and beauty of soul which simply awed me by its grandeur. The two or three weeks which followed were to both of us the most solemn period in our lives, a time of storm and stress preceding the calm of complete concord. Joseph Wright used to say that the three important events in a man's life are his birth, marriage, and death, and as the ordering of the first and the last is not in his hands, marriage remains the *one* thing it behoves him to consider.

The full meaning of much that comes in the later letters cannot be understood without first quoting from those which were written immediately before our engagement. After I had answered Joseph Wright's first and second letters, I felt in honour bound to destroy them, and did so, but he kept every one of mine. Naturally I meant to refrain from giving here any of my own letters, since this is not an autobiography; but at the outset I was faced with this break in the chain, which could partially be filled in by the allusions contained in my half of the correspondence; and further, I found that the one-sided plan was going to be like listening to a speaker at the telephone, when the messages which reach his ear are inaudible. And thus it has come about that in order to throw a full light on my present record, I must make use of what I myself wrote then.

48 Banbury Road, Oxford. June 2, 1896.

DEAR PROFESSOR WRIGHT,

I scarcely know how to answer your letter, because I feel I shall be giving you such pain, and I cannot bear to do that—and I cannot but feel honoured by your feeling towards me all these years. . . . I could not marry anyone whom I did not love with all my heart and soul—it would only be misery on both sides.

That is my simple reason for saying 'no', and I hope you will forgive me for putting it so bluntly. I cannot say how sorry I am to seem so ungrateful for all you have done for me, for truly I am not so. I shall always feel that it was mainly your doing that I have found work and interest in life—you have always been a truly good friend to me, and never spared any pains to help me in every way, both by words and deeds. And though I may not have said so, I have always deeply valued your help and encouragement, and do still, though I do not deserve it. . . . Please do not think more hardly of me than you can help, for writing this letter. . . . I have burned your letter.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

ELIZABETH M. LEA.

June 3, 1896.

DEAR PROFESSOR WRIGHT,

I think I could see you some time soon, but not now. Let me first see my Mother. It has been long arranged that she is to come here on Saturday for a few days. I *must* tell her—she is everything to me, and I keep nothing from her—and she is wiser than all the world beside.

Please do not write again—I am not worth all that—I can only say over again that I am grieved to pain you so deeply.

Yours very sincerely,

ELIZABETH M. LEA.

48 Banbury Road, Oxford. June 9, 1896.

DEAR PROFESSOR WRIGHT,

My Mother *very* strongly urged that you and I should *not* meet to talk over this, she thinks it would only be painful to us both, and that alone. It seems to me too that it would not be much good. I wholly believe every word you say in your letters, if I did not, they would not have made me so unhappy and miserable—if I could have imagined it the sudden effusion of a weak character, which might run tomorrow in quite another channel, it would not have seemed so awful and sad. In my

wildest dreams I could not have imagined anyone caring so much about me, and to think of it as thrown away and wasted! But you have created an ideal me, beside which the original is but a weak imitation.

I know you are not a 'vulgar' man; I know that you have by sheer genius and hard work won a 'position' to be proud of; I know your love is as pure and noble as man is capable of; I am sure you have led an honest and good life. What need therefore to 'discuss' these things? If I do not love you, I cannot marry you—it would be wicked and cruel. You yourself would not have me marry you out of pity, or for the sake of your 'position'. If I loved, as love should be, 'position' would not make the least difference. I have never played at 'love-making'. I have always been brought up to believe it the most solemn thing in man or woman's life—and your letters stagger me, and bewilder me. I have never heard such words before.

I do feel that you do not know me. I am weak and shallow, and incapable of the strength and depth of character you have. You have had practically no opportunity of knowing my daily life. . . . I hope I have made myself clear, but it is so difficult to write. But please understand that it is *not* that I do not admire you, (I do), and it is not that I have the faintest love for anybody else, (I have not), but simply that I cannot return the great love you bear towards me. I may be upset and bewildered, my vanity may be gratified by the honour you do me, but that is worse than nothing. It seems just dreadful to be the source of so much pain to such as you. I still think you have a right to claim an interview, if you choose to exercise it, but as I have tried to explain, I do not see what there is left for us to say to each other, and it would be very difficult and painful. I cannot honourably and honestly give you the one answer you want, and you would be the first to say that you would not take any answer but such as was made in the spirit in which the question was asked.

Yours very sincerely,
ELIZABETH M. LEA.

DEAR MISS LEA,

June 10, 1896.

I have just received your sad and terrible letter. Do let me see you this afternoon at 4 o'clock if you possibly can. I should feel a little easier if I could but tell you the story. I will be calm. I will then resign myself to the will of Him who rules all things,

Yours ever,

J. WRIGHT.

I will wait at the door for your answer.

DEAR MISS LEA,

June 10, 1896.

Acting upon your kind permission I wrote to your dear Mother today. I have told her everything. It was my solemn duty to do it, as you too keep nothing from her.

It was so very kind of you to see me this morning, but I was quite unnerved when I saw how 'unhappy and miserable' you looked. I had the terrible feeling of having been the cause of pain to you. . . . Your last letter will ever be treasured by me. . . . It is the outpouring of a very true and honest heart. . . . No, I have not created an ideal '*me*' beside which the original is but a weak imitation'. . . . You, as I pointed out to your dear Mother, may wonder *why* I have loved you so dearly for so long a time without making it known to you sooner. It was impossible to declare myself sooner as an honest and honourable lover. Had I asked you years ago, and had you accepted, there was just the chance that I might have died and left you improperly provided for. I lost no time in making my deep love for you known as soon as this grave and solemn duty had been attained. We will discuss this serious and awful question on Friday quietly and dispassionately. And my sincere and pious hope is that you will not pronounce any opinion for the present, but leave it entirely to Providence.

Yours ever,

J. WRIGHT.

After the interview on Friday, June 12, he wrote on June 15:
Many thanks for your very kind note. You don't know how

grateful I am to you and Miss Weisse for such a generous act of kindness. If it is all the same to you and to her I will come to Northlands [Miss Weisse's house at Englefield Green, near Windsor] on the Wednesday by the train leaving here at 10.57.

This will, I am sure do much towards enabling you to arrive at the true and right decision, whatever that may be. It rests entirely with you, *I* have nothing to decide; I decided firmly, resolutely and irretrievably all these years ago, and I have never wavered in that decision, the very opposite. It has grown stronger and stronger every day. . . .

June 16, 1896.

DEAR PROFESSOR WRIGHT,

Thank you very much for your letter. As you have met Miss Weisse, I should think you might just write and thank her for her invitation, and say you are accepting it.

There is no need to remind me of my 'responsibility'—I am only too conscious of it, morning, noon, and night.

If you will take upon yourself the risk of its being worse than no good at all, will you come and see me either at 2.30, or at 4 on Friday? I do not want to seem churlish, only it does not seem fair on you, when I cannot say whether or no the end will be pain or pleasure to you. But whatever you do or say, do not say it is 'kind' of me to see you. . . . I was very glad to have had a talk with you on Friday—but you see you apparently know all about me, whereas you to me are a sudden revelation; so while you can go on with your work, I am distracted over mine, and some of it must be done. I shall very likely come back to Oxford after Germany for a few days to go on with the Charters. The idea being that I should make a Grammar of those belonging to Edward the Confessor's reign. But whether I shall ever do it remains to be seen.

I feel I am trading on your goodness of heart, and treating you worse than ever. I am sure you do not know what it feels like to be feeble-minded like me!

Yours very sincerely,
ELIZABETH M. LEA.

June 17.

DEAR MISS LEA,

. . . It is clear from your letter that you have honest doubts in your heart as to whether you can or cannot accept me eventually. Take plenty of time. I have waited years, and can still wait. I am sure you will agree that our last meeting was not so very 'painful', and that we did much towards coming to a right understanding of each other.

Yes, I feel I am a 'sudden revelation' to you, and that is why it is so important that we should see something of each other. It is not difficult to learn to know a man like myself. I am a plain, simple, open-hearted man without the least varnish. I am very much afraid you will think this vanity, but it is not. It is the honest truth. . . . I am leaving with this note the first Part of the Dictionary which will interest you. Accept it, my dear Miss Lea, as the first instalment of the biggest piece of work I shall ever like to undertake. It was out of deep love for you that I undertook it, so that you can imagine what a sacred task it is to me. . . .

In reply to this I wrote on June 17:

DEAR PROFESSOR WRIGHT,

I am glad you are coming on Friday [June 19]. You are too good to me to put up with my doubts and difficulties so long, and even to think them right and good! And that when I am giving you so much 'agony' of mind. It is a horrible state of things. As to the Dictionary—it makes me feel dumb. I can't say 'thank you', as if it were just an ordinary book—when I know that it is really more poetical than any other work of the age! And you have had such a beautiful copy printed for me. I do like it very much, only I don't deserve it at all. I was really very much pleased to get it, and your letter too.

Yours very sincerely,

ELIZABETH M. LEA.

The interview took place and the following letter was written

immediately afterwards. Evidently we had talked about my plan of going to Germany for the vacation. It had long been arranged that my friend Miss Edith Miller—one of my first pupils in Oxford—and I should go together to Göttingen, starting on June 25. There we both meant to work seriously at German, taking private lessons, and attending University lectures. I was hoping ultimately to qualify for a German Degree.

June 19, 1896.

DEAR MISS LEA,

I have looked up the trains. My impression is that you will find it better after all to travel *viā* Flushing. I find that the Company runs much better boats than formerly in order to compete with the G.E.R. In the former case the fare is only *slightly* higher *now*, formerly it was *much* higher. If you go *viā* Flushing you will arrive in Göttingen at 5.29, but *viā* the Hook at 10.43!! I enclose herewith the latest time-table. . . . I should feel very unhappy, if you went *viā* Ostende. The boats are bad. . . . I have had bitter experience with this route. . . . If it is not too great an intrusion on my part, may I come to town on Thursday to see that your and Miss Miller's luggage is duly registered, and to see you 'off'? I am very much afraid that I stayed this afternoon longer than I ought to have done, and that I bored you with such a prolonged visit. . . .

June 21, 1896.

DEAR PROFESSOR WRIGHT,

Many thanks for your kind letter, and for the time-table. It was very good of you to look out all the trains. We shall now go via Queenborough and Flushing—that route has various advantages over the others. It is very kind of you to think of taking the trouble to come to London to see us off—but really I would rather you did not. My brother and sister-in-law will be there, and all Miss Miller's relations, so that we shall be well looked after.

I had a long letter from my Mother the other night, which

disturbed me a good deal. She thinks I am treating you so badly and unfairly—and that seems so horrible. Miss Weisse says you are ‘a deal too good for me’—and, as you have discovered, she is a remarkably wise person, and I believe she has put her finger on the point whence come all my doubts and perplexities. However I am hoping to have opportunity for a good long talk on Wednesday.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

ELIZABETH M. LEA.

June 22.

DEAR MISS LEA,

I am so pleased to hear that you are going viā Flushing. I shall ever cherish your dear Mother for the kind and touching letter she wrote to me eleven days ago. Although it may not be right to show you the letter, I will do so on Wednesday if you would care to see it, for it expresses so clearly, so pointedly, and so unmistakably my own views on the great and solemn problem which *we two* are facing. It contains however one passage which I cannot help quoting here: ‘She will have told you how very strongly I feel that there can be no married happiness without true love on both sides, and that she can do you no greater injury than to accept your offer without the deep affection of which I know she is capable.’ Such is the verdict, my dear Miss Lea, of a most noble, wise, and experienced woman, and it is my *bounden duty to you* to accept that verdict, and nothing else. That will show you how very highly I esteem your dear Mother’s opinion. On the other hand, I do hope you will pardon me for not agreeing with her in everything. I cannot agree with her in thinking that you are ‘treating’ me ‘badly’, or ‘unfairly’. You have done neither. You are treating me in a manner which every good and true woman *should* treat a man. Whilst the verdict is pending, the agony and anxiety may be most terrible; but if the man has true and genuine love, he has at any rate the satisfaction that the final decision is the right

one. You know very well that what I feel I say without fear whether it concerns a most serious question of this kind or of any other kind. Whatever might have been our feelings towards each other in the past and present, it is possible that we should not have come to *the* right understanding of each other without this sore and severe trial on both sides. You can never realize all the anxiety I have undergone for the pain I have caused you. Had the pain and misery been all on *my* side I would have endured it like a man for your sake. But it has been willed otherwise. It is not fault on either side, but destiny. . . .

Miss Weisse. Englefield Green. June 23, 1896.

DEAR PROFESSOR WRIGHT,

I see from your note to Miss Weisse that you are supposing *Staines* to be the station for this place—when it should be *Egham*.

You told me that the train arrived at 12.44, and on the assumption that you are always right, I supposed that the train I had looked up was wrong, so I did not contradict you. I expect you at 1 p.m. tomorrow, and shall be much disappointed if you go somewhere else instead.

Yours very sincerely,
ELIZABETH M. LEA.

June 23, 1896.

DEAR MISS LEA,

Thank you very much for your great kindness in correcting my time-table which, as you will see, is all wrong. And the worst of it is I could not find my time-table straight off when I received your letter this evening, so the first thing that entered my head was the following epitaph which was written for me many years ago:

Here lies Joe Wright
As queer a wight
As lies these stones among
Who strange to say though always (W)right
Was sometimes in the wrong.

I went down to the Union this evening. You are right, I am wrong, or at any rate my time-table. . . . I do hope you had received my last letter before you wrote yours, it contains all that I wanted to know:—i.e. whether you are happy.

I am looking forward to our meeting tomorrow with unbounded joy and gladness.

Yours ever,

J. WRIGHT.

The outside circumstances which marked this historic 'meeting' were not cast in the same mould as the psychological crisis to which we were approaching. They—or we—ended in being simply ridiculous. Joseph Wright duly arrived at Egham station on Wednesday, June 24, where I met him, and we drove up to Northlands in a shabby 'fly' to lunch with Miss Weisse. Our conversation in the cab, I remember, ran eagerly on the success, or otherwise, of my pupils in the Gothic 'collections' he had given them. After lunch, Miss Weisse suggested that we should take a walk in Windsor Forest, to which she—as a local resident—had the privilege of free entrance. It was barely half a mile to the nearest gate, so we soon found our way in, and we walked along rides between enormous trees, till we finally came to a bench beside Virginia Water. Here we sat down and seriously came to grips with the subject in hand. This took some time, and before it was finished we seem to have left the bench and wandered among the trees of the forest, where we at last found a happy solution of the vital question. We then began to think of retracing our steps to Northlands. We were rather vague as to our whereabouts in the matter of mundane geography, but presently coming to a gate which yielded at once to our key, we readily assumed that this was the gate by which we had entered, and that we were therefore close to Northlands. However, when we gained the road, an expanse of fresh woods and pastures new met our gaze, and we realized that we had not found our way, but lost it! In spite of Joseph Wright's beard, and my advanced years, we must have looked

like babes emerging from the wood, for a passing baker stopped his cart and asked what he could do for us. 'Englefield Green! Why, you are miles away from there! I am driving in that direction and can give you a lift.' I have never before or since seen a baker conveying lost pedestrians. Maybe he was an extra specially good Samaritan, but I still believe it was we who looked so forlorn that not even a Levite could pass by on the other side. Anyhow, the baker set us both in his cart (it was the old-fashioned high, two-wheeled type), behind—if not on—his beast, and brought us on our way. He took care of us to the last, for when we had left him, we heard him shouting further guidance, although we were almost at the gates of Northlands and could not go astray. Our kind friend Miss Weisse insisted that Joseph Wright should not return to Oxford, but should stay where he was till the morrow. She had no room for him in the house, but there was an empty cottage near by, in the village, which she had bought to accommodate some of her School staff. She hastily sent down furniture and bedding, and there Joseph Wright lodged for the night. It was too late for me to throw up my trip to Germany, for I was due to start the very next day. Joseph Wright naturally now waited to escort me up to London.

Only a few weeks ago, when I was actually writing this story, Miss Weisse told me a little incident which I had not heard of before. She says she espied Joseph Wright standing pensively in her garden, and called out to him from her study window: 'I know what you are thinking about, Dr. Wright. You are wanting to buy Lizzie a ring, and you are thinking you haven't got money enough in your pocket to do it. I will lend you the money. How much do you want?' He replied that she was 'a witch', and gratefully accepted her help in his dilemma. When we reached London he told the cabman to drive at once to a jeweller's. The latter asked for more explicit instructions: 'Drive to any first-class shop. No Jews', said Joseph Wright, with great firmness. So we found ourselves buying each other a ring in Bond Street. Miss Miller declared that she received

the shock of her life when I appeared on the platform at Victoria Station, not only accompanied by Dr. Joseph Wright, but engaged to marry him! I suppose she had looked upon him as I had done at the beginning—as an elderly scholar, who thought of nothing but books and the inculcating of book-knowledge. The only expression of dissatisfaction in my engagement came from my old nurse at home. When she was told all about it she said in disappointed tones: 'I had always looked forward to Miss Lea having a butler.'

The letters will now speak for themselves. Where my extracts seem scrappy, it is often because I have cut out of its context some pregnant sentence, occasioned by family matters, or put in at the end of a long discourse on practical matters connected with the new house.

Göttingen. June 27, 1896.

. . . It was so good of you to let me still come out here. You can't think what a boon to me the quiet of it is. I have just had a letter from Mamma asking me to 'explain the change'. I can't, can I? But I think I have satisfied her. . . . It is just the strength of your love which I am living on, without even necessarily thinking consciously of it. You know I told you in the cab that I was always frightened over London crossings, and so I really *was*, but when we came back to Victoria, and I knew you were there, it was all different. I could have gone through perpetual crossings, and that without actually taking your arm, or even seeing you. So, by relying solely on you, I shall soon become self-reliant. . . .

Edith Miller is very kind and good, and ready to be frivolous like me. She says you have quite 'spoilt' me already, and she no longer has any respect for me! I have to be continually telling her that I am not 'like people in books'. She threatens to drown you when you come.

The Frau Doktor met us at the station last night, and I tried to be most amiable in fluent German all the way up in the cab. But the worst of it is, that I feel always that the world only contains two persons of any importance, i.e. you and me, and

nobody else is engrossingly interesting, just yet! I am yearning for a letter from you, but by my writing first, you will have my unbiassed opinion! . . .

Göttingen. June 28, 1896.

The postal system of this country is in a wretched state—not one single letter from you have I had! I shall grow quite old instead of young, you will see. I have not yet broken it to the Frau Doktor that I am only staying a month, and I felt a perfect fraud when I asked Mrs. Kielhorn if I could attend some lectures. They all expected me to be so ‘fleissig’—but they little know! . . .

The more I think of it the more it seems to me marvellous how you managed to see through me. But I am not half so repentant for my bad behaviour as I ought to be, it is so nice to know that you have forgiven me, without my even asking you so to do. I believe you won’t know me when you come out here to see me, I shall be such a changed being. I am even now becoming horribly, ‘like people in books’ at times. You will have to find it pleasing to see me like such. . . .

The Frau Doktor rather rebuked me last night for talking English at table. But really I think English is better than bad German. However I suppose I must not do it again. I feel so benevolent towards all these young things here, that I thought it was kind to say something. Last evening the Frau Doktor had a party. I am always in fear of shocking their feelings by not knowing their queer little ways, but I suppose they are used to it. It was a musical festivity, but the music was not very good, and I begged to go to bed early. People in books would not sleep, but I am fearfully sleepy here. I don’t even dream of you! So there, you need not picture me as wasting away. . . .

6 Norham Road, Oxford. June 28, 1896.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

You can never feel what a great relief it was to receive your post card this evening. . . .

However long I may live I shall never forget last Wednesday

afternoon. Whilst sitting on that seat we both underwent more pain than most people do in the course of a long life. But, my darling Elizabeth, painful as it was at the time, it was the very best thing that could have happened to us in this world. Notwithstanding that I had loved you so deeply and so truly for all these years, it was the real test whether there was any flaw in my love, but there was none. You too must have seen and felt that. The pain and mental anxiety to you and me on that most memorable occasion will ever remain fresh in my mind. . . . For years I have felt, my darling, that when the right moment came, you would undergo the most terrible pain you have undergone. It lay in your nature, my dear Elizabeth, it lay in your nature. It is the fault of nobody. Now that it is all over, I am the happiest man in the whole world. And it will ever be my one end and aim in life to make you perfectly happy, for to me at least the 'likes' of you has never lived upon this earth. Marriages are said to be made in heaven and I am sure ours *was*, or else someone would have taken you away from me long ago. It has been willed otherwise, you have been spared to me until I was sufficiently circumstanced to offer you my stout and manly heart. . . .

I had a letter from Miss Weisse this morning in which she says: 'I am much looking forward to news of Lizzie now. I hope she may soon learn to *trust* her own happiness—she has good cause.' . . .

Yours ever,
JOE.

Oxford. June 29, 1896.

What a treat to receive your most joyful letter! I am overwhelmed with joy just now to think that you are really happy, and what is more, that *we two* are perfectly happy. . . . With your love I can do everything, but without it nothing. When a man successfully carries out what to the rest of the world seems quite impossible, it is safe to assume that a woman is really the cause of the success, although she might never know it. But

you do know it now, for I told you in my *second* letter. Every man who has ever thought and contemplated seriously upon the great problems of life must have come to the conclusion that woman is the source of all true happiness. And now that my ideal in this life is known to you, I do hope that I may be the participator of that true happiness. . . . To hear that you are 'filled with calm and peace' is heaven enough for me. It was absolutely necessary that you should go to Germany to get those feelings. You were sorely in need of it. When you have had time to rest from the hurry and bustle of term time, there will be a great awakening of the soul and heart and you will see clearly once for all that we two for a long time past have been inseparable for the rest of our lives. With you it was unconscious, with me conscious. The difference is not great, but until *the* unconscious is turned into the conscious the gulf seems very great, but it is not so really. To explain why one particular man and woman should prefer each other to all other mortals, has baffled philosophers, metaphysicians, and logicians for all ages. It is an indescribable something which will probably remain unexplained to the end of the world. If ever anyone should succeed in analysing it, it may be found to be some very minute particle, the size of which can be neglected for all ordinary purposes. It cannot be weighed in the finest balance or seen by the strongest microscope. But there the particle is all the same. I know and feel that this particle exists in our two hearts and can never depart so long as we breathe. . . .

I too have had a letter from your dear Mother. Yes, you can 'explain' the so-called 'change'. At the time you were not conscious that you love me, but now you are; that's the sole difference. If I had mistaken you all these years, it would have been the first great mistake I had ever made in my life. And I should sincerely pray to die to end the result of such a miserable mistake. I have written to your dear Mother by this post a letter of which I enclose a copy herewith. I think you will agree with me that I have done the right thing. Put implicit confidence and trust in me, my dear Elizabeth, I am

accustomed to facing any difficulties. I will pull *us both* through this matter in a far more pleasant manner than you may think just this moment. I can face anything where you are concerned. And the greater the difficulties, the stronger my nerves are on such occasions. You will see what I have written. . . .

Don't think me harsh but I really must repudiate the idea you have that you have treated me 'horridly'. You have done nothing of the kind. And I must ask you with all my heart not to think that I am most patient, all-suffering, and all-enduring. It would be quite wrong if you did. You are what you are by the will of Him who rules all things. It is your nature, my dear Elizabeth, and had you treated me otherwise it would have been wrong. . . .

Goodbye for the present, my dear Elizabeth, we shall soon meet, I am working hard with a most gladsome heart to get away.

Ever yours unto death,
JOE.

June 29.

DEAR MRS. LEA,

I was just going to write to you when your kind letter arrived this evening, as I was very desirous to tell you that your dear daughter and I are engaged to be married. I need hardly say how delighted I shall be to accept your very kind invitation as soon as she returns home from the Continent. I don't feel that I have a right to introduce myself to you and your family in her absence. And this is my reason for waiting until her return. But I cannot close this short note without expressing my deep sense of gratitude for your kind sympathies with me in the great and solemn question which your dear daughter and I have had to face. And now that it is happily all over, I clearly see how very wise it was that we should be left to settle the question by our own two selves *alone*. Advice is good, and it is even sometimes useful, but in a most serious matter of this kind, the real decision must be left entirely to the *one* woman and *one*

man who are destined, or who are not destined, to be united for the rest of their lives.

I remain, dear Mrs. Lea,
Yours very sincerely,
J. WRIGHT.

Göttingen. June 29, 1896.

Can it be that in my disturbed state of mind I gave you the wrong address? I refuse to believe that you have not written, but it seems fearfully long to wait all this time. . . .

Sometimes I wonder how I *can* wait three weeks, so if you can arrange to come sooner, I think I won't say I am frightened at you! I told the Frau Doktor yesterday, and she was mightily interested, only I know now she will expect me always to look 'sentimental' like people in (German) books. Of course she will be charmed to find a room for you here. It is like a mixed boarding-school. We all went out for a walk last evening with the Frau Doktor in the forest. And then the good lady thought I looked tired at supper, and insisted on my drinking a glass of wine. I did so to please her, though I did not in the least need it.

I feel singularly loath to take the trouble to attend German lectures and have lessons, but it is stupid to come all the way out here for nothing. This morning I must go and call on the Professors to whom I have introductions. I shall get Edith to come too, to keep up my spirits. If you don't come out soon, I shall be a confirmed worshipper of graven images, in the shape of my ring! . . .

Oxford. June 30, 1896.

Your last letter cheers and delights me beyond measure. It is such a comfort to me to know that you *are* happy and that you *have* that peace of mind and soul which was so very necessary for you after what you have undergone during this most eventful month of our lives. . . . I feel just now how utterly inadequate language is to express my immeasurable love for you. Mine, my dear Elizabeth, is not of the ordinary type;

it is a type peculiar to my nature and character:—once there, it is there for ever, whatever may happen nothing could weaken it. . . . In that I am, and ever shall be, as firm and strong as the 'Rock of Ages' we read of in that most beautiful hymn. . . . When I built up my love for you, I did not build it upon sand or air, I built it upon the Rock just mentioned before. Never let the thought *ever enter* your mind that 'my hope in you will ever flag for one moment'. I shall cling to you with my stout heart until it ceases to beat. . . . Where there is true, pure, and unadulterated love, there is no trifling . . . I have very plain and pronounced feeling in all matters of this kind. For I had set myself an ideal to strive and live for *many, many* years before I found it. But I did find it in 1889 and there is no other ideal for me in this world. . . . For me 'to see through you' was not at all 'marvellous'. You are entirely like me in one respect: you are utterly without varnish. I see you now as I saw you long ago . . . capable of loving once in a long life-time, but *never twice*.

Once for all, my dear Elizabeth, let me entreat you never to mention in the future that you have treated me badly. Any reference to such a thing causes me considerable pain, and I know that you will not pain me wilfully. It was my bounden duty to you to undergo this severe test. . . .

Göttingen. June 30, 1896.

I am come to the conclusion that you are waiting to hear me say that I cannot exist without letters from you before you will allow me one! Or else you think it is young and, like people in books, to want a letter every day, or write one, as I do. But you must remember that I am growing ten years younger. You addressed Mrs. M's letter and that is all! (N.B. You can take this as seriously as you please.) . . .

Göttingen. June 30, 1896.

Your letter was lying on the stairs with a pack of others when I came in at 7 p.m. this evening, and it was worth waiting for. . . . Do you know when people write and congratulate me their

words in so many cases seem so paltry, as if you and I might be just anybody! One person says you are 'kind and good-tempered and sincerely attached' to me!! I laugh even now as I write it. "Kind' Sir, I am yours 'sincerely attached'.

Those people who said those things to you were horrid; I feel quite angry with them! For all you had *said* you might have already been and gone and married somebody else, and I should never have had the right to make any complaint. (Only the hypothesis is absurd.)

The Frau Doktor takes a mighty interest in me and tells all her friends about me. This afternoon I went into the drawing-room where she was with two charming (*à la* German) ladies. I was intreated to take a seat on the sofa; and the lady by me knew all about you and asked what your name was and I had to spell it out. And then the Frau Doktor left off conversing with the other lady and called out that she was 'jealous' because I was telling her friend more than she knew. So I had to spell it out for the whole company and they made little jokes about (W)right, and had an immensely good time! It was as good as a play.

I am evidently expected to look 'schüchtern' and 'bewegt', and I feel I don't look the part a bit! The Frau Doktor told me last night that I looked as if I wrote poetry. Do I?

You and I are to sit up here in our sitting-room when you come. I am getting a huge appetite which I am sure is quite un-'schüchtern'. In the middle of the German reading this morning I meditated on how nice it would be to have German lessons from you. Edith Miller and I get on splendidly; she always knows how to meet my frame of mind. We generally chaff each other half the day. I also give her homilies, serious and otherwise. She has a heretical notion that it is much stronger and more independent to be alone in the world. I of course *know* that this is wrong: I never was so strong and independent before! Nor were you, though you even called me 'Elizabeth' because I told you to, and for no other reason. . . .

You don't want me to write about the new house and the like and to be 'practical', do you? Because if you do, you must go without. (If I was not so happy I should write in a more serious vein.) It seems ages since last Wednesday. I do hope you will know me again when you come, but I am quite a changed being. . . .

Oxford. July 1, 1896.

It is just a week today since we two underwent that awful and solemn ordeal. It seems almost ages ago, and yet it has been a time most precious and dear to me, for it has afforded my poor weary haggard brain a little rest. All these years I have never known what it is to have my mind at peace and free from anxieties, so you can see from this what a boon and blessing you are to me. . . .

I can bear and endure anything for your sake. . . . I will ever be a sure haven of refuge to you and will hold and prop you up whenever dangers and trials are near. I have sufficient force of will and strength of character for that and a great deal more if need be. They are two dangerous weapons, but they are two of the best weapons anyone can possess if only they are wielded in what is right and proper. . . .

Although it would mean closing the 'Workshop' and throwing 5 compositors and one proofsheets reader out of employment, I will come to Göttingen by *the very next train* if you really wish it. If you can just manage to wait until the end of next week, I can get away then without any great difficulty. I leave myself entirely in your hands in this matter. I could, I think, leave here in time to catch the boat on the Friday evening. Will that do? But I must be plain and open with you: The simple and plain truth is that I feel it impossible to wait *three* long and weary weeks without seeing my dearly beloved one. So you see I am rather selfish in my arrangements in coming to Göttingen before the time we fixed.

I can quite imagine how interested the Frau Doktor was when you told her. I was introduced to her daughter at the

Press last Saturday. I told her I should be in Göttingen in a *fortnight*!! I told her nothing more, so she will be quite amused when she hears of my errand.

Though you may not see me in the flesh for ten long days yet you shall see my shadow *this very next* Monday. I had my photo taken at Hills & Saunders' yesterday morning. I asked the man in the studio how soon they would be ready and he said in about three weeks, as they are so very busy just now. I gave him a real good and genuine shake of the hand, and said: 'Look here my dear fellow, this is what's to be done: I must have proofs by tomorrow night at the very latest, and two copies of the finished thing on Saturday without fail, and what is more, they must reach my house in time for the foreign mail.' That rather staggered him, but my tone of voice and the firmness with which I said it *fetched him*—to use a slang phrase—and he replied 'You shall have them without fail'. So that little job's over. . . .

It was no mere strange coincidence that the first Part of my life's work was published on the very day of our engagement. There is a beautiful German proverb which I will pervert on the present occasion, for in that form it will hold good for all ages:—Der Mann denkt, die Frau lenkt [Man proposes, woman disposes]. You doubtless can supply the right nouns, if not, just ask the dear Frau Doktor, and don't be angry with me for having perverted such a noble proverb. Here's a saying I should never pervert: Wer viel bedenkt, wird wenig leisten [He who deliberates much will achieve little]. I am going to stop this kind of thing or else you will really think I want to give you a lesson in German. . . .

Splendid! Just as I am finishing this letter the proofs of the photo have come. They are only '*rough proofs*'. They seem to be all right, but I am so much afraid lest you should not like the one I have chosen, I am afraid lest you should think it a horrid portrait of me. Tell me so quite frankly if you think so, and I will burn the lot, and never venture to have it taken again at that shop at any rate.

Oxford. July 1, 1896.

MY DEARLY BELOVED,

There really must be something wrong with the post. I have your *right* address. I have received your letter by the 10 o'clock post to-night saying that you have *not* received a letter from me yet. Did you ever receive my telegram? Unless there is a letter in the morning, I shall *wire* again and if I do not receive a reply I shall leave here for Göttingen to-morrow. I cannot stand this. . . .

In our dear country the postal arrangement is a most sacred institution. How it all comes about I am at a loss to know. This is *the very first time* in my life that I do not know what to do. . . .

The English post is absolutely without a flaw, so I shall write to our Postmaster General to ask him to institute inquiries how so many letters to the same person can possibly have gone wrong. . . .

Yours until *death* separates us,
JOE.

Oxford. July 2, 1896.

I was in a most sad state of anxiety when I wrote to you last night. I could not make out how it was possible that you did not receive my first letter on Tuesday morning at the very latest. There certainly was a delay somewhere. I posted it on Sunday morning. It was good of you to telegraph back at once. Had I not received it to-night just after 8 o'clock I should have gone to London by the last train to catch the day boat to-morrow morning. *That* telegram *was* a relief to me. . . .

I *shall* sleep tonight, for your letter is such a relief to my worn-out brain. Except the few days since last Wednesday week, it has had no rest for many many years. Whatever I have done all these years, and whatever I shall do in the future, has been done and will be done to make myself really and truly worthy of such a woman as you. With me it has always been: What will Lizzie think of it? Will it please her? I had no right to it, but the word Lizzie has been so familiar to me all these years



Photograph : Hills & Saunders

JOSEPH WRIGHT

June 1896



that you *now* cannot wonder why I asked you not to mind if I called you Lizzie sometimes until I got accustomed to Elizabeth. . . . A little remark you let drop when you were staying in the Crescent here years ago, made me feel very proud indeed. It was a most casual remark, a remark which you probably cannot recall just now, but it inspired me with a world of strength to labour and toil for you.

Had you gone home last Thursday week instead of going to Germany, the result would have been the same in the long run. It was *so wise* of you to adopt the latter course. You have thus been thrown upon your own resources entirely and have time and opportunity to learn and know your own dear self. Had you adopted the former course, I feel sure you would have suffered very much unnecessary grief and pain. You have time. Search your own heart to the *very* bottom and you will find that we two have been inseparable for a long, long time. With you it was unconscious, with me conscious. There is the difference, but the difference is not great when it comes to be summed up. . . .

Be sure to plan some nice excursions for us by the time I arrive in Göttingen. You won't forget, will you? that I shall arrive on Wednesday by the very first train there is from Hanover. It seems ages since I saw my dearly beloved one, and there are still nearly six days. It's horrid to think of it. Had it been anything else in the world I could have waited patiently and quietly for weeks, months, nay even years until the right moment came. But not to see *you* for nearly six days is simply dreadful. You must never forget—I never told you before—not only is my love for you unbounded but also my *respect*. You may possibly think that there can be no true love without great respect, but there can and there often is. These two virtues are blended together with me. I could say much more if there were time but if I write even 5 minutes longer I shall not catch the post.

Yours ever,

JOE.

P.S. I have received *hundreds* of letters about the Dictionary, I have not read a third of them. I can't, I can only think of you.

Göttingen. July 1, 1896.

Just one week! And it seems like years. Your telegram came at midnight; it was so good of you. . . . The whole house enjoyed the excitement of that telegram amazingly. First of all the man rang up the first and third stories, who of course knew nothing about it; and then the Frau Doktor was awaked and she called up the servant and one of the girls, and they went and awoke Edith and then came to me, whilst the Frau Doktor waited outside to learn if the news were good or bad. I was quite the heroine of the breakfast table. But you do understand that I had not the slightest shadow of a doubt of you because it seemed long to wait for a letter? Nothing in heaven or earth do I feel to be more sure and true.

This morning we went to a lecture on constitutional history, a lecture to ladies only. The lecturer spoke very clearly, but though I knew most of the words I made very little sense out of them. Do you think I shall ever have any brains again? I kept thinking of you and the telegram and it was a fearful labour to be attentive. I am glad you are 'sincerely attached' to me! . . .

I found your letter after tea at about 5.30 or so, and I ran away into my room to feast on it. I never read your letters in public—I couldn't. I wish you would not think of having given me 'pain'. You never really did. You know even then, when I did not 'consciously' know my own mind, I used to walk about Oxford, and even go to meetings, with a proud feeling in the bottom of my heart that somebody loved me more than all the world beside. And I was always longing to see you in the street. And when the Dictionary came, and I knew you had done all that *for me*, I beamed with pleasure. You can say, if you like, that I marry you for the Dictionary. I have never said all I should to you about that work, and all you say today seems far more than I deserve. To think that I should have inspired such a man as you! But I will say all sorts of nice

things to you when you come out here. One reason why I cannot write proper letters is that it seems impossible to view you as a separate individual. . . .

Edith and I buy a pound of cherries every day and eat them in the Wald. . . .

Göttingen. July 2, 1896.

Why have you been making yourself 'aufgeregt' over again? I am so sorry. You really must come out here very soon. Of course I have had two letters from you, which I constantly read and always find refreshing and joyful. . . . I said in the telegram that I was expecting a letter from you tonight, but none has come. However, you see I am perfectly calm. I can even receive with enthusiasm a plate of wild strawberries which the Frau Doktor has sent up to our room. I am eating them now (not being like people in books), and find them delicious. This afternoon I had a letter from an aunt of mine who asked whether I should be married before 'the end of the Long Vacation'; so on the strength of that I thought I really might mention to my Mother that we did not want to wait longer than the house-altering required. Really when I got your telegram this evening, I thought the sooner you were married the better, and had me to look after you and keep you from getting into states of mind. I am so nice and placid, you see, and as you are so 'sincerely attached' to me you will allow me to soothe you! My ring glitters beautifully under the lamp.

You won't like the unpunctuality of this house. Meals are somewhere within half an hour of the specified time, and the post may occur when it pleases.

This morning I went and had my photograph taken, to please you. (I thought it would be meek and dutiful, you see, to a 'kind and good-tempered' person like you.) I expect it will be horrid. I always feel so extra self-conscious on such occasions; and the photographer tells you constantly to look 'lebendig' and not 'streng'; and staring at a given point makes your eyes feel sleepy and tired. So in some of the positions I

shall look stern and cross, and in the others I shall look like a sentimental German damsel. I hope yours will be more of a success. . . .

July 3rd.

Your two letters came this morning at about 9 a.m., the German postal system being wholly mad. But you should not sit up at night to write to me! . . . One day when we are married let us go to Englefield Green and sit together on that seat in the forest; don't you think we might? Edith Miller seemed really to wonder how I could go off and read Wallenstein with the household just after reading your letters and even after having just begun this. But there was nothing really odd in it. Things which really stir me steady me at the same time, though it sounds in words a paradox. I am glad you think I 'have no varnish'; I often think I have lots. . . .

Oxford. July 3rd, 1896.

I have read your last letter so often today that unless I take care there will be no time left to write to you and that would be most disgraceful because I must fulfil my promise to write to my all-beloved one once a day. . . .

If the photos come before the 10 o'clock post goes out I will send you *three* to-night. They represent three distinct expressions: (a) the normal Joe. (b) Joe as he appears when returning papers in class. (c) the Joe that means to remove any obstacles that come in his way. I shall be very curious to see whether you will adopt the right classification. What if you say I look horrid in all three of them! I have only seen them in the rough proof and they all may be bad for anything I know, when you see them in the finished state. . . .

If you don't know already, you will soon learn that I am really a very sensitive man in spite of my boisterous manner. I am not the least bit nervous, I have nerves of steel. . . .

You know now what love *is*, but you cannot define it in words, just try, and you will see what a difficult task it is. It



E. M. LEA
July 1896

is easy to feel it and even to talk and write about it, but what I should like to see is: a clean cut definition of it. The definition could not in any case be short for love includes so many attributes. . . .

. . . You can easily guess now how I came to possess that beautiful picture in my study. A long, long time ago¹ you said that you would like to see the original in Dresden. Well, of course, I couldn't get the original, but I got the one I have, in less than an hour after I saw you on *that* occasion. It has always been very precious to me, because I felt I had at least one thing in my house that you *did like*. Yes, my dear Elizabeth, everything in the world has *a* history, and that's *the* history of the picture. What a source of comfort and consolation it has often been to me in my depressed moments of doubts and fears lest you should never be mine! I could tell you many such little histories, but they would weary you, and it would be wrong to do that. If I don't take care there will be two people who look as if they write poetry i.e. in the opinion of the Frau Doktor. I am looking forward with pleasure to make her acquaintance and to thank her with all my heart for her kindness to you. I *am* pleased that she makes you so comfortable. You really (!) must be obedient and attentive during the lesson, it's very naughty of you not to do so. Germans take these things so much to heart. How very different they are from us English folk!! They cannot stand chaff a bit. When I was in Germany I often got into trouble on that very account. . . .

What a grand time we will have in Göttingen! I am most impatient for next Tuesday night to come when I shall start from here at 4.25 in time for the boat. Oh my dear Elizabeth, what joy it will be to me to see you again, and to walk by your side in the Wald. Look up the song in the German Students' Song Book:

'Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald.'

¹ When turning over old papers I came upon the receipted bill for this picture, dated Jan. 26, 1894, including 'thick' wire, '2 extra strong nails', and 'man's time' for hanging. The picture alone cost nearly £7.

The Frau Doktor is sure to know it. We often used to sing it when I was a student.

This letter will go out by the 10 o'clock post to-night, and it ought to reach you on Sunday morning. If I can finish my work any time this side of 2 a.m. I will write again before going to bed.

Oxford. July 3, 1896.

I feel I *must* write before going to bed, late as it is. Your three last letters have made me the proudest man in the world. . . . You know how very great my love for you is, but Yorkshire people have a strange and most individual peculiarity in a matter of this kind. It does really exist. I don't say it because I am a Yorkshireman. Mrs. Gaskell, who wrote the life of Charlotte Brontë, was *not* a Yorkshirewoman. Read the first two chapters, they will speak volumes. We are *not quick, bright people* who make up their minds in the twinkling of an eye. We are slow to make up our minds in serious and solemn matters. But when our minds have been made up, there is nothing under the sun that can change it. I have told you here the whole thing, we are slow but *sure*. If the workers in the higher branches of mathematics could always be so sure of what they call 'the known quantities', they would obtain much better results if the so-called known quantities were so sure as in *our case*.

No, my dearest Lizzie, in spite of your protest, I can never forget that I have been the source of much pain to you. It was not my fault, it was not yours. It was necessary because it was your nature. That is the whole thing in a nutshell. It was destined by Him who made us that we two should and must undergo this severe test before our final union. Now that the storm and battle is all over and there is perfect peace and happiness, we shall never regret that most severe struggle. It was a terrible struggle, but it now means the highest ideal that can happen in this life:—there can be no real married happiness without true love on both sides. This is how your dear Mother put it, and she is right. How ever great my love for you is,

you could under no circumstances have married me without true love on your part. . . .

Göttingen. July 3, 1896.

. . . It will be like a sort of honeymoon when you come out here. The Frau Doktor thinks you are coming 'furchtbar schnell': I think it seems a good long time. But I can wait; you are worth waiting for! . . .

Today I have had four letters from you, but the last is a very sad one. I am so concerned that you should have been so anxious and agonised, and if only I had had the sense to telegraph back an answer to your first telegram you might have been spared so much pain. . . .

You will like the Frau Doktor very much; she is a dear old soul. The other day I thought she would be pleased if I gave her a German bouquet, so I did, and she fell on my neck with delight. She lets me do exactly what I like, so I come up here and write letters to you after supper instead of learning German by conversing in the drawing-room.

This morning we called on Fraulein Bettmann, the friend of Professor Napier, and saw her and a brother. She would ask so many questions as to what I did, and what I was going to do, and why I had come here, that in self-defence I had to tell her I was going to be married instead of continuing to give lectures. This gave her intense pleasure, and she found much 'Spas' in saying that instead of becoming a 'Doktor' I was going to be a 'Frau Professor'. Then her brother took us round the garden and gave us some lovely roses, and to me a white daisy to boot, which was 'Braut'-ish in some way. I cannot say exactly how,—perhaps you know.

Do you know a German superstition that if you cut a fresh pat of butter you will not be married for seven years? The Frau Doktor told us that the first night, and now she thinks it would be dreadful if I did it. The butter-dish always has to go to her first.

I think I am getting more fluent in my German, but I don't really talk well. The Frau Doktor does not correct me much,

but then I think she would think it unfitting to correct a 'Braut'.

You shall have endless peace when you come out here; and I don't grieve as I should do over your poor tired brains, because it will be so nice to help you to rest.

. . . Interval wherein I held a long discourse with Edith concerning real happiness. She thinks she has never seen any-one before absolutely happy. . . .

Oxford. July 4, 1896 (finished July 5).

. . . There are technical difficulties in the way of enlarging this house. My landlord's sister has only a life interest in the house, so that she is not inclined to lay out money in improving the property. After lunch I am going over a house which will, I think, suit us both admirably, even better than if this were to be enlarged according to my plans. It has a nicer and larger garden in front than mine, and the garden at the back would be as large as mine but for the beautiful greenhouse there is there. It is built of stone, detached, and is in the next road above this. The landlord is my present one and he is prepared to let *me* have it at a moderate rent, if I am willing to take it on a lease of five or seven years. I have asked him to let me have full written particulars of the house before the 11.45 post goes out to-morrow morning in order that I may send them on to you. In no case shall I dream of taking the house until you have seen it, and unless I get your most unqualified approval I shall not take it at all, as I want to do nothing else for the rest of our lives but to study your comfort and happiness.

. . . I do hope the train will arrive punctually at Göttingen next Wednesday afternoon. I think it is timed for 5.29.

I adopted the right plan in answering the 'congratulations': those that were formal or anything like approaching it, were simply put into the waste-paper basket and remained unanswered. On the other hand those that said I ought to consider myself the luckiest man in the world for having won such a

precious prize etc. it was my duty to reciprocate their most excellent sentiments, for they expressed the truth.

Yes, I *will* telegraph as soon as I have crossed the 'Swanpath'. One day we will go again to Englefield Green, sit together on that seat in the forest and read 'As You Like It' together. . . .

I don't know whether you have ever read the beautiful story of Nala and Damayanti in English, if not, I do hope you will let me teach you Sanskrit some day in order that you may read that in the original. It would take too much time to put you in full possession of the context just now :

Damayanti (she) speaks :

In the wild wood, oh my husband, I thy weariness will soothe.
Like a wife, in every sorrow, this the wise physicians own,
Healing herb is none or balsam, Nala, 'tis the truth I speak.

Nala (he) speaks :

Slender-waisted Damayanti, true, indeed, is all thou'st said;
Like a wife no friendly medicine to afflicted man is given.
Fear not that I thee abandon, wherefore, timid dread'st thou this?
Oh, myself might I abandon, and not thee thou unreproached.

Damayanti.

No indeed, oh mighty monarch, thou wilt ne'er abandon me.
Well I know thee, noble Nala, to desert me far too true.

Now don't you really think these passages beautiful? They were written more than two thousand years ago. Ancient poetry always appeals to my heart more than the modern. The above shows clearly that pure, genuine, unadulterated love has existed in the human breast for all times and for all ages and amongst all races. And there is nothing upon this earth with which it can be compared. It is not earthy, it is divine, and whoever has not possessed it has never lived but merely existed. And when such a person becomes fairly old he or she should spend the few remaining years in writing 'The History of wasted Life'. I must however stop this, or else there will be two people writing poetry in the opinion of the Frau Doktor, as I told you in my last letter. . . .

We'll have our love letters bound in their proper order one

of these days. They will be so nice to read in our old age. What do you think of the idea? Many people destroy them afterwards, but I should as soon think of flying to the moon as to destroy *ever* any of your letters. I shall always keep the *painful* ones too. I read and re-read even these. The impression is still there, but the pain has all gone, I had almost said ages ago. The time will move so slowly until we meet on Wednesday.

It was not a bit clever of me to think about the photograph. To do one's duty is something different from being merely clever. It was my duty to you. My dear old Mother has an iron will—Bismarck's is nothing compared with it—I obeyed it implicitly from my earliest boyhood upwards, but I could never obey anybody else but *you two*, or, to put it more plainly, she does not expect me to obey her, and has not done so for 25 long years. Why, I will tell you just now, but first let me say that I never can, will, or shall obey anybody in the world but *you*. . . . Don't think me too cheeky, but I am accustomed to get *the very thing I want*. When I once make up my mind that such a thing is the right thing to take place, I move almost heaven and earth to see that it *shall* take place. I have influenced the destiny of many people in my time, simply because I knew and felt what was best for them. I am sure my own dear Lizzie will *not* misunderstand what I mean. In perfect married life there is no such thing as obedience on either side. There is always a certain amount of give and take, and I can truly give a thousand times more than I take. Is that enough for you my darling Lizzie? If not, I will gladly change the *a* into a million. That will surely satisfy you.

I have no translation of that beautiful Lithuanian song which strikes me most just now. It is always most difficult to translate *poetry* from one language to another, but I *will* try to translate it for *you* some day. From a linguistic point of view I love the Lithuanians more than any other race under the sun. As you no doubt know, the literature is not very old, but what there is of it, is pure and unadulterated and altogether unspoilt by

what so many people are pleased to call *civilization*. My knowledge of these things is *not* confined to the so-called Indo-Germanic people. My horizon is much larger than you have any reason to suppose. I have tried to make myself familiar with an awful number of languages, and the more I have learnt, the more surely I have come to the conclusion that the so-called modern civilization is downright hypocrisy, and that even savage tribes have a far deeper sense of decorum than we have.

Do you really like Beowulf? There is not a *single* line of real human interest in the whole work. . . . I am not *larned* in the Beowulf theory, but I will tell you what I think if you will ask me in Göttingen. . . .

It's all very well for Mrs. Wood or anybody else to think that we should correspond in German. *That* language is a poor and poverty-stricken thing for our unbounded love. I cannot conclude until I say that you are my only and *first love*, I have never had the *faintest* love for anybody else. . . .

Göttingen. July 4, 1896.

The madness of the postal system of this land does not allow me a letter from you today, after four yesterday. The 'Briefbote' seems to find me an interesting person, for he salutes me in the street now before I was aware that I had made his acquaintance. . . .

It rains daily, but I expect the fine weather is saving itself up for you. Edith and I are looking forward to your coming in order that you may 'sit upon' the Swedish Professor. He makes me very angry at meals, he is so pedantic and all-knowing, and he even corrects and contradicts the Frau Doktor in the rudest way. I cannot think how she can be so gracious to him. Edith thinks you will feel so benevolent that you will not 'sit upon' anybody. . . .

I *should* like to hear you describe the ideal wife you thought of 'many many years ago'. I remember when I first used to go to your lectures, how you used to blush when I met you in the street, and how nervous I was lest I should blush too, so that

in the end I generally did. . . . You are a tremendously peace-giving person. The more I think of it, the more wonderful it seems that just all and much more than I had ever thought of in picturing to myself what I wanted in love and marriage should in the end come to me. Even when people told me 'men never really understand women' and that such a marriage could never be, I still clung to my own cherished ideal.

This house has the best situation in Göttingen: our sitting-room window, at which I am now writing, looks straight up on to the Wald with no houses beyond; and you and I are going to take lovely walks in that said Wald the week after next. Do you think I shall ever do any work again, I who have preached so many homilies to the young on the blessings of work (perhaps not wholly uninfluenced by various letters on the subject from you)? I do just nothing out here but sleep, and write letters, and go for walks. But don't you work yourself into shreds before you come out, to compensate for my idleness. I will try and be sensible sometimes, and listen when you talk about house-building and such like practical matters. I asked the Frau Doktor one day what some jam she gave us was made of, and she at once thought me a most proper 'Braut' meditating on cooking: I did not undeceive her.

(Later.) I have been playing whist in the drawingroom a bit, not to seem churlish, but I was wishing all the time that you were here. You see I do miss having your letter. Only mind that you at this point bethink yourself of the little homily I gave you the other day on the subject of not agitating yourself over the postal system of Germany.

There is a funny little toy soldier who walks up and down outside a little toy box at the side of the road, just below this house. He amuses me each time I go out.

The Frau Doktor is going to give a 'Tanzgesellschaft' one day soon. Edith says it will be 'schrecklich' if I dance. I must make enquiries into their little ways, as I should be sorry to hurt their feelings. . . .

(Sunday.) You shall always call me 'Lizzie' if you like it so

much, and have lived with it. . . . Wednesday! It seems ever so much nearer than Saturday! Of course I shall meet you at the station, even if all the trains are late and you do not get here till the 10.45 one. You must telegraph to me from Hanover, or before, if you find you are losing time by the way. But you always make things do what you wish, so I dare say neither the boat nor the trains will dare to be late, and I shall see you at 5.29. The Frau Doktor is much excited; and Edith says she will forgive you everything if you will 'sit upon' the Swede. . . .

Oxford. July 6, 1896.

. . . Your dear Mother's mind will be at ease after the long interview I had with your brother. And from what your brother told me on Saturday, I could see that she just wants to kill us with kindnesses as soon as she sees us. You will by this time have received the letter containing my feelings towards her. I love her because she is your dear Mother, and it is my sincere hope that she can, and will grant me a grain of love in return. You will see, I will be a good and even *dutiful* son-in-law to her. It was a great misfortune that she heard anything about dates at second hand. She naturally felt very much hurt at that and quite right too. Although men are not supposed to take the first step in fixing the date, I *do* wish now that I had written to her on the subject. I had thought of it *several times*, but I was afraid lest she should think it was not *my* business to do it. I often go wrong when I follow what is conventional, but hardly ever when I follow the dictates of my own conscience. I am very sorry. I would go and see her before coming to Göttingen, but I still feel strongly that you and *you alone* shall introduce me to your dear and good Mother. I shall write to her to-night a very kind and pleasant letter and send her also one of my photographs—the one in which my head is in due proportion to my body. Which is that? I feel she is content now, but she will be all the more content after receiving my letter. I *do* want to be very kind to her. There will be no need 'to come back at once'. The stay in Göttingen will do both of us a world of

good. And in any case I could not go to West Kirby without some complete rest from work previously, unless I am to run the risk of appearing to be a very stupid man which I am not in my normal state, but my brain is *very very* weary just now, there's nobody knows what a terrible strain it has had during the last two years in particular. And you would not care to see me looking and feeling very stupid at West Kirby. I will do the right thing when the right time comes. . . .

I was very sad when I wrote that *fourth* letter you received on Friday, and if I had not received your letter in the evening and the telegram, I should have left Oxford by the first train in the morning so as to be in time to catch the day boat. There is something very casual about the *delivery* of letters in Göttingen. Your letters are such a comfort to me. I read them times without number. I even keep the envelopes and *number them* so that I could furnish you with the date and hour each was posted, and the date and hour of the delivery! So when I want to read again any of your beautiful thoughts, knowing the number of the letter in which it occurs, I can find quickly what I want. There is nothing like method. . . . Can you say such and such a thing occurs in number VII of my letters? I can of yours! I *do* know that you are the most methodical person in the world, but did you think of this simple device for the sake of easy reference? . . .

The German superstition to which you refer is known also in the Slavonic countries. I shall be very careful about the butter! No more *seven* years for me, I know what it means, you don't. The plain and simple truth is that I shall not be able to do much *solid* work until *we*, my dear, are settled down in *our* new home. . . . Tell Miss Miller that if ever she is in the same position as we two are, she will have 'known 4 'absolutely' happy people. . . .

Oxford. July 7, 1896.

Although there is a *very short time* before the 4.30 post A.M. goes out, I do feel that I ought to tell you before I go for a short rest that I have just written a very long letter to your dear

Mother. I told you in the train—do you remember—that I should write to her, but that I could not write such a letter *to order*. I have just written the letter, and it was *not* to order. With the exception of my letters to you, it is the most appealing letter I have ever written in my life. . . . I have sacred and solemn duties to your own dear Mother, and I have just performed them so far as writing can do. . . .

The letters now cease for a time. Joseph Wright left Oxford for Germany on the evening of July 8 to join me in Göttingen. I remember Miss Miller and I were convinced that he would arrive punctually, for we pictured him giving the engine-driver 'a real good and genuine shake of the hand', and saying, 'Look here, my dear fellow, this train must *not* be late!' I met him at the station, and we betook ourselves to the nearest 'Bier-garten' for a good long talk. We heard afterwards that a German lady and her daughter, in their eagerness to get a first glimpse of the 'Herr Doktor', had sat in their 'Garten-laube' for over an hour waiting to see us pass by, till their patience was exhausted. Frau Doktor Hummel's flat was very capacious, and she was glad to find room for a guest so welcome to her kindly and romantic heart. She was an excellent hostess, and ruled over her strangely assorted house-party with great tact and geniality. Besides the Swedish Professor mentioned in my letters, there was a tall, shock-headed, medical student from the United States, and a modest theological student from Glasgow, and two or three others. The cheery youth from America was a great talker, hampered by small knowledge of German. On one occasion at dinner he asked the Swede if he knew English; receiving an answer in the affirmative, he further asked the solemn Professor to exhibit his powers by saying something in English. 'Why do you wish to hear me speak English?' said the Professor in his best German. So far our young friend had been able to proceed comfortably within the limits of his vocabulary, but now he was stopped short for want of a suitable adjective: 'Es wäre so . . . so . . .? *komisch*', he at last ejaculated.

The Professor was speechless with anger, and left the table as soon as possible, though the American seemed unaware of the storm he had aroused. The Frau Doktor spent the afternoon calming down the offended Swede, and persuading the American to make a humble apology, before peace could be restored in her dovecot. Joseph Wright was a delightful acquisition, especially as he brought in an element of fluent German previously only possessed by the Frau Doktor. There were no more ructions at table. The weather was kind to us, and we had long rambles in the 'Wald', and now and again we invited the Frau Doktor to share a country drive with us in the afternoon. We bought wild strawberries from children by the roadside, and ate them in the carriage. Needless to say I attended no more University lectures. It was the first time I had heard or seen anything of German student life, and I was struck by the novel spectacle of students pacing the town on Sunday morning, fresh from Saturday night's duels, with patches and strips of cotton-wool on their faces. One day when Joseph Wright went to have his hair and beard cut, the barber carelessly cut through the lobe of his ear. As it happened, the latter was accustomed to binding up the wounds of duellists, and he was therefore able skilfully to repair the damage done, and no further harm ensued.

In those early days of our engagement Joseph Wright still retained a schoolmasterish habit of correcting mistakes in speech. As I had been one of a large family, including four brothers, I still clung to some of our old home phrases and mispronunciations, relics of youthful jocosity, which often came out involuntarily. I remember on one of our walks that I chanced to make a remark on the 'picture-skew' landscape. 'Picturesque', corrected Joseph Wright, in all seriousness. On another occasion, during that same holiday, I said: 'When you are in Turkey, you must do as the turkeys do.' 'Turks', said Joseph Wright magisterially, as if dealing with the Third Form. He told me he could not help it, that it was the natural and immediate reaction of the schoolmaster mind to errors of language.

We left Göttingen on July 18, and I returned home to West Kirby, and we once more resumed the daily interchange of letters.

Oxford. July 19, 1896.

... It would be impossible to estimate what a benefit our stay in Göttingen has been to *both of us*. And *that benefit* could never have been had on these shores in anything like the same time. We had nobody else to consider, but our own two selves. You know what you were to me before I came to Göttingen, and since that day you are much much more to me. I now know by actual experience much that I could only picture to myself before, and I think that you too, are now in something like the same position.

You have never known what it means to feel as I did *not so very long ago!* so that you can hardly grasp how I feel, now that all doubts and fears have passed away never to return again. Whatever I may have done in the past, I can do a great deal more in the future, now that I shall have you to love and cherish as my *real own*. You are the source of everything to me and I will do you credit *yet*.

The tactfulness and business-like habits of Miss Partridge have done much towards making it easy for me to get away again next Wednesday (with ease). She has cleared off the bulk of the correspondence, and has put the material for the verb 'to be' into digestible form for me. This was no easy job, for the Fragebogen was sent out to 150 people and consisted of no less than 194 points for each person to answer. When I get back from W.K. it ought not to take me more than about a week to write the article.

Your Dictionary has already had long reviews in several papers, I have not had time to read them, but there was a *very* long one in the Newcastle Chronicle written by the Editor himself. I will send it on to you when I go to the Press in the morning, as you will be pleased to see what people think of the work of which you and you alone were the sole origin. If I were proud of you for nothing else, I should be proud of you for *that*.

It is enough to make any man feel very proud. . . . And even now in spite of all my efforts for your sake, I *do* feel that I ought to have done much more to make myself truly worthy of such a noble and good woman as you are, but the time was limited, my dear Lizzie, a man cannot do more than I have done within the short space of seven years. My life has not been altogether without events, and whenever you come to know these events, you will appreciate more than ever that well known passage in Hamlet. But *the one* grand event of my life was that I should ever have lived to see you in the *flesh*. My ideal was formed when I was quite a 'lad', and with me it was always *that* ideal or nothing. I have now found that ideal in you, so that there is no need for me to repeat here all that I have said in my former letters. . . .

West Kirby. July 19, 1896.

. . . An aunt of mine offered to give us some dessert knives and forks, or a silver sugar basin. I said the latter, because it will be very pleasing at the nice little tea-parties you and I are going to have together. I will make you some very nice tea, though I may tease you now and again on the subject when I am so disposed. You see it would be such a sad thing if you did not like my tea, and had to carry out your strict principles and 'never no more' take tea with me again! I should become like a dried tea-leaf myself forthwith. What a picture!

Don't work too hard, and don't sit up at nights, and don't be anxious about me. I might perhaps put it this way:—Thou shalt not let thine own true love be a care to thee; thou shalt not burn the midnight oil; thou shalt not wear out thy brains—(else will thine own true love scold thee on Wednesday next).

I hope you are writing a nice letter to me, such as my soul loveth, and that you will post it before 5 p.m. . . .

West Kirby. July 20, 1896.

. . . We shall always look back on that time in Germany as a time which brought us great peace and joy, when we could learn to know each other's soul and mind unhampered by any

interrupting elements. There was something so beautiful too in being out of doors in such lovely scenery—everything harmonised, and not even outside things jarred on us. Sunshine and the beauties of nature are real factors in one's happiness sometimes, if not always. . . .

You wrote that letter in the middle of the night! *I* said you were not to do that again!

Oxford. July 20, 1896.

. . . When I came to examine the progress of the work made during my absence, I was much alarmed to find how little had been done. It is not that the Assistants have been idle—there never was an Editor with such devoted Assistants as I have—, but it is due entirely to the highly organized system which I have developed for carrying on the work in the most successful and satisfactory manner. Each assistant is responsible for one *little bit* of the work; hence when I am away, if an Assistant meets with difficulties, there is no one who can help her out of them. The result is that it will take much time to clear up the difficulties, and however hard I work they cannot possibly be all cleared up by Wednesday. But I am getting each Assistant to put all her difficulties together so that I can go through them systematically when I return from West Kirby. . . .

I am sure you will not mind my having *some* love for my dear old Mother. So to say, I have been father, husband, son and companion to her for more than *thirty years* (my Father died in 1864).¹ I have never known what it was to be young. I was plunged, when a mere child, into the severest battles of life. And my dear Mother and I did struggle hard for the sake of my two brothers who were then little children. We were determined that their lot should not be so hard as ours, so that we did manage to give them some schooling, although I never was at school a day in my life. In fact they could both read and write long before I ever dreamt of such luxuries. Now you may suppose that I have laboured at a very great disadvantage for never having had any schooling. The very opposite is *the exact*

¹ This is a mistake. The correct date is 1866.

truth. Unknowingly I developed an individuality which is unique in its kind. I taught myself a deal of the higher branches of Mathematics and not a small number of languages. The result was that when I came to teach these things I was able to present the difficulties to my pupils in an entirely new way, because I knew exactly where *my* difficulties had been. I have never told anybody before, you now know why teaching of the women here has not been a failure. . . .

Oxford. July 21, 1896.

. . . I have just been to see the landlord. He agrees to all the changes we propose, and the house can be ready for me to move into by the end of August. I shall have to take it on a pretty long lease from the middle of August. . . . We'll have no cheap Jack things, what we do have shall be very good and nice. You know I am what they call in the North *house proud*. I do like the idea of furnishing, I am just in my element in anything of that kind. . . .

I do hope you liked some of the reviews of your Dictionary. I have several more now. I am sending you by this post a photograph of *one half* of the big room. It is just twice as long as you can see it; hence you cannot see all the slips and tables where the Assistants and Press reader work. *My* room is through the doorway, and through the window you can see where I sit, and just a few of the books on the far side of the room. You see it is rather a large concern. . . . If I live to finish the work, the world will have you to thank that it was ever begun and finished. . . .

I have just had the enclosed from Max Müller. I ought to tell you, it was he who got me to come to Oxford. He had heard my history in the North. When I first came here he said: 'You will soon be a made man if you can keep your own counsel', and he was right. . . .

I can explain things to [your Mother] in a way that you cannot be expected to. I am sure she will see my great difficulties about October 7th and comprehend the serious responsi-

bilities I have, not only to the British public, but also to the British Government. There must not be the least doubt in the world about the prompt appearance of the next five Parts of the Dictionary, and especially about the second Part which must be ready in December. I am most anxious to do everything your dear Mother wishes, but *we two* have also to think of the possible dire consequences if there should be any delay in bringing out the Parts punctually according to my *faithful promise* to Mr. Balfour. He is so pleased with the 'excellent workmanship' that he told his Secretary the other day that something very substantial ought to be done for me at the end of *three years*, if the work is kept up to the present standard of scholarship, and makes the progress I said I would. That's a point which we cannot afford to disregard. . . .

Oxford. July 31, 1896.

. . . My long conviction has been far more than confirmed that we two stand to each other in a far more different light than other people do to each other. That such should be the case is not solely due to that strong and firm affection we have for each other, but it is in no small measure due to the all-important fact: that perfect harmony exists between us. And that too, a harmony which can never be shaken. I constantly find myself telling you things which emanated entirely from you, just as if they had emanated from me. It is not at all intentional on my part, I cannot help it. I never think about it. We have so much the very same ideas about things that it will become difficult to tell in time which of us had the idea first, and who was the first to give expression to it in words. Combine this state with that unbounded love we have, and we could if necessary face with cheerful hearts the greatest difficulties in the world. You *do* know how great my love, respect, and admiration for you are, but you *do not* know how very much good you have done me during the last month. I see life quite differently now from what I did then. You have *granted* me something truly noble and good to live for. I shall

now be able to carry out with a most gladsome heart and with perfect ease some of the most cherished objects I have had in view for years, even before I came to Oxford. Your Dictionary will naturally be the 'biggest' piece of work I can ever do, but there are several others which I have always wished to do, and will do, partly because I can do them in a way that not many other Englishmen would do them, but chiefly that it will give pleasure to my own dearly beloved one who is more than all the world besides to me. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 1, 1896.

. . . The six Assistants left yesterday morning and will not return until three weeks next Tuesday. I am thus left alone at the 'Workshop'. But there is plenty of Work to be done during their absence. I began the verb 'to be' this morning, which will take much time, but I can see already that it will be a most interesting article from a philological point of view. There are several forms about which I am not yet quite clear, especially in the South Western dialects. Several more reviews have appeared and I think you will be particularly pleased with the one in 'Notes and Queries'. But the best review appeared yesterday in the 'Scottish Review'. It is not very long, but it is evidently done by someone who has read right through the book. All these kind and well-meaning reviews give me much pleasure, because they show that you inspired me to do a work which will have a permanent value, and one for which I am well fitted to undertake. You can now understand with what a proud heart I sent you those miscellaneous specimen articles in the early part of last year to get your opinion of them; and you can realize too how sad I felt when you seemed to take little or no interest in them. Ah, my dear Lizzie, that *did* grieve me at the time: to think that you were not interested in a great undertaking which had been begun for your sake, and your sake alone. I longed to tell you this trouble when we were in Göttingen, but I could not. How everything is changed now! And how glad and thankful I am! . . .

Aug. 1, 1896.

Since I finished my last letter this evening, I have had a little time to think about the practical side of our future. . . .

We cannot live on love alone, I *do* wish we could. You have never known what *want* is, I have, and that very bitterly too. . . . There is no toil and labour which I will not undergo for your sake. . . . During all these long and weary years my one thought has been your future happiness, and so it will be until I die. It is so grand to have you to live for Lizzie dear, when I know and feel that you *do* love me with all your heart and soul. I am a strong and self-reliant man, but when you are beside me I can face the greatest difficulties in the world with perfect ease and calmness. . . . At West Kirby your presence and soothing effect enabled me to become quite clear about a book I have been planning for many years. Lizzie dear, you will now see why I was silent sometimes when I ought to have been talking to you. It was *not* wilful neglect on my part, but you have such a comforting effect upon my poor weary brain that I am able to think problems out in your presence which seem to be unsurmountable in your absence. To do the book well is beset with difficulties, but I am quite clear now, and I will write the book this winter. I ought to call it your book, for without your sympathetic influence, I might never have become quite clear how to write it: It is a Sanskrit Primer for students of Comparative Philology. . . .

Sunday Evening. [Aug. 2, 1896.]

. . . As soon as you have fixed the *exact* date in October, let me know in order to give me plenty of time to make arrangements for our all too short honeymoon. As you said before, it need not be on a Wednesday, so fix the day, if you possibly can, as early in the month as possible. There are just now several foreign philologists here, and I was asked this morning to a philological dinner party this evening . . . so I went. . . . They did cheer me so much because they praised your Grammar as being a *model* piece of work. You don't know how proud and glad I feel when real specialists speak about your book, it

gladdens me beyond all measure. . . . I like to hear all this about your Grammar and you, although I knew it before. . . .

Our mutual friend Mr. Stevenson was there too. I hinted to him in the most offhand manner that it would be pleasant to *us* if he would act as my *best man*, he took the hint at once and said what a great honour it would be to act in that capacity. . . .

West Kirby. Aug. 2, 1896.

. . . It would be silly to think we shall never have any trials and difficulties, the great thing is not to *fear* them. I do believe all you said in your letter about our minds being in harmony, and it fills me with joyful pride to hear you tell of the work you mean to do in the world. My ideal of a great love is just that. I would not have you sitting at my feet all your life—our love would be a very poor enfeebling thing if that was all it fitted us out to do. No, as I told you once in Göttingen, I have long held the idea (I believe Miss Weisse first put it before me) that even in ordinary friendship, love for another makes, or should make, the fulcrum for you to be of use to the world around you. So the stronger the love, the greater the power for usefulness. And that I should ever live to inspire such a man as you are, is the greatest lot I could ever wish for. You know too, how *much* you can help and inspire me: I am quite a different being to what I was, and I shall continue to grow. . . .

West Kirby. Aug. 3, 1896.

. . . I am delighted to hear of your new book to come. When you want to give me a real deep pleasure, you must tell me that I inspire you to plan big works! It rejoices me more than I can say. And it makes me very sad to think how careless I once was about you and your plans for the Dictionary. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 3, 1896.

. . . However long we may live, it is but a short time compared to eternity, so it shall ever be our endeavour to have the maximum amount of happiness in this life. Under the most

favourable circumstances we shall at times have our trials and troubles, but they can only serve to strengthen and consolidate our happiness. We have set ourselves high ideals of life and we will always live up to them. A life without high ideals is not worth much. . . .

So long as my love for you was *not* known to *you*, it never occurred to me that language could under any circumstances fail to give an exact reflex of one's feelings about anything. Here I am who have learnt many many languages and have worked much at the principles of language, and yet in this short space of time *you* have taught me how inadequate and imperfect language is as an expression of my feelings for you. . . . You have given me the one thing needful to make my life really useful. I always wished to be useful to my generation, for it is my duty. To merely hoard up knowledge for one's own private gratification is selfish, especially in my case, for powers were given to me which I have no right to abuse. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 4, 1896.

. . . No man or woman can love truly and deeply in this life *for more than once*. . . . There is no room for 'views or matters of opinion' in such a serious and solemn question. There are however people who think that even flirting is innocent sport, but it is not, to my mind it is one of the deadly sins. Although I was not brought up on a grand scale, I always at least felt by intuition and common sense, and above all my unbounded respect for womankind in general, that to trifle with the affections of any woman is a most dishonourable act, and as such ought to be punishable both here and hereafter.

Some people have just come in. I will continue this by the next post.

Aug. 4, 1896. Continuation.

. . . What will I not do to make myself a devoted husband to you? To make you truly happy is and ever will be my great aim in life. In your presence I always feel so different from what I am when we are apart. We shall always be so happy in

our married life, for *ours* is not the ordinary love, and whatever anybody may say, we are not blindly in love. We love each other with that perfect understanding which few married people ever really possessed. We belong wholly to each other in every detail, and that's what makes really happy married life. We can live and think for each other in the highest degree. Surely it must have occurred to you more than once how very complete our harmony is in all things, little and *big*. . . . It is not easy for strangers to learn to understand the *real Joe*. He has been alone in the world for so long, that what he thinks and feels about important matters is not told to many; he has been so much accustomed to keep his own counsel. . . . I have never worn my heart on my sleeve, as the saying is. And all my friends here and elsewhere know me too well to expect me to tell them much that is going on in my mind. Such a nature, Lizzie dear, has its weak sides, but it is a great blessing to a man, or a woman too for that matter, in the long run. It is not that I distrust people, but it is because dire necessity taught me at a very early age to trust myself. Add to that my great trust and faith in you, you will then know what my feelings are. Some day you shall read with me Cicero's *De Amicitia*. I don't agree with all he says, but there is a very great deal of truth in much he says on the subject. . . .

Business

. . . Mr. Stevenson came in this afternoon to ask what sort of dress he should wear at our wedding. I suppose the correct thing is a frock coat, not a morning coat. Am I right?

Here is also another point for you to settle. In the ordinary course of things, the banns of marriage are published in two churches: In our case it would, of course, be here and West Kirby. Is it for *me* to do that at *both* churches? . . . Any advice on these or other matters will be most gratefully received. . . . I am absolutely ignorant in all these matters, I have never even seen a wedding and have no idea whatever what it is like.

August 5, 1896.

... I am sending you the two reviews of your book, and you will notice that the one in N. and Q. begins with a misstatement in spite of the note at the bottom of the second page of the Dictionary. Newspapers are so very inaccurate. The other two notices of the Dictionary when in preparation will show you too that reporters are strangers to accuracy. I will send you a bundle of these some time soon, they will at any rate amuse you. Don't destroy them, they will be useful in our old age. . . .

(*Second letter.*) Aug. 5, 1896.

... I know people have long said 'that I was in love with you', but one thing is quite certain beyond all doubt:—I never gave anybody—except my own dear Mother—any reason to suppose that such was the case. With that *one* exception, I kept it to myself. Once when quite off my guard, when a man asked me a question about Miss Lea, I *did let slip*: 'what, my Miss Lea?' But that's a long time ago. Some of your own friends even went so far—that too, long ago—as to ask me when it was going to come off, but they never elicited any definite information. In short, the whole thing was too sacred and serious for your sake, my dear Lizzie, for me to go about telling people I was in love with you. I could not have done you a greater injustice than to give rise to any such report. I have given you my views on this subject before. If a man is really in love with a woman, it is his duty to keep it to himself until he is in a proper position to say to the woman: I love you. Can you accept me to be your husband? No one with any real and genuine love for a woman can act otherwise, if he acts otherwise, it is what I will call for want of a better name: *surface love*. When I have said nice and pleasant things about you to other people; they were—it is true—intended to be conveyed to the proper place, but that's all. I never breathed *the word* to anybody but my Mother, and we had always been so intimately associated that I thought I must tell her and did so years ago. Surely you must have noticed how *very* anxious she

was to see you once more before she left Oxford. But neither you nor anyone else could possibly infer from *that woman* that she was the possessor of a profound secret. I don't believe there ever was a mother and son whose minds are so much alike even in the smallest details. She has been a very great woman and is still in her own village, although nobody here knows much about her. If ever I live to have time to do it, I shall write our history from 1855-1875, just those 20 years. And why it should be just 20 and neither more nor less, I will explain to you some day. I heard from her this morning, hardly a page of ordinary-sized notepaper, but I can read more into it than would occupy sheets. Almost every word is like a page. Although she can't write, if you once saw her in 'good form', and I mean by 'good form' when she feels herself thoroughly at ease with the people she is talking to, you would most assuredly say: 'That is a most remarkable person with a very strongly marked individuality.' She is a splendid conversationalist with any amount of wit and humour, although from what you saw of her, you could hardly suspect it. . . . I do just like to give you glimpses of her from time to time, for she loved you because *I* loved you, years ago. And she always agreed with me that I should not propose to you until the right time came. I do hope we shall be able to go and see her for an hour or two on our way back from the North. It will please her so much. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 6, 1896.

I sent you last night a few of the newspaper cuttings which will amuse you. I have a great number of them, and although they contain many inaccuracies—newspapers always do—I kept them all carefully for you in the hope that I might some time live to see the day when you would and could love me. From them you will at least get a glimpse of the organization required before your Dictionary could become a reality. It used to be such a pleasure to address large audiences on the subject, because it was all done for your welfare. . . .

I will show you my portrait one of these days when I was a

young man of 12. It is the only time I was ever taken by myself until last month!! It was taken to celebrate a little event in my Mother's life and mine, and it is accordingly precious to me. . . .

Among people, who have been well (!) brought up, there is a great tendency to mistake ignorance for stupidity and dulness of intellect. I know lots of people who are learned, but at the same time positively stupid and utterly incapable of giving birth to a single new idea. The maximum they can do is to assimilate other people's ideas, for they have none of their own. It means a good deal to me, Lizzie dear, that you and I hold such views. But your letter of this morning opens up such a lot of themes for us to talk about, I have not the time to write about them, they would occupy a big book which nobody, but you, would understand properly. . . .

I have read *very very* little of Wordsworth's poetry, but I have read his life in extenso and I think you would enjoy reading it too when we are quietly settled down in our home. That will be nice to read things together! I will promise to be a diligent and obedient pupil. . . .

West Kirby. Aug. 6, 1896.

. . . I did so enjoy reading all you say about your Mother. I am always so pleased when you will talk to me about her, for I greatly reverence your deep love for your Mother, and I want to hear all about her. I have often thought that you and she are another example of what is always said, that 'great men have great mothers'. And I have believed that you owe the foundation of many, or most, of the essentials of your character to her. You have built up a great deal on that foundation, a great deal that she has not got, but after all the foundation is the chief thing, when you think things back to their sources. I have not had time to love your Mother yet as I shall do, but I do reverence and respect her, and if she will think me worthy of her best beloved son, and will learn to love me a bit for his sake, I shall be more than satisfied. I am glad she knew about me. I did wonder, even then, whether she had any special reason for taking so much notice of me. You *shall* write a history of

those twenty years if I can do anything to see that you have time to write it. It might be of lasting value. If we do nothing else on our honeymoon, we must go and see your Mother. I want to see her for my own sake, as well as for yours.

I am so sorry about Miss —. You see what a consoling friend you are, that even people who have only seen you once run and confide in you! . . .

An old schoolfellow of mine has been spending the day here, so we talked a great deal about you. She asked me if I ever 'wished I was out of it'. She said she felt that fearfully strongly before she was married. I say I believe it is merely a physical state of the nerves. I have heard of it more than once before. It means nothing. My friend is extremely happy with her husband, and always has been, and she has been married a long time now. I am thankful my nerves have never played me that trick.

We are very busy now hemming dinner-napkins and such-like. I think you will not be able to eat your meals for admiration of the table-linen Mamma is bestowing on us!

Mrs. Jane [the old nurse] is getting quite keen on her raiment for the wedding. She is very anxious to look smart, and yet becomingly so for her years.

My friend today was talking jokingly at table about you and me, and asked 'if I had you well under my thumb', and I did not feel equal to keeping up 'chaff' on the subject, and at the first pause, asked her a question about her own doings at home. Whereupon she laughed and said I was 'very anxious to change the conversation'. But it is difficult to talk about such things even in 'chaff'. I might give such a very wrong impression. . . . My friend today said I was quite 'blind'! . . .

When I left school I began to keep a diary on a small, and *very* dull scale, but in 1887, when I went to Oxford, I began a bigger one, and I went on with it till the day I was told I was developing 'writer's cramp'. Now, I was wondering the other day if *you* would be interested in that said book, or those books rather? I assure you they are mighty dull. I never, even in my

diary, turned my heart and soul inside out—'Went out for a walk with A. B. Read Burke with C. D. Wrote essay. Went to bed.' That is the style. Or, when at Tedstone—'Did the flowers. Slips. Tennis. Wrote to E. F. and G.' Then I put down the letters I received, and when important, a remark on the contents—e.g. 'Letter from Dr. Wright offering me post at Oxford!' But I believe I did not put down *all* the letters you wrote, for fear of it looking remarkable! At least, I have a notion that I had some such plan. I believe really I had better burn the whole set of volumes, only I thought I would consult you first. . . .

I was very miserable at times when I first went up to the Hall. For one thing, it hurt my pride to suddenly go from the position of 'eldest daughter' to that of a 'new junior' under the stiff and proud 'seniors' then reigning. I would not form a clique with the newcomers, and I could not join the elders, so I was alone. Whilst I was at work I was happy, but at other times I felt fearfully lonesome, and used to think how no one in the house would mind a bit if I never woke up in the morning! . . .

Oxford. August 7, 1896.

. . . The former tenants must have been anything but particular about the question of health. The paper in the bedrooms was 4 thick and on the staircase 6 which would seem to indicate that the original paper has never been removed before. That's what I call *horrid*. . . .

Don't think me cruel, Lizzie dear, but I have been keeping the landlord in great suspense *quite intentionally* with regard to the Sanitary Inspector's report. The inspector, as I told you, certifies that the drains and sanitary arrangements are in good order, but suggested*at the same time some things which could be improved upon, so I thought it well to prepare the landlord's slow mind for what I wanted, instead of giving him the report and telling him straight off: Look here! here's the report which contains some suggestions for improvement. You'll have to do them, you know, so there's the end of it. It was best

to prepare his mind gradually, so when I gave him the report this morning I *had already* got him to promise to do what I wanted before he saw the report. He seemed greatly relieved and pleased that there was nothing else wanted. That's the way to manage a man of his type. Ask for a little bit at a time and keep on asking till you get what you want. . . .

Nothing whatever depresses or worries me when it does *not* concern you. I have always taken special care to nip in the bud anything that might grow to worry me. As you know, I am an earnest man, and look at everything from the bright side, and I can often be of use to you in these respects even when you are worried about things. . . .

You do raise such interesting themes in your letters, we will discuss them fully some time. It would require quite a big article to explain fully the cause of the feelings of your old school-fellow before she was married. It is not 'a physical state of the nerves' it is something quite different. It is a psychological and *not* a physiological question. *Matter*—and the nerves are matter—does not enter into the question at all. I will explain the whole thing to you when we are out for a walk at W.K. Psychology just happens to be one of the subjects to which I devoted much attention when I was a student, especially under Wundt, the greatest living authority on the subject. . . .

To come back to your schoolfellow again. A man cannot be 'under the thumb' of his wife, and the same time a wife under the thumb of her husband; that state is impossible. But a man may be under the thumb of his wife, or vice versā and at the same time they may have unbounded love for each other, but their respect for each other is like the Irishman's reciprocity: it's *all on one side*. There is a science of mind just as there is a science of thought or of language. And although the science of mind—owing to the enormous difficulties involved—is still in an elementary stage, we can do much already in the analysis of a person's mind by means of mere casual remarks. It is not necessary always to hear much to put one in a position to give a true judgement even on important matters. . . . I am afraid

I am becoming too scholastic so I will wind up this subject by saying how delighted I shall be to see your friend some day. . . . I must finish this letter, as an enormous amount of work must still be got through today yet.

West Kirby. Aug. 7, 1896.

Thank you for the packet of paper-cuttings. I liked reading them very much. I only wish I could have heard you giving the addresses. It is a marvel to me that you are not a mass of pride, after achieving such a work! I should be, were I you, but you have no conceit about you, you only know your powers. And that is a very right and proper feeling.

Enclosed is a letter from our future cook's late mistress, which you will like to see. Mrs. Jane once went to the house, and she says the people are Quakers, and that they were *most* particular about having every detail in the house clean and nice. So that it means a good deal that the lady can speak so highly of Annie.

I was so busy all the morning hemming dinner-napkins. I find it such pleasant work. A long straight piece of plain sewing is always to my taste, provided I have someone to talk to the while. The choosing of silk to line the blue cloth cape to go with the wedding-dress, is a fearful business. You would be shocked at the amount of time I have already spent on it, and no decision arrived at yet!

Don't run away with the idea that I know anything about English Literature. I know nothing. You told me so yourself once. On one occasion in Mrs. Wood's drawing-room I explained to you that I never worked more than seven hours a day before the Schools—you having suggested 14—You then remarked: 'No wonder then, that you knew nothing about English Literature.' I supposed you wished to check any conceit I might have in my Class, or otherwise purposely avoided the obvious compliment implied in my having done my work in half the time you had thought it would take me. However, I had my gratification afterwards when I was told that you had held me up in Class: 'See what Miss Lea did with only 5 hours

work a day!' You took off two hours to give spice to the compliment, but there it was! And I suppose now, that you meant me to hear it. And I all the time supposing your thoughts ran solely on vowels, varied only by consonants! Well, I do not regret the change in my notions of you! (N.B. These words are meant to convey more than the meaning an ordinary dictionary would give.)

I never said there were any 'beautiful passages' in Beowulf. I generally went to work at it solely from a 'set book' point of view. I always liked the bit where Beowulf snubbed 'Unferth': 'If you were as brave as you *say* you are, I don't think we should have heard quite so much of Grendel.' That I thought was about the most natural and human bit in the poem. And I liked the way W. (somebody)—see how I forget the little I did once know—reproached the cowards who had hidden in the wood instead of helping Beowulf. Of course some of the old compounds are pretty and telling. I used to think that if I only had the time, I should like to translate Old English poems. I used to tell the girls to read the Psalms before sitting down to translate, when they served me up long pedantic words which did not match a bit.

I always rejoice that you are really clever (though you may say you don't like me to say so!) and not only 'learned'. I should never have loved you for your learning alone, much as I admire and appreciate it. One of my great causes for pride over you, is that you combine learning with that everyday intellect that makes man or woman of use among his or her fellow-creatures. You have made your learning into *wisdom*, which is a wholly different thing. I look forward with a positive enthusiasm to our readings and talks in the winter evenings, and in our walks. It is just all the difference between a living and a dead thing—the learning which helps you to grow, and the learning which stuffs your brains, and deadens, if it does not kill, your soul. And apart from the more serious side, it pleases me in no small measure, that you are so practical, and business-like withal! For besides the 'learned' men who are

'stupid', there are the 'learned' men who have big souls as well as the learning, but who have no thought for the petty details of this life. And they are very uncomfortable to live with on earth at any rate, though they might be faultless in a heaven where you never had to think of food, and raiment, and such-like earth-born necessities! . . .

Oxford. August 8, 1896.

. . . I am getting on with my work splendidly now. I can work so differently from what I could even a week ago. I feel so fresh and vigorous that I seem to require less sleep and rest than ever. Those 'addresses' which you would have liked to hear were always objective from one point only and that point was *you*; they were not a bit subjective, hence there was no room for pride to develop. On these occasions I spoke *for* you but not *of* you. . . .

Had you accepted me unconditionally straight off, it is not at all certain that *by this time* we should have had that perfect trust and faith in each other which we have. . . . So you see my belief is that it all has been for the best. I look back at the past sometimes, but my chief thoughts are centred in our future welfare and happiness. We two know what the real factors are that make happiness in married life. We have those factors, and we will use them rightly. We will try to mind our own business, and leave others to do the same. You know what I mean by that. It is *not* that we will not be useful to others, for that is an inborn quality in both of us. And I know from much experience how valuable kind and friendly advice is to those who are in need of it. I have always been eager and zealous to help others. . . .

I know you have great taste in the choosing of colours . . . but it is really funny* that this one item costs you so much time . . . the lining of your cape [for the wedding] cannot be like Joseph's coat of old, so make up your mind promptly to one colour and stick to it. And never forget the German proverb: 'Wer viel bedenkt, wird wenig leisten'. Is this suggestion of any use to you? . . .

. . . If we are to take Beowulf in 'bits', I know of several nice bits, but only of *three* good passages; one of your 'bits' is in one of the three passages! So you see how near we are to each other in our opinions of Beowulf. Now, Lizzie dear, here is a point upon which we may possibly differ. I think the Pilgrim's Progress is a better model than the Psalms for the purpose you describe.

West Kirby. Aug. 8, 1896.

. . . You used to say that everybody ought to look round and see what they were fitted to do in the world, to make themselves of use to posterity. But it always seems to me that there are a great many people who can do nothing in particular. Or is it that they never 'looked round'? I suppose you were afraid of *my* doing 'nothing in particular', and that is why you used to write so often to tell me to pursue Language. You know I really missed your letters, when you were 'hurt' over my declining the Oxford post, and would not write to me for so long. But I daresay you were still worse off in the matter! . . . I like to start 'themes' in my letters, because then you can think out nice arguments and explanations for the clearing up of my hazy and crude notions. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 9, 1896.

Your letters are most charming and delight me exceedingly. They plainly show that you have that peace of mind which you so much stood in need of . . . there's nothing like plenty of good hard work to prevent small worries being felt. It is only the idle who have time to let small worries prey upon the mind until they become unbearable. Show me a man or woman who has no fixed and definite calling in life, and I'll show you a mischief-maker, a discontented person who is dissatisfied with himself and with everybody else too. And I always feel that it is far safer to be attacked by such people than to be protected by them, their *would-be* protection has no solid and firm foundation, so there is nothing to grow upon. It's like a soap-bubble, it vanishes into space when it is put to the test. . . .

Sympathy forms a very great element in my life, and that's

just how it comes about that I can get on with people generally when sympathy is shown to me. . . .

I am glad you have made up your mind about the wedding-dress. . . . Of course I have not much taste in these matters, you have, and in coming to a decision rely chiefly upon yourself, and if you find that very difficult, read the fable of the old man and the ass. When I furnished my present house, a lady who came to tea sometime after, said: you ought not to have bought this, you ought to have had that etc. I merely replied: I bought these things just to please myself and the woman I hoped to marry someday. That put an end to the criticism all at once. You will find it a good *general* rule that to please oneself is to please the world. When one asks for advice all round, there is sure to be several people disappointed and annoyed that the advice was not followed. A great man once said: 'When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own'.

You are the best judge as to whether I am 'always going to the post'. I don't generally pay the least heed to reports either good, bad, or indifferent, but I can't help heeding this one, because I am pleased to think that the report speaks of my showing you much attention. I *would* write by *every* post, but as you well know and appreciate, we have something else to do besides writing letters all day to each other.

We will discuss the question of your friend when we meet, but here is the answer without the full and detailed solution, to speak mathematically. She had either some misgivings about herself or about the man of her choice. You are not in that position; hence there is no fear of '*your nerves* playing you that trick'. But you must remember it is not a question of *nerves* at all. It is something quite different. . . .

You can't see the analogy about your first Term at L.M.H.? You write: 'whilst I was at work I was happy, but at other times I felt fearfully lonesome: etc.' That is just how I have been from Feb. 1876 to June 1896. And although we are far

away from each other just now, neither of us is *lonesome* in *that* sense. I am very lonely indeed at this moment, but not in *that* sense, which makes a world of difference to both of us. Lizzie dear, the longer we live the more we shall see how very much alike our feelings have been in the past. The greatest ambition of my life has always been to have some dear woman to love and live for and to be loved by her in return. I have that now, and it is most precious to me, it is more than all the world besides. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 9, 1896.

I have done as much work as I ought to do today, so I will continue my letter of this afternoon, otherwise you may possibly think my letter did not contain all I wished to say. There is so much that I wish to say, but writing is such a slow and unsatisfactory process. . . .

Lizzie dear, you don't know how very pleased I am to see you remember some of the letters I used to write to you in past years. Surely they appeal to you now in rather a different light from what they did then. The light shineth now, and I think you cannot fail to see that my love for you in those far off days was very great and deep. I never said so, how could I? But it was there all the same, as firm as any rock. And when you first declined the Oxford post, I felt I might lose you for ever. That was a sad and anxious time for me. But still I went on toiling and hoping. . . . And when you did accept the post, and we used to meet in public here, I never ventured to treat you in the same manner as I treated other ladies. . . .

It is not altogether unpleasant to look back at the past, however trying and painful it may have been, for it often gives one strength for the future. It enables one with a cool head and a willing heart to carry out plans which would otherwise seem impossible. I always measure my strength by what I have been able to overcome in the past. And with *you* to cheer and comfort me I can do so very much even in little time. . . .

There is a good deal of truth in what you say about friendship, but if you had had my experience of the world, had gone

through what I have gone through, your views would be somewhat modified. And seeing that your experience can never be the same as mine, you would derive much benefit upon the whole subject by reading Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son. I do not agree with all he says, but he gives some very sound and wholesome advice upon the whole subject of friendship. We all learn by experience, but sometimes by bitter experience which may be bought too dearly. Do not think . . . that I despise friendship, I *do* not. Real pure and genuine friendship is most precious and is worthy of being cultivated. But such friendships are very rare. Ordinary friendship has a tincture of jealousy in it, and when friends hear us praised by others, they often ascribe it to sinister and interested motives, if they can. I dare say you know the saying: The Lord preserve me from my friends, I can manage my enemies. This would almost seem as if I have no friends. The very opposite is the case. I have a very large number of friends whom I esteem very highly and whom I respect very much. But for all that I have never formed a close and intimate friendship with anybody. It is not that I cannot trust my friends; it is because I can trust and rely upon myself. . . .

The question of love has always been a most serious matter with me. I could never have played at love-making, it would have been most revolting to my whole nature. You were my ideal *many many* years before I saw you, and had I never seen you I should probably never have found my ideal. . . .

This is the second time of reading the marriage ceremony. And I do think it is high time for half a dozen sensible people to sit down and make an entirely revised version. . . . But if you have no scruples on the subject, we will say nothing about it to anyone, and just take the thing as it is without complaint. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 10, 1896.

. . . I heard from my Mother this morning, and she is very anxious to see me just *once more* before we are married. She sends her kindest love to you and says: 'I only saw Miss Lea

twice, but I am satisfied.' Lizzie dear, that means a whole volume, if you understand it as I do. I know quite well why she is anxious to see me. She can't write herself and she is too independent to convey her thoughts to me through my brother. I am sure that's what it all means. . . .

I shall like to read your letters over and over again in after years, although I know nearly all of them almost by heart, and when once I have learnt a thing my memory is such that I am not likely to forget it very soon. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 11, 1896.

When out for a ride last night, I was thinking how delightful it will be when *we* ride side by side to the neighbouring villages to have tea there. My mind was so much preoccupied with this thought that I forgot all about the machine until I found myself lying at full length in the *gutter* with the skin knocked off two of the knuckles on the right hand, and rather a sharp twinge in my left leg. It is *not* serious and I daresay I shall walk all right again in a day or two. . . .

West Kirby. Aug. 11, 1896.

. . . I am not so wholly without vanity as you are. I *like* everybody to be interested in us. I should feel shorn of a decided pleasure if they were not so. And it pleases me exceedingly to hear of you as a man of fame, and I look forward to your being still more famous! Of course we will live our own life, 'in our own way', that is the chief thing. When you and I are alone, I do not care one bit about 'the world', nor can the world touch us there, but in its due place and time, I like the world, and its good opinion. . . .

As to the Marriage Service, I have no 'scruples' about it. A service which is meant for multitudes cannot specially express what you and I feel our relations towards one another to be. I should take it as one takes many a hymn. Many hymns strike a chord which you love, and each individual gets the music his soul wants out of it. I thought this when I was first in Moffat. The minister there, Mr. Somers, is one of the

best clergymen I know, really a man you feel may be set up as the *spiritual* guide of others. Now he had just lost a young wife, a very beautiful woman (for I saw her picture in his house), and they had been happier than most, but she had died, and left him with three little children. I had not till then seen such sorrow as came out in that man's prayers in church—for of course his prayers were extempore. His one creed however was, that you must rise out of your personal sorrow to bring goodness and happiness to others. And he did, for you felt the better for even seeing him. There is a hymn which begins: 'Go bury thy sorrow, the world has its cares', a dreadful hymn that reminds you of a passage in 'The Snark', but in the idea it expresses so horribly was the chord which appealed to Mr. Somers, and we used to have that hymn constantly, and I believe his thoughts carried him so infinitely beyond and above the words he sang, that he was wholly unaware how bad and weak they were. But to return, after this digression. I tell my people that the Marriage Service is too much after the opinion of St. Paul, and that I am never going to be 'in subjection' to you, but my Mother thinks that in the main, that is the right state, that the husband must and ought to be 'the master', though he leaves his wife free in little things. They all seem to think I shall find the 'married' state vastly different from the 'engaged' state in this point. However, I cannot argue the point, as I have no experience yet. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 12, 1896.

. . . I too 'like everybody to be interested in us' in a way, but what I do object to so strongly is that newspapers etc. are so very inaccurate in what they say about one.

. . . The present cannot estimate a man properly, that must be left for the succeeding generation. That's the time to find out whether a man left the world better for his having lived. . . . You read Lycidas beginning somewhere about line 75 (Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil etc.). My copy is at the Press, or else I could give you the exact line where the passage begins. . . .

What 'they all seem to think' is quite right. 'The married state will be vastly different from the engaged state.' It will be the *real* union of two hearts *without a master*. There is to be no subjection, my darling, as you already know. We two love, respect, and honour each other too much for that ever to form the least factor in our married life. . . .

I must now close this letter, as three people are coming to supper at seven o'clock, Prof. Gardner, Prof. Napier, and Prof. Wheeler (one of the men who signed that postcard from Freiburg). He and his wife are much disappointed at not seeing you. They are very old friends of mine. We were students together at Heidelberg and took our degrees nearly at the same time. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 12, 1896.

We had this evening a very pleasant time. After supper we were joined for coffee by three other friends and strangely enough the whole centre of conversation turned upon the higher Education of women. It always interests me very much to hear this subject discussed by people of unbiassed opinions, and we were all very much interested to hear Prof. Wheeler's views, who has had much experience in mixed University work. We were not all unanimous in our views on this most important subject, but it is most interesting to hear the views of serious men on the subject. . . .

I received the enclosed from home this evening. You will make it out with a little trouble, but you will not fail to see how much my dear old Mother loves you. Every good child loves its mother, but my history, especially my early history, was so much linked with her that I may seem to over-estimate her importance, but such is not the case. She is a rough, unpolished diamond of whose existence the world might never hear, unless I can some day find the time to tell of her sterling qualities. If you once heard me tell how closely we were once linked together to provide *some sort* of education for my two younger brothers you could not wonder that I am greatly attached to her. It would be a great satisfaction to me if on our

honeymoon we could go to some such place as Ilkley or Harrogate for the latter part of our holiday at any rate. We cannot stay with my Mother, it is a small cottage-house which I furnished for her so far back as 1869, the year before I began to learn to read. Ilkley, as you will see from the enclosed cutting, is not a bad centre for visiting the most beautiful parts of my county, but I will leave everything for you to settle. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 13, 1896.

. . . Don't you be a bit 'sorry about my fall'. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.' It taught me a good practical lesson that beginners must think entirely about the machine until they become fairly proficient. I don't think it is 'a dangerous form of exercise'. A person may be so absorbed in thought as to come—whilst walking—into unpleasant contact with a lamp-post or anything else, and yet no one would say walking is a dangerous exercise. . . . I *do* hope you will get the said bicycle lessons when you come up to Oxford. I feel quite sure *you* will never fall. I made quite a study of the art of mounting which is the chief thing, and I will tell you all about it when we go for our walk to-morrow afternoon. I am greatly in need of exercise and fresh air. . . . I do hope you will not mind my letter being short today. There are many things to be done before I can leave here in the morning.

West Kirby. Aug. 13, 1896.

I am glad you can come by the earlier train. I will meet you at Kirby Park at 2.57 tomorrow. . . . You shall have a nice holiday here, to make up for your hard work. I shall not write much, as we shall meet so soon, and I have a mania for sewing table-cloths just now! . . .

West Kirby. Aug. 18, 1896.

K. said if I wrote to you tonight I should have to conjugate a Latin verb in full, to cover the paper withal.

I hope you finally found the right stations in Liverpool, and had a good journey home. . . . K. seems to think I am enwrapt

in delusions as to what a husband is like, but though I was not going to argue on the subject, I remained rooted to my own standpoint. She holds that if you are engaged to a man, you may tell him you do not like something he is in the habit of doing, and he will leave it off, but when he is married, he will not only not listen to anything further of the sort, but he will recur to the old habit he had temporarily discontinued. Well, all I can say is, that I am sorry if that is her experience. She says we are a proud family, who all think too much of ourselves. I believe she is right, and I could not contradict her when she said 'till the other day I was just the same as all the rest'. She added: 'who would have thought to see you sitting at any man's feet?' I don't feel like sitting at yours, in the common acceptance of the term, because that argues your looking down on me, but otherwise I do. You are *very* much better than I deserve, but you will have to take me as I am, and you will 'make the best of me' in more ways than one. . . .

I always think your mind is just stored with goodness, and beauty, and truth. I may feel inclined to argue with you now and then, but I *never* feel I shall come upon anything bad, or worthless, or injurious, and that is everything. If I married you tomorrow I should not be afraid I should have cause to change my opinion . . . no woman ever had better cause to be thankful and happy.

Aug. 18, 1896. 6 Wellington St. Windhill. Shipley.

The train was quite punctual into Leeds, so I arrived here all right just before 2 o'clock. . . .

My good old Mother enquired all about how you were etc. as soon as I got into the house. I gave her your message which pleased her very much. She was immensely pleased when I said she would see you in October, although I had already told her in one of my letters, she was extra pleased to hear it from my own lips. It always does me a world of good to see the homely folks here. I always feel on such occasions that there is far more real happiness and contentment of mind in these

lowly and humble cots than in most 'big' mansions. You see, my darling, when I come back into my early surroundings it brings so vividly to mind all the associations of the little youth I ever had.

There are several people in the house just now, and I am writing this in the parlour, but can hear every word they say. My Mother and I will have a good long talk tonight. . . .

Windhill. Aug. 19, 1896.

My Mother and I had such a long talk together last night. From her last letter but one I could see she had special reasons of her own why she was very anxious to see me *once* more before our wedding. I shall ever remember that talk with a very grateful heart, for it had never occurred to me that a mother could give such sound practical advice to a son. And it impressed me all the more as coming from a woman of such very limited book knowledge. After one has undergone a kind of experience it often results in the saying:—I am a *sadder* but wiser man, but I can say with all my heart: I am a *happier* and wiser man for my long talk with her. Lizzie darling, advice from a woman like my Mother is very valuable indeed for the simple reason that it is *firsthand*, and has been arrived at without the external influences of books and education. It is very clear that she has been thinking of you ever since you met her in Oxford. She had known your name *long*, but it was only then that she had an opportunity of seeing you. When I have come home on former occasions our conversation has generally been about family matters, and what has transpired in the village since I was last here. But this time it is all changed, all her talk is about Miss Lea. It is highly probable that you may only see her *once* in *this* life, for she has changed much since I last saw her, not at all in mind, but in body. You will never fully realize how very great her love for you is. And she loves you not merely because of her motherly love for me, but also because you are worthy of being loved 'by the best man in the world', whoever he may be. I will put into plain English what she said in the

dialect last night: When I saw her, I was sure that if you had travelled all over the world in search of a wife, you would not have found such a good woman as Miss Lea. That means a good deal, my darling, considering that she only saw you *twice*. As you know, I can trust my Mother implicitly, but she confessed last night how very difficult it was when she saw you alone not to speak to you about my great love for you. As I have often told you, my Mother and I do not stand to each other in the ordinary relation of mother and son. . . .

I cannot help sharing your feelings at all times and in all states. Without that my great love for you would be incomplete. . . . When we are together you somehow have the power of communicating to me the exact state of your feelings even when we walk side by side without our exchanging a single word with each other. How to explain it I know not, but that certainly is the case. The same thing has happened so often to you in regard to me that the only suggestion I can make is that it is the result of a perfect union of two heads and two hearts. . . .

West Kirby. Aug. 19, 1896.

. . . I am so glad you are happy at home. I am sure simplicity and happiness go hand in hand, and it is when people of leisure sit down and dissect their minds, and analyse their feelings, and create difficulties and complications, that the unnecessary unhappiness comes in—at least it seems so.

I have this morning been collecting the harmless but dull books of my early youth. They are not at all interesting in themselves, and only a few are so by association. . . .

I wish you were here to go out to the island this afternoon. It is a lovely walk on a warm sunny day, all across that sand. You are quite right about the desirability of air and exercise for me. It is wonderful what a difference it does make to one's *mind*. I, for instance, always feel much more inclined to say my prayers on the top of a mountain, than in a hot, close church. We went up a lovely mountain—or perhaps I should only call it a hill, because it was quite green and grassy all the way up,

and took us only $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to climb—at Lugano, I remember, where you looked all round on hills, and mountains, and down on the Lake below, and it filled you with a sense of peace and goodness, which I am sure was something more than the mere animal exhilaration produced by the mountain air, and the use of muscles in walking up. . . .

I must go and prepare for our expedition. M. wants me to tie up some flowers for the coastguard's wife, who took such a kind interest in our engagement.

Windhill. Aug. 20, 1896.

I do wish you could have joined me in my long walk across the moors yesterday afternoon. The weather was simply perfect, and the views of the surrounding hills were really splendid. I felt very lonely without you, but still the walk gave me that calm state of mind which always does me much good. I had tea at Ilkley, and then walked on to Bolton Woods as far as Barden Tower, which is probably the prettiest walk in the whole district. I then walked along the river-side back to Bolton, and took the train home. In the evening I went to the Liberal Club and 'held forth' on *the relations of master and man*. Unfortunately for all concerned, there is a great strike of mechanics in this district just now, which is causing a great stagnation in trade. Although I am not in a mood to mix in the matter with my old enthusiasm, I do feel it my duty to accept the invitation of the two deputations which came to see me this morning. I am fairly in full possession of the facts of both sides, and my impression is that the men are decidedly in the wrong. The meeting is to be at the Hall of Freedom this evening at 7.30. I like to be of what use I can to these good people, but I don't see how I can be of much help on the present occasion.

I shall stay with my Mother until Saturday morning, so that your Friday's letter will reach me before I leave for Oxford. . . . If I were to be a single day without a letter from my dearly beloved Lizzie, I should be most miserable. They always give me such a faithful and true picture of your state of mind at the

time that I feel you near although we are far apart from each other. It is neither 'selfish nor unkind' to tell me everything. We act towards each other in exactly *the* manner which cheers and comforts me beyond measure. How could we refrain from expressing just what we feel? If we did otherwise there would be something wrong somehow or other. I am sure the older we get, the more evident it will become that we *two* shall have *no two* opinions about anything under the sun. . . .

I shall not fail to get 'some nice books' to read to you on our honeymoon. I have looked up the trains etc. We should leave Liverpool at 4.30 and arrive at Windermere at 6.55 and at the Hotel at Bowness at 7.5. The *Old England* is on the lake side and is one of the largest and best hotels in the Lake District. It was recommended to me very strongly last night by our late M.P. . . .

It is so grand to think that I shall have you to live and care for all our lives. That is what I have yearned for during all these years.

West Kirby. Aug. 21, 1896.

You will like a little note to greet you when you arrive, especially when the object of it is to tell you that my Mother and I think that *October 6, Tuesday* is the best day for the wedding. . . .

West Kirby. Aug. 21, 1896.

. . . Thank you for sending me the photograph of your Mother. I shall like to have it very much. I think we ought to have no difficulty in stopping a night at Ilkley on our way back. I may be wrong, but if I were your Mother, I am quite sure I would rather receive my daughter-in-law in my own house. And you always say Yorkshire people think more of their hearth and home than Southerners. Besides, I, for my part, should feel it much more fitting that I should go and see her, than she come to me. Then too, I want to see your old home. So my mind is quite made up on this matter. I shall manage the railway journeys quite nicely, you will see. You shall take all the care of me you like, and I shall enjoy it, but you shan't pack

me in cotton-wool, and label me 'fragile', 'with care', 'this side up', 'perishable', and all the rest! You know you have a peculiar way of your own, of looking after me, and taking care of me, and yet you don't make me feel a poor feeble thing who can't stand on its own feet, and I appreciate it immensely. Moreover you will always have that characteristic art. . . .

I am so glad you think I write good letters—but I own I think you must be carried away by your own feelings above the level of my wording, and then you fancy the wording better than it is. You see you always do understand so clearly what I mean, that when my meaning is good, you see that more plainly than words can express it. I expect when we get a bit older we shall have to make a point of *talking* to each other, lest we forget our mother tongue, by reason of the fact that we understand each other so well without words! . . .

How long ago was your Mother's photograph taken? My people seem astonished that she looks so upright and 'well-preserved' for her age. She certainly does look to have a very strong character of her own, and her standard for other people must be very high. I only hope when she comes to know me better, she will not be disappointed in me. But you manage not to be, so I don't think she will be. . . .

Windhill. Aug. 21, 1896.

. . . We had a grand meeting last night, and I enjoyed it much more than I expected I should. The men are undoubtedly in the wrong this time, and they do not seem to fully comprehend the keen competition which exists between England and foreign countries. Things have changed very much of late years, and it is of the very greatest importance that our working men should be enlightened upon the subject. The chief part of my address dwelt upon this topic, and I think it made some impression. When I went to the meeting I felt as if all the old enthusiasm had left me, but such was not the case when I had got fairly started. Lizzie dear, you cannot feel as I do on these questions, you have grown up in a different

atmosphere, so to say. I have been a working man myself, I know their troubles, I know their joys, and I cannot forsake them when they think I can be of help to them. It is not an easy task, for the people here rely upon me far too much. They imagine that I know everything about the present state of trade, whereas I practically know nothing. Years ago I would have gone into the question with perfect certainty, but I am 'out of it' now, and that is just what the masters and men do not realize to the full extent. In this district my influence is naturally rather great whatever question might arise, but I do feel I shall be a fraud, and act against my own conscience, if I allow myself to be dragged further into the dispute. I said last night all that I had to say, and it must stop there. Once upon a time a struggle like this would have given me infinite pleasure, but of late years I have not followed social problems, and accordingly I am quite out of date. . . .

You know how little interest I take in politics, and when I opened the Liberal Club last year¹ I felt like the wrong man in the wrong place. I am not supposed to know, but the members are going to give me a very handsome wedding present. The President says they think this a most befitting occasion to show their esteem for me. . . .

My dear Lizzie never say again that you 'seem so ungrateful'. Where *we* two are concerned, there is no room for the feelings of gratitude or ingratitude. . . . It is just your love which has given me new life and new interests in that life. I never had narrow views of life, and I cannot express how very much *you* have widened them in this short time . . . you have given me *the* one thing needful, and I shall cherish it more and more every day of my life. . . .

West Kirby. Aug. 22, 1896.

. . . I had a long talk with K. last night about love and marriage, and the like, and she seemed to understand my point of view. She says I 'idealise' you, and you 'idealise' me, that I *must* have little faults and pettinesses which I have never let

¹ July 13, 1895. The members gave him a handsome study clock.

you see, and which will come out when we live together daily. But I say this is all quite natural, only, if both have high ideals, and each expects goodness, and beauty, and truth in the other, it is the surest way of attaining such measure thereof as is possible in mortal man. I felt from the very first, that with you my faults would sink into the background, and my better nature be drawn out . . . however, she seemed to believe that you and I had thought things out, and would prove to be 'kindred souls' over and above our *love* for each other, which of course she recognised as a very great thing. . . .

You will be coming home to Oxford tonight, and will find my letter about October 6. And then won't he feel happy! . . .

Windhill. Aug. 22, 1896.

I intended to write to you last night, but my Mother and I sat up talking until nearly 2 o'clock. It was the last long talk we shall perhaps ever have. . . . I am very glad you like my Mother's photograph, she was just 70 when it was taken. Yes, she has 'a very strong character', and her own peculiar way of looking at things. And I am sure you will like to hear her talk, for she *can* talk when she likes. She has just told me again how sorry she is that she cannot write.

I am looking forward to seeing my beloved on Tuesday, so be sure to come by the 11.30 train from Kirby Park.

I wish I had time for a proper letter this morning, but I must leave here in less than an hour, and I want to see two or three old people, who are ill, before I start.

Oxford. Aug. 22, 1896.

I have only just time to say that I arrived here all right, after a rather hot journey. I am writing this in Mr. Mayhew's study, as Sarah has not yet got back, and I cannot get into the house. . . . I told my Mother what you said about coming to Ilkley, and it pleased her very much. She said she should like to see *us* all to ourselves first, she does not like the idea of my sister-in-law or brothers being present at our first meeting, for

my Mother clearly wants to have you practically all to herself for once. Don't be alarmed, Lizzie dear, at what I said about my Mother's health. I asked her several times if she felt herself failing, and she maintains that such is *not* the case. She only worries because she can't do as much work as formerly. But I *can* see she is breaking up gradually, and no wonder, after an active life like hers has been. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 23, 1896.

. . . Yes, let it be *October 6*, that will do splendidly, it will give us one day more for our honeymoon. Now that I know the exact date, I can make all the necessary arrangements with which I think you will be quite satisfied. I will send you the full programme in about a fortnight; as soon as I have heard from Mr. Hills of Ambleside. I shall ask him to take nice rooms for us there. Between now and Oct. 6, I must get through a very great deal of work in order that there can be no doubt whatever about the prompt appearance of Part II. The Assistants come back on Tuesday morning. By working hard, I can have 96 pages of Part II in type before Oct. 6. And then if the weather is good, and we feel inclined, we shall not be obliged to be here just when full Term begins. . . .

I don't know whether there was a reporter at the meeting at the 'Hall of Freedom' the other night, if a report does appear in the papers it will be sure to be sent to me, and I will send it on. I used to take an enormous interest in such matters, but of late years I have not had time to follow the subject, and therefore I cannot speak on it like I could formerly. When I used to work at the mill, eight of us once had our photographs taken. It must have been in 1874, when I was full grown and without *a beard*. I had forgotten all about it, but one of the men gave me his copy on Friday evening, and I shall treasure it, for it is rather a good picture of what I looked like at 19. . . .

I bought a book at the station yesterday to read in the train. I enclose herewith a cutting¹ from it which I am sure will

¹ The cutting enclosed in the above letter is from a book on 'Depression', and

interest you, for it expresses exactly what *we* two think on the subject. It is such a comfort to feel that we have the same feelings about almost all things.

West Kirby. Aug. 23, 1896.

... You would have been quite shocked at me in church this morning, because I laughed in the sermon. I know it was a bad thing to do, one ought to have been sad, not mirthful. The poor little curate was holding forth on 'the preacher', as one who had a mighty influence on his audience by his inspiring eloquence, which 'held them for an hour'. And he seemed to think that was what he did, whereas he has really no eloquence at all, and I should doubt if he could 'hold' anybody for five minutes. Joe dear, I always find much satisfaction in the fact that you know exactly what you can do, and what you cannot do. I have often thought when listening to the feeble sermons one so often hears, how dreadful it must be for the preacher's wife to be there hearing him giving forth such poor stuff, such as no one would stand at a dinner-table, and to think how the audience, or some of them, must see that, though the preacher thinks it worthy of the occasion. But I always hope that the poor lady is blissfully ignorant. I could never have married a clergyman, for sermons always rouse my critical spirit more than almost anything else. They generally either contain little but extracts from Biblical commentaries, or skim about on the surface of things and never reach anything profitable. I remember the same little curate preaching on 'What is truth?' Of course everybody, I suppose, who tries to live at all, ought to spend their lives in seeking the answer to that question, and it made one impatient to hear a very young and unformed man, with but few brains at best, pretending to answer the question in ten minutes. Of course one could not feel satisfied, one only wished he would not attempt the impossible. But I shall have

is as follows: 'Remarks.—The case illustrates the sovereign value of work. No matter what a patient's sensations, however much he or she may declare their incapacity for thought, for prolonged exertion, or for any effort of memory if there is one superlative mental tonic it is work, especially remunerative work.' *Depression*, by Dr. Bridger, 1895, p. 85.

to cultivate a tolerance of curates, and it is *very* bad for one to think one knows better than they do. . . .

I hope you found my last letter intelligible. I had fastened it up, and then I re-opened it, having come to the conclusion, whilst putting on my hat to go out to the post, that it was not so, but I have the greatest confidence in your penetrating understanding. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 24, 1896.

. . . I have no *bachelor habits* to hide from you, you have always seen me just as I am without the least varnish. I have never allowed my mind to be sufficiently idle to contract any habits of which I need be ashamed. The one habit which I must modify is that of working late at night, sometimes all night, but Lizzie dear, that habit was necessary to get through what I meant to do. It would be most wicked to conceal anything if there were anything to conceal. I say all this not out of self-gratification, which too would be wrong. . . .

I saw a book called 'Depression' at the Railway bookstall on Saturday and bought it to read in the train. The descriptions given there of the various kinds of depression and their causes and effects are most terrible. I used to think that I got depressed sometimes, but if the descriptions given in that book are right, I have never been a bit depressed *all my life*. The feeling must be something awful. I have never had such feelings. What I used to think was depression in me was only a feeling of being downcast through over-work. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 28, 1896.

. . . During the next fortnight the time will pass very slowly when I am not head over ears in work. It is really a blessing that I shall have much to do between now and *then*, because when I am away from the 'Workshop' I can't think about nothing else but you. Do not think it foolish of me to be like that, it is only right that it *should* be so. You have had the lion's share of my thoughts for many a long year, and you always will have in the future. . . . It always seems to me so strange that people are constantly telling you that I may listen to all your wishes in my

present state, but that when we are married, I shall decline to listen to them. Nothing could be further from the truth. I can always fall in with your wishes mechanically for the simple reason that I know you neither have, nor ever will have, any foolish or selfish wishes. Nor do I believe it will always be necessary for you to express your wishes *in words*. When we are together I have a kind of natural instinct for what you wish and desire, and surely you must have noticed that in many a small thing. . . . I do always feel that if ever there were two people truly fitted to be man and wife, we are *the* two. At the very start we were not situated as most people are: we had much in common that could be taken for granted. And for the rest we only required genuine mutual love and unbounded trust in each other to make everything concerning us as perfect as anything can be perfect in this world. I never felt more than I did today how very happy we shall be in our married life, for we have nothing that can possibly mar our state of happiness now or in the future. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 29, 1896.

I thought it would be quite impossible to receive a letter from you this morning, and I was expecting to be most miserable to-day at not having any tidings of how you got home. I am always so anxious about you until I hear that you have arrived all right. But to my great delight and joy I did receive a post-card and a letter this morning. . . . I have been trying to reason it out why I should miss you this time more than on former occasions, and I cannot explain it unless it be that you have become *to me* so very much a part of myself that when you are not there I am no longer my own self. . . .

I know now that life to me will not be a mere existence, it will be a real and useful life, a life which will be worth living, for with the love you have given me, I can do much which otherwise could never have been done. Great and deep as is my love for you, and I do not see how a man could love and reverence—that is the exact word—a woman more than I do you Lizzie, yet I *do* feel with all my heart and soul that a noble

minded woman like you, gives with her love a great deal more than she can ever receive from any mortal man. However I will always do whatever I can to make myself worthy of that love in word and deed. Of that I think you are quite sure, and have been for some time past. . . .

I had formed a high ideal of the kind of woman I could love and live for, and when I first saw you *in class*, I felt for the moment that I had entirely forgotten all the Old English I ever knew. You probably can't remember it now, but our first lessons were very poor indeed, think about it, and you will see that I learnt to master myself in a way; for it was only in a way. I always found it so difficult to ask you questions, and therefore asked the other students first. In your *third* letter last June, you said that it was a great revelation to you, but *the* great revelation came to me the first time I ever saw you. Until then I had had my high ideals, but I had never known what *love* was. I had never seen anyone I could love until I saw you . . . it is quite certain that if you could not have loved me, I could never have loved another woman whoever she might have been. . . .

In my Mother's letter yesterday she does not mention *Miss Lea*. She talks about *she*. Lizzie darling, that is the highest degree of honour and respect that can be attained in our district from dialect speaking people. It always presupposes that everybody addressed knows who *she* is. A concrete example will make plain what it means. When anybody talks to my Mother about me, or vice versa, my *name* would never be mentioned, it is always *he*. . . .

West Kirby. Aug. 29, 1896.

I was not particularly tired when I arrived, indeed I think I am wonderfully fresh. After Chirk I found myself alone with a solitary man, and he had such restless habits that at last I began to doubt his sanity, and thought it pleasanter to get into another carriage at Ruabon. He did nothing really queer, only he seemed unable to do anything for more than five consecutive minutes. He had masses of letters, and note-books, and bills in his pockets out of which he read extracts in turn. That and

a really magnificent sunset was all the entertainment I had by the way, but the sunset was worth a great deal, it seemed to fit in so well to the end of my time with you. I felt so calm and happy myself, and the whole sky seemed to reflect it before my eyes. You are quite right . . . the more we see of each other, the more it is brought before our consciousness that we were made to fit into each other in every way. I think we both knew it before in the abstract, but it appears in more or less concrete form, bit by bit, when we are together. . . .

You were quite right about bridegroom's gloves, and much more 'up to date' than I. Mrs. — told me this morning that 'lavender gloves' are the newest 'London' fashion for weddings, but they are so 'smart' and 'London' that for a simple wedding light tan are preferable, not kid, but one of those thicker leathers. Lavender *had* gone out, and I was not 'in the fashion' enough to know it had returned. I shall have to consult you on the fashions, I perceive!

I am afraid a *black* tie will look a bit like a mourning occasion. You must consider the point. . . .

Of course I don't think it 'foolish' of you to be thinking of me. I like to hear you say it. We don't lose our heads by always thinking of each other, on the contrary.

If all the wives in England liked to sign a memorial to say that husbands always gave up listening to their wives after marriage, I should only say that you were then not made after the universal pattern. . . .

Nothing shakes my absolute trust in you. . . . You don't know how your presence gives me peace and strength. I felt it so much on Wednesday evening, when we went a walk together in the Parks. I seemed 'weary', as you would say, after giving my mind all day to carpenters, and dresses, and 'company talk', and being with you so refreshed me. I never felt so much before the difference between the real and the exterior life. I cannot put in words precisely what I mean, but I think one feels that one's better nature craves for truth and simplicity, and that it will be starved unless one spends a goodly

proportion of one's days in simplicity, and truth-seeking. I don't mean at all to say that I dislike society, for I like it greatly, nor do I fail to see the need for 'the practical side of life', only I want to get hold of the relative proportions of things, and not lay too much stress on what does not matter, to the neglect of the things which do matter. And it is such a joy to me to know that you and I feel so alike on this point, indeed the feeling has mainly grown up in me since I knew you loved me, and since I loved you. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 30, 1896.

I went round to the house yesterday and find that the workmen will not be out of it before Wednesday at the earliest. . . . If all goes well, I shall remove from here in about ten days, and considering that Sarah knows where everything is and exactly what I have, I think I shall ask her to stay on until I *have* removed, otherwise there may just be a chance of some little things being taken away by *mistake* (!!). I shall take the inventory of tenant's fittings of the new house to a valuer tomorrow, as it is quite clear that the landlord's valuer has put too high a price upon them. Fancy paying £3 for those rotten blinds! It always happens that people try to impose upon a man who is about to be married, they think he has lost his head, and won't mind paying more for a thing than it is worth. My gardener was here yesterday, and strongly advised me to remove some of the rose trees to the other house. . . . I always knew that you liked flowers and that's just the very reason why I have always had my garden kept so nicely stocked with flowers and plants. It was such a consolation to have things about me that you liked. You might never have loved me, but you could never have prevented me from loving things which I knew were pleasing to you. . . .

In order to gain time, I shall have to work almost day and night the next ten days, otherwise I should not be able to go see my dearly beloved next Friday week. . . . I miss you so much now, that the mere possibility of not seeing you at the appointed

time endues me with such powers for work as I have hardly ever had before. Don't get alarmed, you know how much I can do when it concerns you in the very least. I shall not fail to get through the work, you may depend upon that. I take 'stock' of the progress of the Dictionary every month, and I find that it will be necessary to see through the press about 52 pp. between now and October 5th, in order to remove any risk of Part II not appearing at the right time. It seems an awful amount to get through, but I never yet did fail to do what I definitely and resolutely fixed to do, and there is no reason to suppose that I shall fail this time. . . .

Yes, Lizzie dear, you have 'every bit of my love' and have had it for years, for from the first moment I ever saw you, I could never have had any love for anyone else whatever may have happened. My great love for my dear old Mother is of another kind, and I know you will never grudge her that. Never 'stop to think whether you deserve it all'. . . . I am not only to have the best woman in the world as my wife, but I am to be wholly hers, and she mine. And when two people are really and truly in that state, they will not only have perfect happiness and bliss together, but will '*pull one way entirely*', and accomplish much in a long life-time that could not be accomplished in any other way. Ah! my dear Lizzie, we will spend much time together in pleasant walks and talks, and in reading together. It will be such a pleasure to read to you things that *you* like. And when we have got properly settled down, we will do some piece of work together, a piece of work which we can look back upon in our old age and feel that we have left the world somewhat better for our ever having been in it. And I am sure you will like us to have that feeling some day.

West Kirby. Aug. 30, 1896.

. . . K. laughs at me, and says she likes to see 'youthful delusions', but I can laugh too, for I know they are more *real* than many apparent cut-and-dried facts. 'Youthful' I am, and shall be, for I believe love and life in the best sense is ever 'young' and fresh, of course it must be, else stagnation and

decay comes in; that is only plain reason and logic, I am sure. And you will be young too, and you will *work* as you have never done before, although I know that few men have been as 'useful' and hardworking as you, even up to now. . . . I have an intense admiration for your great capacity for hard work, and I should be quite unhappy if ever I thought I lessened that capacity. Hence it rejoices my heart when you say I make it greater. . . .

Oxford. Aug. 31, 1896.

. . . We *do* know how very much we love each other and however great our love is now it will continue to grow until our dying day. It cannot be otherwise, for without steady growth in that all-absorbing element of our lives our union and married life would not be precisely of that kind which we know it *shall* be. . . . Whatever trials and troubles we may have in our married life, and there is no life on earth without some of them, we shall always be drawn closer and closer together, and find from day to day how very necessary the one is to complete the *being* of the other. The one is the complement of the other. . . . I have always felt that, and it is just that feeling which has often given me superhuman strength of body and mind to overcome all difficulties in preparing the way for what is now a reality—to gain the love of my own dear Lizzie. If I had not had you as my first thought in everything I did, I should long ago have sunk beneath the burden. . . .

I have always looked at the bright side of life, but it never seemed so bright and cheerful as it does now, since you allowed me to live for you. Lizzie darling, that *is* a happy feeling, a feeling too which will last until my last day.

Oxford. Aug. 31, 1896.

. . . It pleases me beyond measure to hear you say that your 'ideal of love has come true'. . . .

You are partly right about the Class-work in olden days, I did 'always expect you to give the right answer' when asked, because I knew you *did* get up your Class-work thoroughly, and

much better than any of the others, but on the other hand, I never liked to ask you a question at all, if it could be helped. I could not treat the woman I loved as an ordinary pupil, it was impossible, and often rather than ask you the question, as a last resource, I used to tell the previous student the answer. When those days came to an end, I was sad, very sad, for I was afraid I might never see you again in this world. If your mind could wander through the years of anxiety I have had for you, you could not wonder what letter I meant to me. I have lost the feeling long ago, but I can never forget it.

No, Lizzie dear, you know I could not lead an 'idle' life, it would be quite contrary to my nature and whole being. I don't know where it comes from, but it is quite true:

His nature and his works invite
To make *that* duty my delight.

And work is a real delight to me. I like it for its own sake, and when I cease to work I shall die off. But I shall always have plenty of time to devote *entirely* to you, for in the future I shall, I am sure, do quite as much work in half the time. . . . I must now settle down to some proofs. Goodnight. . . .

West Kirby. Aug. 31, 1896.

. . . There is an article in this week's Spectator about 'Being a Woman'. I think it poor, and I do not agree with it. The writer talks much of the woman's life being of necessity devoted to 'minutiae'. I have yet to learn, but it seems to me that it rather depends on the woman herself whether she leads a hand to mouth life over the necessary petty details of every day's work, or whether she makes them take their fit place, and form part of a whole. A great many 'details' are not 'isolated forms', because they touch on general principles, and if you keep your eye on the principles, the details will dovetail in, and there seems to me no special virtue in allowing yourself and your life to be chopped up into loose bits, and bear it patiently. And the idea of the husband and wife being like the elephant and his

driver atop, seems to me a very earth-born way of looking at it. . . . We shall not be like any of the models held out by writers of articles. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 1, 1896.

. . . I left you to settle the whole question about servants, and think your arrangements excellent. . . . I shall let them go on in their own way of doing things unless perchance they turn out to be *thrifless*, and then I shall feel it my duty to give them some strict lessons on domestic economy. I can tolerate much, but a wasteful servant would either improve very quickly or be sent about her business. You are quite right, Lizzie dear, 'other people's wisdom does not always fit', and that's the reason why I so seldom avail myself of it. One goes farthest in this world by following the dictates of one's own conscience, at least such is my experience, and I have had a fair amount in my time. . . .

West Kirby. Sep. 1, 1896.

. . . Yes—you shall plan some work which we will do together, and we will make time for it, without any neglect of the 'practical side' of domestic life. That has always been my ambition. So many women are either wholly domestic, or wholly literary, and what I want to aim at is the right mean between the two . . . the purely domestic wife, however loving and loved, is *not* in complete sympathy with her husband, she is only tending the 'bread-winning' machine. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 2, 1896.

I am afraid you must have found my last letter very dull. It was my intention to write again before going to bed, but it was after three before I finished the proofs, so I think you will not blame me for not having written. When your *two* letters were brought to the bedroom door at 7.30 this morning, they made me feel like a giant refreshed with wine. . . .

I not only know and feel that we love each other with our whole heart and soul and that we always shall do so, but I also feel that our ideals of life are so exactly alike that the longer we

live the more closely we shall be drawn together in all our thoughts and actions. . . .

The new life and interests you have given me will ever be young and fresh, and in time to come you will see what a really useful man I shall and will become all through the great inspiring influence of a devoted and sympathetic wife. It is just when two really kindred souls are yoked together, that this life is seen in its greatest perfection. And I have always felt that we were two kindred souls, and often when all seemed dark and dreary, that *one thought* has been my comfort. Even if it had been our fate not to be joined together, I should still never have got rid of the feeling that our two lives were linked together in some mysterious manner or other. Hence what I said at the bottom of p. 3 of letter III. You might even yet not have been conscious of it, but you would have been some day, it could not have been otherwise. And my belief is, that the day is not far distant when all your unconsciousness of the past will become manifest, and that you will see—as I have long done so—that we two were inseparable for years. For Lizzie darling, we are not entirely our own masters, not even of our own wills and desires. We often say *no* most emphatically where there is a strong latent *yes* at the bottom. This may seem a very difficult problem, it may seem almost incomprehensible, but it is due to a very simple law, well known to anyone who knows the elementary principles of psychology. If A had written B letters I and II (especially the latter), and he had shown them to me, I should have said with perfect confidence: that will not turn out to be a question of 'Love's Labour's Lost', but when it concerned myself, science broke down. We can often help others when we cannot help ourselves when placed precisely in the same position. That's exactly how I was, Lizzie darling, I was helpless and miserable. I felt as if I ought to sit down and write the history of a wasted life at 40! And now I may someday think of writing the history of *two* useful lives at 70! What a difference the tone would be! . . .

What you say . . . about the relations of husband and wife is

precisely what I have ever thought. There must be entire sympathy with each other in whatever arises in their daily life. And you don't know how it delights me to think that we shall do some real, lasting piece of work together. Oh! Lizzie dear, I *am* glad to hear you say that. For I want the world to know that you *too* have lived. It has always been my greatest ambition that you would some day join me hand and heart in some such work. I *shall be proud*, because my Love and I will do something together.

I cannot answer your letter fully tonight; I have much more to say, but unless I post this now you will not get it tomorrow. And I must also begin my evening's work.

West Kirby. Sep. 2, 1896.

. . . You must not go on glorifying your mental pictures of me, else I am sure I shall *never* be able to live up to such a standard! Though at the same time I am fully conscious of the fact that it does me a world of good to know that you believe so much in me. . . .

K. says I shall lock myself up and pursue scientific study, whilst the household is all at sixes and sevens. But I am sure some people must have done it, and in the abstract it is a *reasonable* scheme, that a woman at the head of a household should attend to the *details* and yet retain a mind for wider *ideas*. Anyhow, I won't give up my 'one ewe lamb' of a notion as to the proper way of domestic life! And I know *you* will do your very best to keep that poor 'ewe lamb' alive! . . .

You will always have to live up to a very high standard, but I have not one shadow of a doubt that you always will even surpass my expectations of you. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 3, 1896.

. . . I have arranged for Sarah to stop until I am properly settled in the new house. . . . It would not do for me just now to waste a lot of my time in seeing that things are properly packed, and unpacked again in the new house. I don't mind such work as a rule, but the pressure of other work is so great

just now, that I can only spare a very little time indeed in looking after everything. . . . It is most unfortunate that I should be so hard-pressed for time at this juncture. But no possible doubt must arise as to my being able to fulfil my promise to the Government and the British public. And even by working at the very highest pressure, it will require almost all my undivided attention. . . .

Now don't you go and get into a worry about my work just now. I know exactly how much I can stand, I can stand all this, and it will not disarrange our meeting next week, nor our much looked-for honeymoon one single minute. . . .

You may tell — from me, if you like, that in my humble opinion a woman must be a poor weak creature if her household matters—even in a large household—take up the greater portion of her time. . . . I should lead a most unhappy, and I will say, a most miserable life—depend upon it—if you could, under any possible circumstances, ever become a mere *Hausfrau*. The whole of my ideals of life would vanish like froth upon porter. I have always conceived my Beloved in entirely a different light. . . . We shall live our lives in our own way uninfluenced by anybody. We were born to live together, and I don't believe that ever two people were more conscious of that fact. . . . I am sure it is a slip of the pen when you speak of 'your future existence'. Is it to be nothing more than that? It shall and will be a very great deal more. For I could never bear to think of you as merely existing. It is my greatest ambition that you shall *live*, not merely exist; and live too in a way that not many women have lived before, if unlimited devotion and self-sacrifice on my part can do anything towards attaining that end. . . .

West Kirby. Sep. 3, 1896.

. . . Your letters are so splendidly inspiring. I *do* like to hear all you say about our being 'kindred souls'. . . . No mortal woman could wish for more on earth than that a good man should feel towards her as you do towards me. It just lifts one above the sordidness, and evil of this world. Not that I hold

the world a bad place, I have long felt that goodness has really the upper hand, and that it was only one's own fault if one did not *see* it more general and widespread. . . . I should not, could not be all you think of me, but for you. It is your love and faith in me which builds me up. . . .

K. was talking about love last night, and she came to the conclusion that I had found a pearl of great price, if I had found a man whose love was what I said was my ideal. But there is no '*if*' about it, I *know* I have. I daresay it is not common, and I know I am 'blessed among women' in the possession of such a love, but I would rather have gone to my grave unloved, than have wedded anything less. And anybody who likes may tell me, as they do, that marriage is 'very commonplace', and that a married woman's life is swamped in petty details, I remain fixed in my assured hopes. . . . You know, when we are married you will have to keep me up to the level of my ideals . . . without continual support and encouragement, I believe I could easily become the detail-tending housekeeper I have a horror of being. You will have much to do looking after me, so make up your mind to labour cheerfully at your own hearth when your day's work at the Workshop is over! I shall be fearfully strict, and never allow you one day's holiday, and I shall give you plenty to do. But never mind, I will *try* and be nice to you!!

Oxford. Sep. 4, 1896.

. . . You did write me such a nice letter last night. You always do write nice letters, but that one surpasses them all; for it did me an immense amount of good, as I was not feeling particularly bright when I awoke this morning. But your loving words set me right, and sent me 'on my way rejoicing'. I just felt brimful of joy and gladness, and I *do* rejoice as few can, when I am really in good spirits, and at those times I cannot help trying to fill others with joy who happen to be about me on those occasions. That's why I was so talkative on our drives at Göttingen. I felt I was in the presence of others who were really in sympathy with me. From this you must not imagine,

my Beloved, that I am not often in good spirits, you would be quite wrong if you did, I *am* generally in good spirits. . . . I am a highly sensitive man and feel a slight much more than the generality of people. And my sensitiveness is not due to highly strung nerves, it is due to something quite different. My simple heart has always yearned for love, sympathy, and encouragement. You have given me all these and a thousand things besides, and soon you will be mine, and I shall be yours in the fullest sense of those pronouns. I know what a precious treasure you will ever be to me, and I rejoice more than words can express that I should ever have lived to see the day to feel that you love me as I love you. Without it I should be sorely off just now, for it inspires me with such working powers as I have hardly ever had before. And, Lizzie darling, the Dictionary work under all circumstances is a tenfold pleasure to me, for I undertook it entirely out of my unbounded love for you. When I call it your work, I do not speak figuratively. It is your work, for without you I could never have undertaken entirely upon myself such a gigantic undertaking. I am merely your Stellvertreter as the Germans say. The world little knows that it has you to thank and not me one bit. I often smile to myself when I read accounts of the work, because the praise is not given to the right source whence all my thoughts and deeds have come for many many years. It would be premature to enlighten the world at present, but someday it will all be made known what a man's deep love for a woman can inspire him to do. And I verily believe there is hardly anything which I could not do with you as my 'guardian angel', for that is exactly like what you have been to me, and ever will be. It is just this and a many other things that fill me with unbounded faith that we shall always be happy in our married life. No real differences could ever possibly arise, because we are one in heart and soul. . . .

West Kirby. Sep. 4, 1896.

. . . J. says that there is no need for a bridegroom to wear a frock-coat and top-hat when the bride is wearing a travelling-

dress. He could wear 'a blue serge suit, and a flower-pot hat'. However, you can do what you like in the matter. . . . Are you still clinging to the *black* tie?

I never said it was 'most amusing' to hear all the prophecies of my friends on married life. Indeed, but for the fact that nothing really disturbs my peace of mind, I should find it depressing. . . .

If you *will* write me such beautiful letters, you will have to hold beautiful discourses to me daily, when we are married, for fear lest I should go and stay away for the sake of getting letters from you. . . . Mrs. — asked me if it did not 'seem like a dream', all this prospect of marriage. I said I thought it seemed, for the most part, only natural. She talked a good deal about housekeeping, and I am always grateful for hints. How many of them I shall actually follow, I do not profess to say, but it is well to be observant. I was talking about how much of the day you would be away, and I said you would alter your working-hours a bit, so as to have more afternoon time with me. She evidently thought you would never really get into the way of breakfasting earlier and going to bed earlier than your former wont. But I let her remark go without comment. I saw no reason why you should be like Mr. —. I suppose every woman thinks her experience is more or less universally true. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 5, 1896.

I intended to write further last night, but was prevented by an unexpected visit from — who took up a great deal of my time. . . . When I am away from my work, I want every moment of the remaining time for my own Beloved. For seeing that I cannot be with you just now in the flesh, I *must* be with you in the spirit, I cannot do otherwise than centre my whole thoughts upon you. It imparts to my whole being such a serene calmness as I never thought I should live to possess and enjoy, and Lizzie darling, I *do* enjoy it. I cannot tell you how very much your love, inspiration, and sympathy have done for me, they have raised me to a very high level from which I look

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Sep. 5. 1896.

My own darling Lizzie, I intended to write further last night, but was prevented by an unexpected visit from Carl Winter who took up a great deal of my time. I don't want any one to visit me now and I don't care to see anybody when I am away from my work, I want every moment of the remaining time from my own Beloved. For seeing that I cannot be with you just now in the flesh I must be with you in the spirit, I cannot do otherwise than centre my whole thoughts upon you. It imports to my whole being such a serene calmness as I never thought I should live to possess and enjoy and Lizzie darling I do enjoy it. I cannot tell you how very much your love, inspiration and sympathy have done for me, they have raised me to a very high level from which I look down upon everything in quite a new light. I see goodness and beauty everywhere now, not that I saw 'badness' and ugliness everywhere before, it is because your love has awakened my soul from its long

down upon everything in quite a new light. I see goodness and beauty everywhere now, not that I saw 'badness and ugliness' everywhere before, it is because your love has awakened my soul from its long slumber and has transformed me into an entirely new being that will continue to grow in that direction. It is one thing to love with a deep and unfathomable love, it is quite another thing to feel that *that* love has been responded to in its purest and unalloyed form. Lizzie darling, I have done much, suffered much, and have even undergone great privations to gain your love, and now that I have it, the rest of my days shall be spent in showing that I am not *altogether* unworthy of it. Whatever you may say or think, I never can be fully worthy of it. The world may talk of the 'weaker sex' as much as it likes, the whole idea is based upon a false conception; it is based upon the body and not upon the mind, soul, and heart. I have always held woman far higher than man in God's creation. If it were otherwise I should never have been so intensely interested in the general welfare of womankind. St. Paul and the likes of him have much to answer for, and it is ever my most pious wish that they will reap their due reward. It is due to them, and them *alone*, that woman has been such a downtrodden creature in the past. It is only the present generation of women that is beginning to realize the abject state of woman in the past. Not so very long ago—it still exists in many old-fashioned families—a woman was regarded as a poor weak and feeble-minded creature who had no right to think for herself, but must leave all that to her husband, however silly and stupid he might be. Nay, things were even worse, for a woman was not generally allowed to choose her own husband, that was practically settled for her by her parents or guardian. I *am* thankful that all this is passing away. Apart from every other consideration, it is much better for the whole human race. . . .

I knew and felt years ago that there was only one kind of love that could ever satisfy you, and I felt that I had that love if ever the day came that I could make it known to you. You could never have accepted a 'secondhand' love, however great and

polished up it might have been. And it was just that comfort which often cheered me when I should otherwise have felt very sad. Whatever might have happened in all these intervening years, I feel more than certain now that we should have been spared to live together some day. For two kindred souls like ours could never have been apart all our lives. . . . I long for our two souls to be together after we leave this world. . . .

I rejoice greatly to hear you say that the idea of marriage being 'very commonplace' is most distasteful to you. Anyone who holds such a view has never loved deeply. I am so far advanced as to regard marriage as a *divine* institution, and even amongst some of the most barbarous tribes it is held as being a sacred institution. But mankind in its pure unadulterated state, quite uninfluenced by the ideas of modern civilization, is in many cardinal points on a higher level than most Christians.

The real and perfect union of two people who love each other as we do cannot be 'commonplace'. And as for a married woman's life being 'swamped in petty details', all I can say is that it depends entirely upon the man and the woman, especially the latter. A woman, who is inspired with noble and lofty ideals, and who has anything in her otherwise, will always find plenty of time to foster her ideals. I have known many such cases. . . . I think it is a very low and base view of life to think that a wife's life should ever be 'swamped in petty details'. Anyhow I know that yours will not be so; your friends may tell you just what they like . . . the mere thought of your becoming a 'detail-tending housekeeper' would deprive me of a very great deal of the pleasure in our married life. It would half break my heart, for a portion of my ideal wife would disappear. . . . We have our own ideals of the relations between man and wife, and we will *never* give them up. Those of your friends who think different from us now, will live to see our ideals carried out. . . .

I am sure you would not like to see your Beloved lead anything like an idle life, for you know how very foreign it would be to his whole nature. Two kindred souls like ours could not

spend a life of idleness, and it would be wicked if we ever tried, for it is our duty to make a right and proper use of those gifts which have been bestowed upon us; hence we should not be perfectly happy if we acted against our better nature. But I know and feel that such a thing is impossible. . . .

West Kirby. Sep. 5, 1896.

. . . It is only *you* who would ever believe *I* made the Dictionary. I like to hear you say it, because it shows your goodness of heart, and nobleness of mind, an ordinary man's love is not a great inspiration as yours is; but the world in general will naturally take you for the author. The world taken in a mass, is prosaic, but love like yours is pure poetry. I doubt if you will find anyone except me who will call the Dictionary the most poetical work of the age. It is just a plain tangible proof of what I have known from the first, that your love is something higher than things of this earth, and therefore it gives you a power beyond ordinary mortals. I am sure it does. And so of course it lifts me above the level where I should have remained without it. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 6, 1896.

A copy of the Westminster Review has just been sent to me containing a notice of your Dictionary. And amongst other things it says: 'It promises to be a work of stupendous importance.' I do like to read these notices, not for my own sake but for yours. And they would please me all the more if the writers of them knew the exact truth how it had all been undertaken out of my great love for you. If all that was possible in the past, you can well imagine, my Darling, what can be done in the future with your sympathy and encouragement. . . .

It seems so strange to me that people will insist upon telling you that I shall never 'get into the way of breakfasting earlier and of going to bed earlier'. It is really absurd, for the simple reason that it only requires me to go to bed earlier to get up earlier. It is a mere change of hours. And I should be a poor creature if I could not change my hours, especially when I know

that the change will be for my own good in every way. That will not be a difficulty. The difficulty you will have to contend with will be to accustom me to take more rest, if I am to live to be an old man. It stands to reason that I cannot *always* work at such high pressure, and do with so little sleep as I have done with for many years. I am an uncommonly strong man, but there are limits even to great strength. If I had ever forsaken the simple habits of my youth, I should have been dead long ago. That is the great secret why I am still so strong for a man who has undergone so much. And Lizzie dear, what sort of a man must you think me *very soon* if I say *now* that we shall always be in perfect harmony in all things, if I were not quite certain in my own mind that such will be the case. Surely I should be trying to appear to you what I am not, and trying to hide from you what I really am. And I will add by way of corollary, that if I were to attempt it and succeed, I should have nothing to learn in hypocrisy. Such a thing put into plain language is downright *deception*. . . . the mere thought of deceiving you in the most trifling matter could never enter my mind. . . .

Since we last met I have got through a good deal of work, more I think, than I ever got through before in the same time. And I shall do nothing but prepare copy the next days and save up the proofs to be done at Harmston [West Kirby]. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 6, (2), 1896.

. . . There will never be a 'lord and master' in our home. We shall always love and cherish each other so much that we shall never have either master or mistress, we shall be *one* in all our ways and deeds; it could not be otherwise with two kindred souls like ours, for ours are kindred souls, nay something much more, our hearts and souls are a perfect unity in all that concerns us in this world. I know it and feel it; and nothing could possibly arise in our married life to disturb it. It is just this great assurance that inspires me so very much, and gives me new life and strength. . . . I had high ideals already, but you

have given me higher, I had deep and profound love for you, but you have strengthened it and made it firmer than any rock. . . .

West Kirby. Sep. 6, 1896.

. . . . Of course you know your own worth, a man who does not, is a very poor creature. Strongly as I object to the theory that the husband is the 'lord and master' of the wife, yet I am equally convinced that I could never marry a man I did not look up to as a superior being. . . . It is only a month on Tuesday, and then all your years and years of waiting will be for ever past and over. I *do* like to hear all your views on marriage, it is just what one's better nature recognises as wholly true, but which one seldom meets with in what one hears or reads in these days. I do *not* believe such love as yours is common—I mean often to be found—and I can never be thankful enough that such has fallen to my share. Many men may have very good love, but from weakness or stupidity of character, it ranks on a lower level—but yours lacks no beauty or strength of any sort. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 7, 1896.

. . . I could never in those early letters have made the comparison to which you refer, not only for the reasons which you assign, but also for another very valid reason: I should have lost no small portion of my *self respect*. There is a time for everything, and when the time *did* come, I had not the least hesitation to tell you all about my early years, in fact I liked to tell you, and shall tell you much more in days to come. I want you to know all about me right from the time that I could walk and talk, but more especially from my 6th year onwards. And you will tell me all about your early years. . . . I am sure we shall find that we had similar thoughts about many things even then. It is quite impossible that we should have developed *all* our kindred feelings in a short time, and that is the reason why I hold with such certainty that we should have come together sometime even if we had not yet seen each other. . . .

West Kirby. Sep. 7, 1896.

. . . I should like to see the Westminster Review very much, to see how 'stupendously important' you are! . . . You must not be disconcerted over what I tell you of the remarks of my friends and acquaintances about marriage. Perhaps they get quite a different colour on paper. I never mind a bit. I don't even feel they are slighting you, else I should be resentful too, they simply do not know you, therefore their remarks do not apply to *us* at all, and can be allowed to pass by as mere abstract remarks on hypothetical cases. . . .

I shall find no 'difficulty' in making you 'rest'. I shall take mighty care of you! You will find looking after me a 'rest'-ful task probably, and I am sure I can be very peaceful when the weather is good, and things go smoothly, and so I have nothing to make me fractious! I like to put the worst plainly before you, you see. And even when 'fractious', I shall not hurl tea-cups and fire-irons about, that is not at all my style, so that under the worst circumstances 'rest' need not be impossible. . . . fancy having laboured all these years for a 'fractious' wife! The weather is now improving, and my spirits are rising a bit, you perceive. I expect they will be at a goodly level by Thursday, although you have to put up with a dull and stupid letter today.

Oxford. Sep. 8, 1896.

. . . You may have forgotten it, but years ago—I believe 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ —we had a little discussion at the Masonic fête about the *date* of composition of a glee sung there about Cupid's arrow. You little knew then what a stout manly heart had been pierced to the quick with immutable love for you long before then. . . . Some people might think that this was bordering upon infatuation, but it was not so. It was a feeling quite different from the literal meaning of that word, for it did not *unman* me and cause me to do *stupid* things, the very opposite. . . . I have done my best, and shall do it until death takes us away. It is not easy to write just now, we are having the most terrible thunderstorm I have ever experienced even on the Continent, and that

is saying much. The awful claps of thunder are almost simultaneous with the lightning, and the rush of air literally shakes the windows and doors. Such a storm does not affect me generally, but I do feel very lonely with you so far from me at this moment. It is not that I have any superstition about a storm of this kind, I know the origin of it, but it does somehow make me feel very lonely, and yearn with all my heart that my dear Lizzie was with me at this moment. When I began to write there was, so far as I knew, no sign of a storm except that it seemed very sultry for this time of the night, but the flashing of the lightning and the roaring of the thunder seem to tell me what Lizzie is to me: my all.

I am sending you the group of my assistants. Miss Partridge you already know. Miss Yates, my second assistant, is just to the right of Mr. Mayhew, and although she is very learned in Law and History—she took both triposes at Cambridge—she has all those womanly virtues which you admire so much. On the right of Miss Y. is one of my junior assistants, Miss Horsley, in whom I take a special interest, because, as you can see, she is very delicate in body. I don't know how to explain it, but all my life I have felt a kind of attraction for delicate people. The others can help themselves in a way, but it is my duty to help the weak, for verily I have been endowed with supernatural strength. That has never been so manifest to me until I knew that *your* love was mine. *That* has made me doubly strong. Lizzie, my dear Lizzie, when we two become old, and life is on the wane, it will be our *duty* to hand down to future generations the life and experience of two truly kindred souls. . . .

You have such an influence over me that I feel more and more every day how perfect our union will be in every way. Your influence is exactly of that nature and extent which every woman should have over the man of her choice. And if I were a woman I should make myself quite sure that I possessed that influence in its fullest extent. It is far more important than most women suppose, for it contributes very much to real

happiness in home life. It is often the lack of this influence which gives rise to petty worries in married life. . . .

West Kirby. Sep. 8, 1896.

. . . If I sat down to tell about my early years, it would be a very dull, uneventful tale. I was never interesting or surprising. I was fearfully shy, for when we were small we were not taken out to parties and theatres like the modern child, because my parents had no money to spend on such things. So we were not accustomed to strangers. We were sent to bed very early, and sent out of doors a great deal, and we had short hours of lessons, and were expected to be attentive during those hours. When I went to school, and had many more hours of lessons, and very little outdoor exercise—none in fact, beyond one hour's walk, and a 20 minutes in the garden in the morning—I was miserable. I wept for a month, but that was mainly because I was torn away from my Mother for the first time, though I was then 15. I was thought to be good at my lessons; and to have high principles, because I told the head-mistress that I had broken a chair! The boarding-school was not wholly bad, it gave us friends, and kept us from growing up entirely without the society of girls of our own age. That was the reason why we were sent there. . . .

My actual childhood was really simpler than yours, for you were at work, when I was still in the nursery. . . . We had few toys, and no excitements, and whatever people nowadays may say, I am sure it was very wise treatment. You can see too, that we had a good nurse! We are still young and fresh in our minds, and still have stores of quiet energy. When you think so much of me, you must remember that it is nearly all owing to my parents, chiefly to my Mother. The longer I live the more I see how wise she has ever been, and how *very* much I owe to her. It is she who has always taught us in every way to lead good and quiet lives, and to know that usefulness and happiness is not to be found in outside show and excitement.

I am learning a very great deal from you, and shall learn more, but the seeds were already sown. . . .

West Kirby. Sep. 9, 1896.

. . . I fear I have as yet no capacity for admiring cloth for masculine attire! I will do my best to acquire one in time. However, my Mother and E. say the pattern you send is very neat and good for trousers. If your *tie* is really 'to match', then, it strikes me, you have but departed from the attire of 'chief mourner' at a funeral, to that of 'sympathising friend of the family'! And I see nothing for it, but that *I* should select your tie myself, and present it to you, when you would be forced to wear it!

With regard to your views on the wedding hours, I am inclined to be 'fractious'. I think I shall have to preach you a sermon on: 'The Bride, the Bridegroom, and the Wedding, from the strictly secular and popular standpoint.' There are certain general principles to be adhered to, despite the time-tables of Railway Companies, and natural geography. My idea is to cleave to my principles on the subject, and the details will take care of themselves. I am quite sure 'women take more interest in marriages (and weddings too, i.e. the ceremony) than men do'. The bride and bridegroom naturally imagine they are the chief persons to be considered on the wedding-day—they are, and they are not, herein lieth the complexity. . . .

You must not say too much about my 'influence' over you, or you will frighten me into thinking that it may be bad! And it seems a pity for you that you should have such a penetrating vision into my mind, because you will feel the discomfort of all my 'fractious' states, which might better be 'consumed on the premises'. Of course, on the other hand, you will have the benefit of knowing when storms are brewing, and will be able, with the aid of a bicycle, rapidly to put several miles between yourself and the storm. That will be a convenience. What a time you will have! You had better 'make hay while the sun

shines' in Langdale House! You have not many weeks left for your hay harvest now.

I am not nearly as sure as you are about your *not* 'spoiling' me. I shall come to Liverpool wet or fine tomorrow.

Langdale House, Park Town, Oxford.

Sep. 15, 1896.

My train was over an hour late, so that I have no time for a proper letter to reach you in the morning. . . .

It won't be long now, my Beloved, before we meet to part no more. I *shall* rejoice when that day comes, it will be the *one* great event in my life, an event too which will mean complete happiness for the rest of my days. The more we are together the more am I strongly and most assuredly convinced that we shall always be *one* in all things that concern us. I was *so proud* of your wise counsel yesterday morning when we discussed the verb 'to be'. I thought you would some day take an interest in the Dictionary, but I had never realized until then *how very helpful* your advice would be. . . . What I endured during that time [the previous two years, when no publisher would undertake the E.D.D. and he resolved to finance it himself] you can never know fully; it would seem so incredible, but I did, and did it successfully too, out of my great love for you. If I am spared long enough, my Beloved, I will still do much more in years to come.

West Kirby. Sep. 15, 1896.

. . . You must *most* certainly talk to me about my Dictionary (as you like me to call it), for it was really a refreshment and a pleasure to hear you tell me all about the article on 'to be'—it fed the starving remnant of my philological mind, to the great satisfaction of the said starving remnant! For, although neither you nor I think Philology exactly a vital necessity, yet it is so far interesting, that I have often felt a thrill of pure pleasure over discovering the explanation, or following the explanation of a hard point. You don't know how much I used to enjoy the hours you used to give me over my Grammar difficulties.

I always felt so much 'sharper' when in contact with your mind—and we shall live to feel that still more. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 16, 1896.

. . . . My mind is never sluggish, in fact it is always rather active, but it is never so active as when I am talking with you. . . . I made myself quite clear about the treatment of the verb 'to be' when on a walk with you. When we walk and I don't talk, you can always safely assume that my mind is very far from being inactive then. It is just when I am with you that I can think rapidly and most clearly. You always have had a most mysterious influence over me, and I feel it now much more than I used to do. I have often tried to explain to myself the why and wherefore, but I never yet succeeded in explaining it satisfactorily. . . . Whatever the real explanation may be, it is the very greatest blessing that could ever have happened to me. . . . And rest assured my dear dear Lizzie, that great as my love for you is, it cannot help growing still greater every day of my life. . . . The growth is steady, firm and sure. . . .

West Kirby. Sep. 16, 1896.

. . . . You may say you are 'proud' to hear me talk about your work, but I am much prouder to hear you say I am 'helpful'. . . . I shall get to know more and more all you have 'endured' in the past, and it will but make it the sweeter for me now to help and comfort you. And I am sure you will never repent of anything you have done, for you will see—(indeed you know it now)—how much stronger and nobler is love like yours which is built out of all that toil and struggle, than a love which is only part and parcel of a life of prosperity and ease. And remember too, Joe dear, that the woman to whom you have given that love *knows* the reality and beauty of it, and is and will be thankful every day of her life that she has been found worthy of it. . . .

The influence of one's friends is sometimes good, sometimes not so good, or even bad, but your influence Joe, is *always* good.

Of that 'there is nae doot', as you would say. And it is just that 'nae doot' which is so comforting. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 17, 1896.

. . . With me it is not a new love, but a very old love that has had years and years of steady growth; it never wavered, it was never dormant, but ever the uppermost feeling in my manly breast. . . .

Amidst all my trials and troubles the mere thought of Lizzie made them vanish and everything was well again. . . . It is a love too that can deepen and widen and will do so, for there is nothing in this world that could prevent it doing so; for it is what I may term a *healthy* love, pure, simple, undefiled in every way. . . .

I never felt so lonely all my life as I have done the last three days, and in order to throw it off as much as possible I work like a 'madman'. It is really a great blessing that I have so much work to do, for when I am free from the work I can give up my whole heart and soul to you in a way that would be quite impossible if I had *nothing* to do. There is nothing like fixed and regular employment for keeping the mind in a healthy state, it prevents brooding which is seldom of *any* good, to *anyone*, at *any* time. . . .

I am always thinking about the kind of life we will lead together. We have both set ourselves very high ideals, and I am sure we shall live up to them, and we shall grow to have still higher ideals, for we start our new life with such a perfect unity of heart and soul that we shall always go hand in hand along the path of our married life, and be a good example to others; we, in our lives, will show the world that there is such a thing as real perfect happiness on earth. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 17, 1896.

. . . It is always such a comfort to me to feel that our trust in each other is so great that we can always pour forth our whole hearts to one another. I have ever believed that such should be

the case with two people who are to live together for the rest of their lives, and I am quite sure that the neglect to do so is the real cause of much unhappiness in married life. Our married life shall and will be happy, there is nothing to mar it. . . . And although we will live for one another . . . yet we will not lead a selfish and useless life. It will take us some months before we are properly settled in our new home, but then we will start a piece of work together which will be a lasting monument that Joe and Lizzie did do something to aid future generations, and that theirs was a good and useful life. . . .

West Kirby. Sep. 17, 1896.

. . . Popular phraseology talks of marriage as an assuming of 'bonds', but you give the right word when you speak to me of 'freedom'—that is exactly what I am panting for now, what I feel will be mine on October 6th, and for ever afterwards. I knew of old when we discussed philology, how my mind shot up to a level of sharpness that did not belong to it when alone, and how much more is that the case now. . . .

I have bought a little present for you! It is not nearly nice enough for you, but it is fairly nice, and I shall bring it to you on that distant day called next Tuesday, in common parlance. . . .

Oxford, Sep. 17, 1896.

. . . My assistants have just sent me the most beautiful stand and copper kettle I have ever seen. . . . I am very proud of it because I never expected or thought that they would give me anything. In fact the thought had never entered my mind, either one way or the other. I did know that they are all much devoted to me and my work, and they all know that I take a most friendly interest in everything that concerns them, even outside the 'Workshop'. I have always taken much interest in the welfare of women, and I think that I may safely make bold enough to say that I have always shown it in word and deed. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 18, 1896.

There is a long notice of the Dictionary, nearly two columns in 'The Literary World' for this week. It is divided up into §§ and § 2 begins thus: 'Twenty-three years ago Dr. Joseph Wright, who has done so much for the elucidation of Anglo-Saxon and early English, founded the Dialect Society, and the English Dialect Dictionary.' etc. Now—I will leave you to decide whether it would be possible to get more misstatements into less room!!

Es lebe the Yorkshirewoman!! I will write to Mrs. Wood this evening. I am so much relieved to hear that you will come on Tuesday. . . .

As you rightly said in one of your recent letters: 'Philology is of no vital importance to us,' that never formed the least factor with either of us. Had it ever once entered my head to think that it had the least bit to do with my deep love for you, I should most assuredly think there was just one grain of selfishness in my love; and therefore my love would not be quite pure and noble. . . . Your letter this morning did me much good. I rejoiced to think—though I knew it before—how when we are together our minds are placed upon a far higher level than when we are apart. It is only then that our minds are at ease and perfectly calm, unfettered by surroundings antagonistic to our whole mode of thinking. We do think alike, Lizzie dear, even in small things, and all the more so in great things, and that is why I am so sure and confident that we shall be very happy together in our married life. . . . What you have long needed is encouragement, real sympathy, and someone who can and does have the greatest trust and confidence in you. . . . I can and shall give you all these in their fullest extent. . . .

I *do* like work for its own sake, not merely because I must work to live. Had I gone on the latter principle, I should still be in my native village amidst my early surroundings. And I am quite sure that the lack of constant hard work is the cause of a very great deal of unhappiness especially in the middle and

upper classes. Happy is the man who has a burden just as 'big' as he can bear, and never troubles himself about what he shall eat and drink, and with what raiment he shall clothe himself; it is a downright waste of valuable time, and reduces the mind to a low, and I might say, base level. I do not imply by this that a man should spend all his time in books; by no means, for such a man only exists, he cannot be said to live; nor should a man be deficient in the practical side of life, for the workman is worthy of his hire, and he who thinks otherwise has a deficient brain, a brain that is not well balanced. In olden days when I was deeply interested in matters about which we have never yet talked much, I have often spoken freely before large audiences, that he who earns not, should not eat. I do not feel so strongly about these things now because I am no longer in close touch with the elements that used to spur me on to take such an active part in social problems.

I was unable to begin my letter today as early as I should have wished, I am therefore sending off the first instalment by this post, lest it should not reach you by the first post in the morning. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 18, 1896.

. . . All my books are in such a muddle, and I don't think I shall have time to put them straight until after we return from our honeymoon. They are all in the bookcases, and there was no need for them to have become all mixed up together like they have, if the men had followed my instructions. . . . I want all the time I can spare from proofsheets reading in the evening for you. I sent nearly 4000 slips to the receiving room today which will make about 32 pages. Sixty pages of Part II are now in type, so that what is in type, and the copy just sent in will make over 90 pages, which means that I am now quite free from any possible risk of Part II not being ready for issue by the appointed time. A few weeks ago I was most anxious lest I might possibly fail to fulfil my promise, but with the inspiration from you Lizzie, I do really seem to acquire superhuman strength, and what is very strange, I seem to transmit it to my

senior Assistants, for they too have got through much more work than usual in the same time. . . .

I should like to write more, but I must now begin to read proofs.

Goodnight my own Beloved,
ever your own JOE.

West Kirby. Sep. 18, 1896.

. . . I think there must be something electric about your letters sometimes, and the effect they have on me. But I really believe it comes from the fact that, as you say, your love is such a 'healthy' love. I feel it to be so animating, and invigorating. . . . Don't work yourself to death, or I shall be sorry I have planned extra days for you to be away here! . . .

You will find that in these solemn things, as in things not so important, that you and I dovetail into one another in a wonderful manner, each giving to the other what the other would lack alone. My religion lacks a strength and backbone which you pre-eminently possess, and can and do impart to me. My faith, I know, will *not* bear a very great strain by itself—I have experienced that—yours *would*, though you might not think it. I feel sure of that, for my faith in you is boundless, and I, at every turn, find even more than I had expected in you. . . .

I am so marvelling at your foresight in knowing long ago how much I should feel the necessity of cutting our engagement short. I had unhesitating confidence in you even then, but I daily learn new reasons why that confidence was *well* founded and grounded. . . . What a joyful time we shall have on our honeymoon. I expect I shall feel like the good old 'Aunt Jane', who, when she last came to Tedstone, was discovered by the gardener sitting on a heap of pea-sticks, singing out loudly for pure joy of heart. And if she could feel like that at 75 or more (she is now about 82), and all alone, what shall I feel like at my age, and with you beside me! It will be 'goodbye' to all your holidays all by yourself, or with other people. I know I shall be fearfully exacting in keeping you with me—but it won't be

much of a hardship for you, will it! (You observe that I do not put 'notes of interrogation' after questions that are *not* questions really.) Goodbye . . . , and don't forgo too much sleep for the sake of writing to me, although even the sight of your handwriting on an envelope is like food to the hungry.

Oxford. Sep. 19, 1896.

. . . I always have been an optimist, and looked at the bright and cheerful side of life owing to my strong body, healthy mind, and *fixed* occupation; but . . . I never appreciated the bright side of life so much as I do now, and I shall appreciate it still more the longer we two are spared. . . .

As the world knows me, I am regarded as having a most pronounced individuality, and an iron will that can remove any obstacle that crosses my path. Whatever I am, no one would ever say that I am a poor, weak, submissive creature that requires someone to prop me up. And that is quite true. I want no one to prop me up in anything that does not concern my Lizzie and me. In everything else I know how to help myself, and can and do have enough left to be of help to others. But with you and me it is quite different, we are each the necessary complement to the other, apart we can do little, enjoy little, but united my Darling, we can and shall form a *Whole* which will have a mighty influence on those around us. I never could have been satisfied with the ordinary views of married life, I have always regarded it as the highest state of perfection that a man or woman can attain, and therefore no one ought to enter into it without being sure that there is perfect love on both sides, for without that assurance there is always the great danger that marriage may prove a failure, and render two lives miserable in the long run, through being unequally yoked together. 'Be ye not unequally yoked together' is a saying that will hold good in all ages and for all time. For no greater misfortune can happen to a man and woman than that they should have to live together under these conditions. But how vastly different are the conditions under which we two have

been brought together. If there is such a thing—and I believe there is—as a perfect union of two hearts, we have that union, I know it, I feel it, and it makes my whole heart rejoice to think of it. And the longer you live the more you will become conscious of the fact that for years there has been some mysterious irresistible power operating on both sides that linked us together in a way that could not lead to our being apart for ever. Lizzie darling, you may not realize that yet, but I am sure you will some day. And from two or three sentences in your last two letters, it will soon—perhaps sooner than you think—dawn upon you. . . .

West Kirby. Sep. 19, 1896.

. . . You really must tell me the history of all the combined virtues you espied in me from the first. I am always wanting to know, only I don't ask, because you may be wishing to save it up for that all-glorious time called 'the honeymoon'. It is said, I believe, that people love each other much more after they are married. I wonder, in that case, if this earth will hold you and me! I don't think it will, myself.

I can quite believe your new vigour over your work is infectious, and that the Assistants catch it. I am proud and pleased that you are so well on, and can safely feel sure that Part II will come out in due time. Not that I ever doubted it, I did not. . . .

I think you may trust me not to abuse the 'freedom' you will give me all my life. And even when I become the sturdy, self-reliant being you prophesy, I will *try* not to be a tyrant! Fancy being a tyrant to you! I couldn't, for you are my prop and stay, and I should be setting myself up against myself really! The idea is so confusing, I cannot follow it out. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 20, 1896.

. . . It is entirely foreign to your nature to be 'fractious'. What you call fractiousness is due to causes which will soon be removed for ever. Remove the cause and there can be no effect is a very elementary principle. . . . I will tell you what *the* cause

is: it is your inner unconscious self striving for freedom, liberty, and independence in thought and action. If you were to read a whole book on the subject you would find the gist of it contained in that one sentence. There never was a woman whose whole soul yearned more for that state than yours does. You may not be as conscious of it as I am, I am very conscious of it . . . when you do get that state there will be a grand awakening of your whole soul which has—so to say—been pent up for more than half your life. It will *seem* to change your whole nature, but, such will not be the case really, it will only mean that its bonds and fetters have been removed and that it can blossom forth. . . . All this is necessary to your perfect happiness and peace of mind and soul. I know and feel it is, I have felt it long. And [you] . . . shall have it all and more too so far as it is in my power. . . .

I long to tell you a very great many other things, especially about my life and that of my Mother up to February 1876. It was then that I left home for the first day in my life; we both knew how necessary it was for me to go for my future development, I felt that I must go to that country of scholars, and I went. . . . I know you will be helpful to me in every way. For when two people have such love as ours, they become wholly absorbed the one in the other, and each ceases to have a separate existence so to say. It is the most perfect state that can be attained on earth, and blessed are the man and woman who have attained it. Lizzie, my dear Lizzie, I do feel that we *have* attained it even long ago. A separate existence is now entirely impossible even for a few days at a time. We realize this now—I do very much—and we shall realize it still more after the 6th, for we shall then be always together, and all our aspirations will grow together as long as we live. . . .

Oxford. Sep. 21, 1896.

. . . I do long for that day to come when we shall begin our new life and be happy together for ever. I cannot tell you how much your love has filled me with the loftiest aspirations, aspira-

tions too which I could never have had without your love and influence. I just live upon them, and they are as necessary to me as air and food, for I could not even exist without them now. . . .

I had a letter from my Mother today, intimating that a big box of useful things has been despatched here for us. She wishes me to send you her very best love and to say she is longing to see you on our way back to Oxford. My present idea is that it will be best if we can stay three days at Ilkley and she will come on one day to see us *alone*, she does not want my brothers to be there. Then on the next day we could spend the afternoon with her at Windhill; it is only 20 mins. by train from Ilkley to Windhill. Anyhow, if we can manage it, I should very much like *us* to see my Mother when we are in the North. When I was last at home she was always talking about '*her*'. She doesn't call you by your name. I will tell you on our honeymoon all about her, and then you can never wonder why we have always been so much attached to each other. And Lizzie darling, *you* will reap much benefit from it, for it taught me at an early and most impressionable period of life the inestimable value of pure love and devotion. It was she who sowed the seed, and we shall reap the harvest. It was just our great devotion to each other that instilled into me the profound respect I have always had, since I grew up, for womankind. And had it not been for those early years, I should probably never have had such high ideals about love and marriage. Without those high ideals I could never have aspired to gain your love and ask you to be my wife. . . .

I have never had time to play at any games at all, I have spent all my life—so to say—in qualifying myself in some degree for that state of life into which we are about to enter. That has been my one end and aim in life for more than twenty years. Its *bīn ə wiəri muild ən teu, bəd nā* it gets *niə t'end* [= it has been a weary toil and struggle, but now it gets near the end]; I read the whole poem to you last Monday [poem by Ben Preston]. . . . I *shall* rejoice to-morrow afternoon; if you were *not* coming, I should pack up and come to W.K. . . .

West Kirby. Sep. 20, 1896.

... I am afraid you are getting really frightened at the number of presents I am getting. ... I am afraid you perhaps a little feel that your independence is encroached upon when people give so many things which will serve as furniture to our new home? But I am sure you will find the house looks still *ours*, and not the general public's. If you think of any house you go into, and imagine each picture, ornament, inkstand, tea-pot, spoon, etc. done up into a separate parcel, it would look a *large* heap, but leave them where they stand, and the house neither looks crowded nor features a pawn-shop!

I should feel it extravagant to *buy* all these things, yet I shall love to have them to look at, and to make the house look not like a bachelor's dwelling! What a lot you will have to put up with! I had such a charming silver inkstand this morning from an old lady I hardly know at all. ... Try and bear up! Remember that I am coming to see you tomorrow, if the inkstand makes you feel dejected. That will go a long way towards raising your spirits even under the most trying circumstances! ...

This is a fearfully dull letter, but I shall see you tomorrow, and can *tell* you the rest, only 'the rest' will take a life-time!

Oxford. Sep. 23, 1896.

... My work is now in a most advanced state, more so than I knew until Miss Partridge and I made an exact calculation this morning. ... Those women have been very good to me lately, they always have been good, but when I explained at tea some time ago that a certain amount *must* be got through by Oct. 5th, it is really wonderful how they have worked to help me. But women are so much more kind and thoughtful than men, especially in a matter of this kind. They realize the state of the situation. We will ask them all to tea someday ... for I should like to show them how much I appreciate their goodness of heart. ... If I finish my work before two o'clock, I will be sure to write before I go to bed. ...

Oxford. Sep. 24, 1896.

. . . I *am* surprised that you have never yet seen a Shakespearean play at the Lyceum. . . . We will go the very first time an opportunity presents itself, and before we start we will read:

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's child,
Warble his native woodnotes wild.

You know where that comes from. And I will just tell you why I am not quite so ignorant of Engl. Lit. as my philologist friends may suppose. When we were out for a walk not long ago, I told you how very ignorant I was some years ago in E. Lit. and that I set myself hard to work to clear away that ignorance. Lizzie darling, it may seem strange, but you were really at the bottom of it all. And it was caused by a casual remark of yours years ago. I said to myself at the time: well then, I must do some literature *thoroughly*. Now . . . can you tell me what that said remark was? As time goes on you will find out how very many things I have done in years gone by entirely with a view that they might be pleasing in your eye some day. I have been preparing the way ploddingly, and 'hopingly' for all these years, long before anybody could have had the least idea that I was deeply in love with you. Miss — says: 'Some of us have known for years!' But they were *only* 'Guesses at Truth', but they were good guesses for all that. I don't mind what they say about it, in fact I *now* rather like people to say that it has been 'known to some of us for years'

I had an invitation this morning to dinner to meet the Lord Mayor of London on Oct. 5th!! What a splendid excuse I shall have for declining it! . . .

I *shall* be glad when 4.30 to-morrow afternoon comes, for my whole soul yearns to see you again. And if the weather is better than it was at W.K. last time, we will spend much time in the open air. . . . It always does me so much good to go walks with you. I did feel proud of you on our little walk yesterday

morning. When we are settled in our new home we will always take our walks together. . . .

I told the Assistants today that that was probably the last time I should be at tea with them. They asked me if I wouldn't stay sometimes!

Goodbye until tomorrow.

West Kirby. Sep. 30, 1896.

. . . I feel our great hope is now so near realisation, that it really does buoy one up. And you know how happy I really am, apart from the temporary feeling of separation. Our future life seems so full of hope and joys of the best kind. I always wanted sympathy, but I never knew before what it can be in its highest sense, for our sympathies are endless. . . .

If all the world came and told me that a man's love for his wife lessens, or his consideration for her slackens, I should *never* think of it with you. I am so *sure* that your love, and your tender care of me is more deep and lasting than all else beside.

Oxford. Sep. 30, 1896.

. . . It was most horrid that we should part again, but it could not be helpt. . . . Your people naturally want to see as much of you as possible during the next six days, and it is fairly reasonable that we should accede to their wishes, hard as it will be for both of us to be apart for so long a time, but the day will soon arrive when we shall meet for ever and we shall then have nobody's wishes but our own to consider for the rest of our lives. I do so long for that happy and eventful day to come. I shall have no peace of mind now until it does come, but I will do my best to drown this awful feeling of loneliness by hard work.

On my return [from West Kirby] I found a letter from Bowness, and think we shall be quite comfortable at the Old England Hotel. As you will see from the enclosed, it is a large place, and the Proprietor promises 'to reserve nice rooms' for

us. My old work-mates are going to have a 'big' teaparty to celebrate our wedding. I do wish we could have been present with them; it would have given you a good idea of what hard-headed Yorkshiremen are like. I also found an invitation to attend a big meeting at Bradford on Oct. 9th, but shall decline it. . . .

The enclosed notice of the Dictionary appeared in the Athenæum last Saturday. It is the longest that has yet appeared. I like it very much, because whoever wrote it understands something about the subject and has taken the trouble to point out some defects. It will do good in the learned world. Lizzie darling, people little know all about the origin of that work, but they *shall* know someday, for had not my great love and reverence for you inspired me to undertake such an arduous task, no other cause could have made me face it. I faced it with a willing and cheerful heart, in the hope that it would be pleasing to you some day. As I told you months ago, it is a sacred task to me. And Lizzie, my dear Lizzie, this is not the only big work I will do. There is one other which I hope to begin in earnest in a year or so. So you see, I mean to be a very very busy man for the next 20 years, and yet I shall always have lots of time to spend with you in the afternoons and evenings. We were both very idle the last few days, but there is a time for everything, and now is the time for that sweet repose which we both have earned. It is not in our nature to be *always* idle; and this little fact will add much to our future happiness. For I am sure you could never have loved an idle man. I always felt that to gain your love would require a very great effort on my part, in order to make myself in some degree worthy of it. And now that I have it, I am the happiest and proudest man alive. . . .

Oxford. Oct. 1, 1896.

Of wedding presents there seems to be no end. Four arrived today, and two others were announced by letter. . . . Why people should think that *I* am worthy of such presents is beyond me. I have never done anything to merit them, and

I can only assume that they are sent to me because people don't know your address. . . .

I am so sorry there is such a great change in the trains. . . . When you see Bradshaw you will agree that we have no choice but to leave W.K. at 3.15. Your people may think that this looks like hurrying things a bit. . . . If we are married at 1.45 according to your original arrangement, it will leave ample time for all concerned. . . .

I never knew what love and real life were until I beheld you *long long* ago. I derived both from you, and you know, my dear dear Lizzie, how very much I treasure them now, and shall continue to treasure them more and more as long as there is any breath left in me, for you have given me *the* one thing for which I yearned years and years before we ever met, but when we did meet, an inward voice said unto me: that shall be *thine or none*. . . . I cannot tell you how much I rejoice that it should all have come to pass. . . . When I think of all that we two are to each other, and what we shall be in the future, I am brimful of confidence that ours will be a model of married life. People may just say what *they* like about marriage being 'commonplace', I daresay it is sometimes, but we know, don't we darling, that it is by no means so in our case. If we were to sit down and think zealously to find one single point in which we are not in perfect harmony, I don't believe we could find one. And this is *one* of the very many assurances I have that we are entirely *one* in heart and soul, and that the longer we live the more we shall be drawn more closely together even in little insignificant things. The last week has taught me that more clearly than ever. For Lizzie darling, these few days gave me just a taste of what our future life together will be like. I was constantly thinking about it when you kept asking me: What are you thinking about? . . .

I have faced unflinchingly in days gone by the most terrible tasks in order to qualify myself somewhat for your love. And had not my great love for you inspired me with the greatest courage, determination, and strength to bear it all, I should

often have despaired. Lizzie darling, it is just a man's love for a truly good woman that enables him to overcome with ease almost insuperable difficulties.

I should like to say much more, but have had a long-interruption, first from Prof. Max Müller and then from Dr. Krebs. . . .

West Kirby. Oct. 1, 1896.

. . . I have been packing most of today. I am a little afraid that you will be shocked at the amount of my luggage, but you 'live and learn' . . . and many a bride would have more! I was told yesterday that I was 'the most interesting person in West Kirby!' . . .

I rejoice in your perfect confidence in my capacity for making you a good wife. You know I shall always do my best. . . . And you don't know what a comfort it is to think I have you always to take care of me. It gives one such courage and strength, as nothing else could, because your goodness and love are so unfailing, and unlimited, one need never stop to think if it is there or not at any given moment. I think it is uncertainty which is weakening, but with *certainty* to 'back one up', one can do much. . . .

It is wonderful to think I have lived to find a man who even exceeded the high ideals I had of what a husband ought to be. Joe darling, I do believe you were saved from that railway accident *for me*, and for the good and useful work in the world you have done and will do for love of me. I was much impressed by that story. . . . I count the days till Tuesday, and feel that day is a day when life will open out for me into a long stretch of happiness, and peace, and usefulness.

Oxford. Oct. 2, 1896.

Annie came this evening . . . I have of course every confidence that she will be a good servant, but that still remains to be seen. All I can say is that I have very very high notions of how a house ought to be kept in order, if she attains that standard I shall be very glad, but the standard is *not* easily attained.

I think you must have seen that when you and Mrs. Mott looked over the old house. When I want to see whether a house is well kept, I don't go all over the place with my eyes sticking out like bottle-necks, there are a few test points where any but a really first-class servant will *fail*, that's where to look. You see, my darling, when I first started housekeeping I went into the whole subject thoroughly: in short, made a most serious study of the subject, and the result is that I am very exacting. I dare say you will also find me rather 'well up' in general household economy. . . . I will not trouble you with the reading of such mere details, I know you will manage a house infinitely better than I could. I should not have mentioned these things at all had you not asked me what I thought of Annie. . . .

The Controller of the Press said tonight that he should hoist the flag on Tuesday and give all the men connected with the Dictionary a holiday, so I decided to give the Assistants a holiday too. This pleased me very much, because I am always so proud when people show regard for my dearly beloved Lizzie.

Mr. Stevenson is coming tomorrow to stay with me until Monday morning. . . .

West Kirby. Oct. 2, 1896.

. . . I did not trouble to look up Bradshaw, I left it all to you. Indeed, a Bradshaw is not to be had in this benighted spot. . . . Mamma remarked something to me this morning about my 'lord and master'—so I said I 'did not own such', but she says I have hitherto acted as if I did—but the conversation was not serious. You will understand that I continue to be quite cheerful, when I tell you that Mamma said to me this morning: 'I think you get joyfuller and joyfuller every day.' So there! . . .

You are quite right about our being in 'perfect harmony' with one another, even in little things. I am quite sure it is so, and always will be. I have absolutely no doubt of it. It gives one such a sense of calm and peace about the future, and so

makes one quite fear-less, and that of itself means happiness. I hate an atmosphere of uncertainty, or of restlessness. (Pause—to greet Aunt Annie.) I think you will like Aunt Annie, she is a good old soul, and she wears a grey curl hanging behind each ear.

Yes . . . , we did learn more than ever this last week, how happy we shall be together. I never before felt such a sense of *radiant* happiness—not that I am naturally an unhappy being, or a discontented one, only I have never been used to *overflowing* happiness before! And, Joe darling, it is you and your love only which has given me this. You don't know how much I have already gained by knowing you, and I know I shall gain much more. I have such a sense of abundant freedom to come, and yet constant guidance too, to keep me from being silly and foolish in the use of my new powers. I am afraid I shall be fearfully like a 'young reformer' at first, and make lots of mistakes, but you will always be there to keep me from sitting down in despair. . . .

If for no other reason, I should seek to learn wisdom for fear you should ever be disappointed in me. I suppose some wives are contented to be looked to by their husbands as capable of understanding only part of their husband's life, but I should be miserable in such a case. 'Much wants more', they say. I have *all*, and want it *all*, and nothing less will ever content me, in this matter I am more 'grasping' than the most avaricious miser who ever grasped after gold. And yet, Joe darling, I am quite satisfied. When I go to church on Tuesday to be married to you, there will be no shadow of doubt or fear in my heart. We two have come to the stage of that 'perfect love' which 'casteth out fear'. . . .

Oxford. Oct. 3, 1896.

. . . Yes, you are quite right about the 'lord and master', there never can be such a person in our home, for we are *one* in everything, little and big. That is just one of the many things which assures me so much that our happiness will be lasting,

and that the longer we live the more we shall realize the perfect harmony that dwells within us. . . .

We have been drawn closely together in a manner that few people have ever experienced. Ours is not a *blind* love, it is something far nobler and loftier. . . . And we shall begin our new path of life on a most solid and durable basis.

I brought a few nice books from the 'Workshop' to read on our honeymoon. I have not yet read them myself, so they are entirely new to me. I shall also pack up *Paradise Regained*, and J. S. Mill's *The Subjection (!)* of Women. Don't be frightened by the strange title; he takes entirely *our* views on the subject, and I am sure you will say it is one of the noblest books in the English Language. It is a book after your own heart. . . .

I am so pleased to hear that you get 'joyfuller' every day, and it pleases me all the more that your Mother thinks so too. . . . No, Lizzie dear, you can't convince me that you will make a lot of 'mistakes at first'. Every woman has to learn much by experience in household management, but that does not mean a lot of mistakes. The plain and simple truth is that household management is not half so difficult, half so time-absorbing, as many married women would lead you to suppose. It's when a woman manages badly that most of her time is taken up. . . . When you get that great independence of action which is so necessary to your whole being, self-reliance will come to you *at once*. I know that, and a great deal more too, but I have not time to say it just now. Suffice it to say that I have the most implicit confidence that our home will be a perfect reflex of what you have always been. There is not one single little thing about which we can ever have two opinions, for remember, my dear, dear Lizzie, we are starting life with the most perfect assurance in each other . . . our ideals are so very much alike that we shall always go on our way rejoicing. There will be no going backwards with us, but forward! will always be our motto in all that we shall ever have to do. For with our love it could not be otherwise. . . .

West Kirby. Oct. 4, 1896.

Your letter this morning was *very* invigorating and inspiring. . . . Just think, we shall meet tomorrow, and only the day after tomorrow is our wedding-day! It seems almost 'too good to be true' that it should have come at last. I do like to hear you say that you believe I shall be competent and capable in looking after a house. I only know that unless you have that faith in me, I shall *not* be capable of it. For not only your great love, but your faith in me down to the veriest details, is strength and power to me. . . .

I don't want a life of luxury and ease, but I shrink from thorns and stones, and you nerve me on to work, and yet make the path smooth. . . .

You know how confidently I look to Tuesday as the day when we both begin to *live* as we have never done before, a life that shall be full of love, kept high and noble by continued striving 'forward' after high ideals, and by continued *work*. . . .

ever your own LIZZIE (LEA for the last time).

Oxford. Oct. 4, 1896.

Here beginneth the end of letters! . . . I am sorry to hear that the time-table for your benighted railway is still all out of gear, but we will manage to catch the 4.10 at Liverpool. . . . You don't know how I shall rejoice when our train starts from W.K. I shall overflow with joy and gladness to feel that we shall part no more. . . .

We shall not mind it, if 'all W.K. does come to the wedding'. I am sure we shall feel all the more happy at the idea of so many people being interested in our wedding. I dare say I may look a bit sheepish on the occasion, but I shan't be the least bit nervous; the very opposite, I shall be inwardly rejoicing with all my heart that my Beloved and I are being joined together for ever. . . . I do wish I could convey to you in words what a good and devoted husband I will be to you. . . . If ever a man lived wholly and solely for a woman, I think *I am that man*. . . .

I feel the very greatest confidence in our future happiness in

every way. And nothing in the world could possibly shake that confidence. I know that you are all the better for realizing fully that 'all my trust is in you', for if you did not feel it, there would be something lacking. It is just that perfect trust in, and unbounded sympathy for each other that will make our path in life easy. Many married people *do* love each other with all their heart and soul, but Lizzie dear, that is not enough to ensure perfect happiness. There are other qualities required to make married life what it should be. And we have those other qualities in the highest degree. I always thought we should have them when we came to know each other properly, and I have felt long ago that we have reason to be very thankful that we are just what we are. Nothing less would have satisfied either of us in the long run. Our whole nature required something more than profound mutual love. . . .

It is the greatest blessing on earth to any man to have a wife whom he *does* look up to. You know, Darling, we have often discussed these things together and *we* are quite clear about the relations that should exist between man and wife. And when Tuesday *does* come—I *do* wish it were here this very minute, I am just pining for it—we shall have no searching of hearts about our future life. . . .

I gave you many years ago my whole love and I cannot tell you how I feel when I think of your love to me now.

Goodbye until tomorrow my dear dear Lizzie,
ever your very own,

JOE.

The weather on October 6 had made a mistake as to the nature of the coming event, so our marriage belied the old superstition. Rain never poured on a happier bride. The actual time of the wedding had been a moot point almost to the last minute, owing to uncertainty about trains for getting away afterwards, and my brother, who came down from London only that morning to 'give me away', was unaware of the final decision, and hurried the bridal party off from the house a

quarter of an hour sooner than he should have done. I arrived at one door of the church, and saw Joseph Wright and Mr. Stevenson entering by another. My eldest brother, who was to marry us, was still in the vestry, unsurprised, and busy preparing the Registers. I had to wait in the porch till he was ready. Joseph Wright has often told his friends that the marriage service in our case was over and done with before it was supposed to have started. My mother did not wish for more than a very quiet ceremony, and Joseph Wright was only too pleased that it should be such. Indeed, he said he would not marry me if I came to church in a veil, since it was a survival of barbarous custom, belonging to the days when a man bought a bride he had never seen. He submitted to the etiquette of having a 'best man', but said afterwards that it was the latter who was nervous and needed support, whereas the bridegroom had nerves enough and to spare. We spent a week at Bowness in glorious autumn sunshine, when the Lake District was in all its beauty, and then we went for a few days to Ilkley, that we might be within reach of Joseph Wright's mother and brothers at Windhill. It was a short honeymoon, but Joseph Wright could not afford to be away from his 'Workshop' any longer. So we returned to take up married life together in Oxford. A very old friend wrote to me a few weeks ago saying: 'I well remember one Sunday morning we overtook Mrs. M., walking down to St. Giles' [church]—you and Professor Wright were walking down on the opposite side—Mrs. M. said "there goes the happiest couple in Oxford", and we all believed it.'

We rarely ever separated, even for a day at a time, and then only when it was absolutely necessary, as when our respective mothers came to their last illness. One calendar month spread over the first seven years, and then twenty-seven years with never a break of one single day till the hand of Death came and separated us—in so far only as that hand may reach.

Joseph Wright was wont to say that when a man marries it is an incentive to increased powers of mind and wider activities,

but that in the woman her intellectual growth usually stops, and in time she falls behind and ceases to be intellectually the companion of her husband. From the outset he did all he could to help me to avoid this danger. I still did a little teaching, though of course I had been obliged to resign my post on the staff of the A.E.W. He liked me to keep on with the work to some extent, not merely since it was in accordance with his creed that I should do so, but also from a practical point of view, for it brought grist to the mill. He calculated once that if I knitted stockings for him, when I might be coaching a pupil, the stockings would cost about £10 per pair. It seems strange in these post-War days of high wages to remember how seriously we had to calculate whether we could afford a cook so good and efficient that she required £20 a year! Finally we decided that if she would help supervise a young girl for the housework we would take her. We found an excellent girl who gladly came for a wage of £10 a year. The wonderful 'Annie' had been my mother's cook for a time, and knew exactly the kind of housekeeping that had been always instilled into me, so she set everything going like clockwork, the while she made me think I was an extraordinarily clever housekeeper. When she tearfully gave me 'notice', and went away to marry a substantial farmer, I found out some of my deficiencies. Joseph Wright was innately a poet and an idealist, but he was also a clear-headed man of business. He had carefully figured it out that it would not be sound economy for me to do my own cooking or housework. Love was the essential consideration, but nevertheless thought must be given to running the cottage on sound financial lines. Langdale House was not literally a cottage, but its rental was very low for its size, because Park Town, with its ugly Crescent, was not genteel Oxford, real gentility hardly reaching as far north as Norham Road. Once upon a time the Corporation had thought the seclusion of Park Town a fit place to build a Workhouse, but public opinion managed to forbid the plans, even though the stones for building were already on the spot. The materials

were then used to build some really good detached houses, but the stigma remained as a blot on the locality. I maintained that it was Joseph Wright's residence there that removed the stigma, for by the time we left, Park Town had become quite a dignified neighbourhood, and the rental of Langdale House when we quitted it in 1904 rose to proportionate heights.

The one wish of my heart was to take some share in the Dialect Dictionary, and this wish was now fulfilled. Never, I imagine, has a book of its kind been so much a vital part of two people's lives. When I look back to its beginning, it seems to have a sort of personality of its own. Joseph Wright took up a literary idea, and made it a great emprise in Love's romance. He says in one of his letters: 'It was no mere strange coincidence that the first Part of my life's work was published on the very day of our engagement.' It was interwoven with our daily life in those early years which form the foundation of enduring happiness in the home; it was the last word on his lips when he knew his course was finished and that he was leaving me to tell the story of his 'life's work' alone, whilst he went forward to receive the crown of righteousness laid up for him in another world. 'The one thing I wish to be remembered by is the Dialect Dictionary' was his oft-repeated injunction to me when we talked about this Biography. But the genesis and building up of the Dictionary must be described in another chapter.